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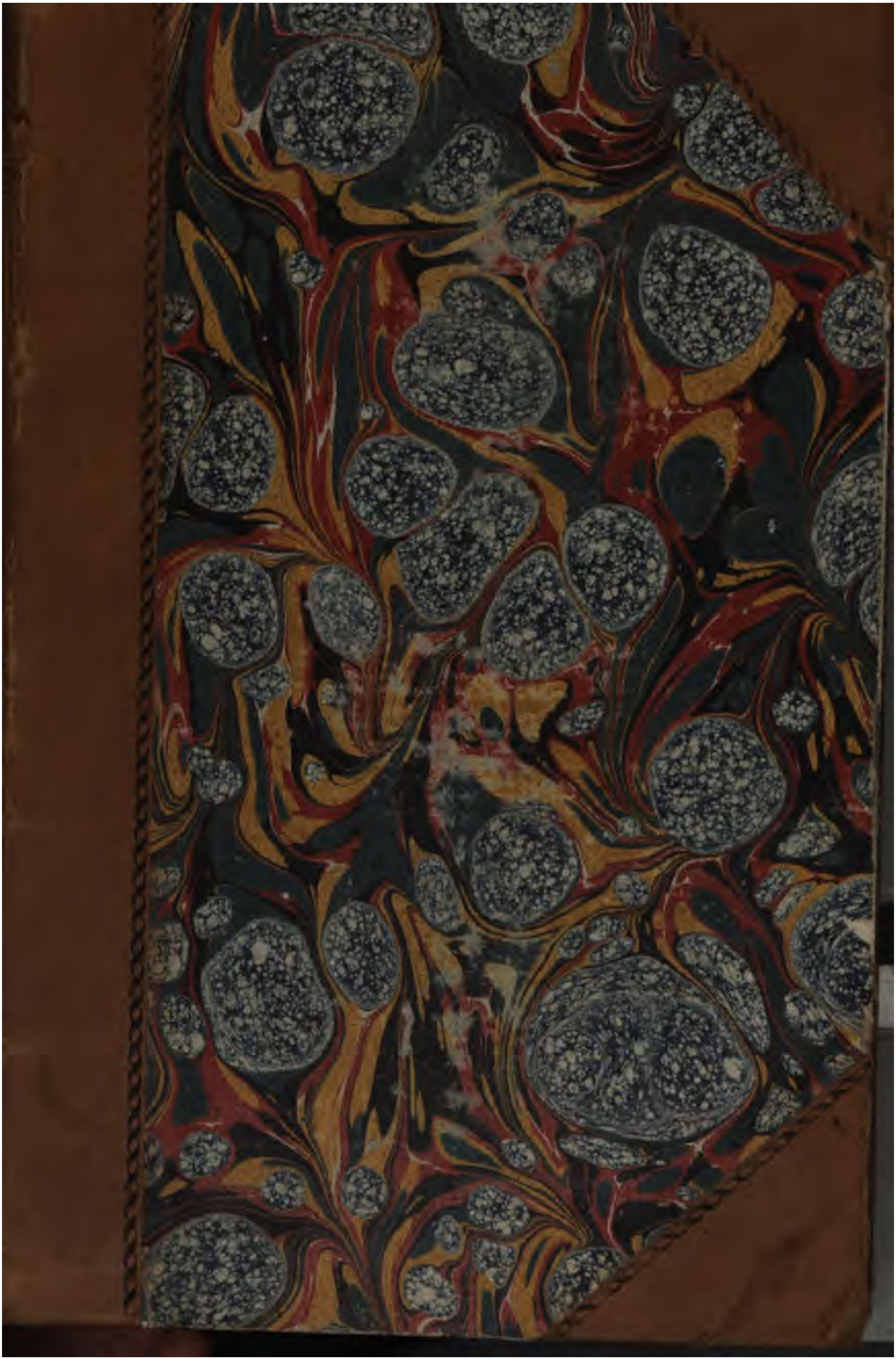

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THE

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

SWISSIANA.

CHAPTER III.*

Joseph's Narrative.

In me, expect no longer to find the man who parted from you, four years ago, full of present joys and bright anticipations for the future; since then, my life has been so chequered, that when I look back upon its events, I can scarcely believe the interval so short. My foreign mode of dress and, maybe, foreign appearance sufficiently indicate that I have not followed up the profession I had been bred for, namely, that of a clergyman, but that I must have spent no inconsiderable portion of my time abroad. If you can have patience to hear the relation of my fortunes, you may perhaps find in them some interest; to a stranger they could be of none, but you, I flatter myself, are still my old college chum.

You will remember a large mansion in the park which ran parallel to my father's garden, with the trout stream intervening. It commanded more than ordinary attention from the singularity of its architecture, which could scarcely be applied to any age, yet the exquisite taste with which its approaches and garden walks were laid out pleased, while it struck the eye of the traveller. The owner, it was manifest, must be a man of refinement; if not quite classical, his taste was far from vulgar, and never extravagant. The lord of this property was, in fact, a man of talent and discernment—a great patron of science, and lavish in his expenditure upon all connected with art. He was unmarried. His father had died but lately, leaving him the whole of his wealth; he had no other relation in the world with whom to share it. Little was known either of the character or previous life of Lord Welwyn. Indeed, at the time I now speak of, he was on his first visit to his patrimonial estate. It was said that he had spent his youth in foreign parts, where he had no doubt acquired that taste for the beautiful which he seemed so desirous of expending upon the adornment of his mansion—for several skilful men were then engaged with that task, under his personal superintendence. While this work was in progress, he devoted himself entirely to its prosecution, seldom absenting himself even for a day, and visiting none of the neighbouring gentry. This last was impolitic enough, as it raised jealousy. Then scandal was not slow to spread all sorts of curious tales concerning himself and household.

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* Continued from page 356, vol. lii.

My time, however, was too fully occupied to spare attention for scandals, even had my disposition desired it. On quitting college, where, as you will remember, I took my degree, I repaired at once to my father's abode, while awaiting my appointment to some living, which I hoped either by interest or merit soon to obtain. Here my studies were great. And they were not fruitless. I gained a complete knowledge of theology, the classics, French and Italian. I was indeed a complete bookworm, yet, my propensities in this respect led not to bookworm habits. I loved to ramble over the adjacent country, to contemplate nature as she appeared in her different guises, to stray along the banks of the trout stream, to roam about the forest-park of Welwyn. My studies, too, suffered no interruption from this, for my book was still my companion, as it was in my closet at home.

At the foot of an oak, the pride of Welwyn forest, I was reclining one lovely July day, and attentively engaged in reading, when a footstep struck upon my ear, and raising my eyes, I found a gentleman walking towards me, up one of the avenues. He carried a gun, and a fine setter followed him. I had no difficulty in recognising in his haughty step and bearing, the young Lord Welwyn, so rising from the ground I shut my book, placed it in my pocket, and was about to go forward to meet him, when he motioned me to remain where I was.

"You will excuse the interruption I give to your studies, sir," said he, "but the sight of one of your acquirements, Mr. Long, induced me, when passing at the foot of yon glade on my way to the sport, to step aside and request an acquaintance with you."

I bowed. He extended his hand, and I returned his grasp with pleasure.

"And now, sir, I will pursue my way, as I see that your author is peeping from your pocket, as much as to say that he is jealous of my presence and wishes me gone. But before, I have one request to make of you."

"And it is?"

"That you will favour me with your company to dinner this evening. Nay, I can take no denial," added he, smiling, as I hesitated; "I will be quite alone, and I may tell you that you are the first whom the table of Welwyn Hall has seen, since I came into possession of it. We dine at four. Seven, I know, is your English fashion, but I hate it, and like an evening such as we have on the continent. Meantime—*au revoir!*"

To tell the truth, I felt little inclined to accept of this invitation, the more so from the authoritative tone in which it was couched; but, when I reached home and told my father, he patted me on the back, and said:—

"That's well, Joseph—your college days I see have not been wholly useless. Always cultivate the acquaintance of those in society above you,. and you'll never stick in the world. Who knows but the same Lord Welwyn has a living in store for you, and then who knows but he has influence at court, among the cloth—ay, I've heard it so whispered—and who knows but he may get you to be a bishop some day; in fact, there's no saying the good which cultivating the acquaintance of great folks brings one—no wonder it's so general in the land! My father's entreaty prevailed, and I departed for Welwyn Hall at the hour appointed.

When I entered, Lord Welwyn advanced and received me with the greatest cordiality. I felt reassured, and began to admire the view which was discernible from the window. In this, however, he did not agree with me. He said the park and country were well enough, but the terraces were faulty and antiquated, and he shewed me the alteration he intended making. "But come," said he, "the dinner is ready, and we shall have time enough to discuss these matters in the evening, and when we have discussed something more substantial."

He lėd me across the hall, and we entered a spacious saloon. Seated at the head of the table, and already engaged in eating, was an old gentleman, who paid no attention to our entrance, but went on as before. We sat down, and the courses began in silence. When the first was through, Lord Welwyn said to me:—

"This is not very entertaining, however. I am so accustomed to dine alone, that silence and my own thoughts are my sole companions, and I quite forgot your presence."

You may be sure I took this as no compliment to myself, his guest!

"We will arouse our intellectual friend here, who I see has finished his soup, and get him to join us. I will introduce you to him."

So saying, he took a crumb of bread, rolled it into a pellet, and shot it with his finger and thumb across the table. It hit the old gentleman's nose. The servants, I may add, were present and witnessed this familiarity, which I suppose was of daily occurrence, as the old gentleman quietly ordered his dish to be taken away, before he answered the summons. He then wiped his moustaches with a napkin, and demanded in Italian:—

"*Cosa c'è?*"

"A gentleman is present, do you not observe?" Then turning to me, Lord Welwyn added, "allow me to introduce you to the Signor Bartolommeo."

The signor bowed, and soon after left the room. When the cloth had been removed, one of the servants opened the windows, which led out upon a terrace, and placed there a small table with wine and fruits. When we had seated ourselves there, "This," said he, "is how I like to have an evening. Will you try a cigar?" and he handed me one.

We had not been seated long, when a strain of melody shot across my ear. I discovered it to proceed from the house wherein we were. It was a duet, sung by a soprano and basso. My ear had always been particularly fine, so I enjoyed the delightful concert which was close at hand. When it had ended, I turned to my host an enquiring look.

"The signor and his pupil."

"Then Bartolommeo is a musician?"

"He is a composer, and an illustrious one—at least, so he esteems himself. You have probably not heard of his name as one before?"

"I have not."

"If you have done with your wine, we will adjourn to the drawing room and be nearer the singers."

As we crossed the hall, the music became more distinct.

Now, it was only one voice which sung, and that a soprano. Lord Welwyn touched me and desired me to proceed alone, for he had some instructions to give to his architect, and would follow me in a few minutes. I opened the door cautiously, for fear of disturbing the *aria*, and was able to glide in unperceived, so intent were the musicians upon their theme. I walked up softly behind them, and got so close to the piano, that I was able to follow the notes with my eye. The music was in manuscript, however, and upon the top bore for title, "Romanza No. 5." Signor Bartolommeo accompanied, and a young lady sang; the maestro rolled his head about and muttered with his lips, as if following the words; his fair companion stood erect beside him, with her left hand resting lightly upon his shoulder, and her right touching the corner of the music. Her voice was the finest I had ever heard. It caught the notes, and rushed with them through an extensive scale, occasionally adding an embellishment to the written score. In some of the highest notes, however, it appeared a little strained, and did not give for it that volume of tone which sported with such luxuriance in the ordinary register; but her lower notes were full and confident, and she poured them forth with increased effect. I therefore supposed she was a *mezzo soprano*. To describe her person, I may say, that she appeared about nineteen, that she was tall and gracefully formed, that she had a fine, animated countenance. Her cheeks were of a palish hue, which contrasted well with eyes and hair of black. A glance told at once that she was a foreigner. When the piece was near its last bar, I gave a slight cough, that they might be aware of my presence.

"Allow me," said I, addressing the maestro in French, "to thank you for the pleasure you have afforded me. That is indeed a delightful song, who, may I inquire, is the composer?"

"One but little known in this country, sir," was the reply.

"Italian, I wager, from the style. I am acquainted with most of their music, so perhaps I may remember the composer's name. It sounds as if it were from some opera, but as it is in manuscript, I suppose I am mistaken."

"Indeed you are not," returned the signor, now turning full round to me, while before he had scarcely deigned to lift his eyes from the music, "Indeed you are not, it is from an opera, although it is not yet published." I saw from his expression that my curiosity had pleased him, and instantly concluded that the music was his. I resolved to tickle his vanity, and continued:—

"Not yet published! Then I must indeed give in; yet I am anxious to learn the composer's name."

"Signor Bartolommeo, sir, which august personage you behold seated there," said the girl, laughing, and pointing to the maestro. "It is a scene from a favorite opera of his, the libretto of which is of a tragic nature, being founded upon the "Macbeth" of your Shakespere. The signor never indulges in the buffo style," continued she in French, "though I am sure I have often told him that his forte lay that way, and that Melpomene would never be wooed by him." And she patted him upon the cheek.

Just then, Lord Welwyn entered. The young singer's gaity immediately ceased, and a cloud spread over her countenance. I had only time to remark this and wonder at the cause, when my host came up, seized me by the arm, and introduced me to her as, "La Signorina Orfea d'Avila." We bowed. Lord Welwyn, then laughing, said to me, "What think you of our friend's *aria*,—enough to transport you to Forres at once, is it not? It is written for the first witch, which is not a bad idea, considering the one who has just given it. But can you fancy it for a toothless hag? Yet, for such is it designated in the score; why, the loss of teeth would cause her to sing out of tune, and fancy an old beldame giving such a bravara passage as that."

"Nay, my lord," interposed I, "as for the first matter, the loss of teeth implies no such consequence. Why, the choruses of our immortal Locke are all sung by hags and witches, and where will you find any more descriptive?

Signor Bartolommeo gave me a look of gratitude.

"Locke! your compliment is inopportune. Our maestro would indeed be ill pleased to have himself compared with any English composer, and in truth I must agree with him there. This arises from ignorance, Mr. Long; if ever you visit Italy, your opinion of Locke will suffer a change, I imagine," said he, with a contemptuous sneer.

I made no answer at the time, but, while I am on this subject, it reminds me of the mania in England for everything that is continental, connected with the arts, which so blinds the eyes of our countrymen to native talent, that they imagine nothing good, either in music or painting, can have birth beneath our sky. This prejudice is chiefly fostered by those from whom, considering their education, one might expect quite the reverse. Lord Welwyn's last speech was an instance of this.

"Then, let us have no more of "Macbeth," said he to the poor maestro, "else I shall be inclined to take the part of *Macduff*. Come, let us have the terzetto from "I bacchanali di Roma."

The signor and his pupil both gave a look of disappointment, but proceeded at once to arange the music, as desired. When that was done, Lord Welwyn took his part, and the trio began, Bartolommeo accompanying. Lord Welwyn was a very small tenor, and could with difficulty reach G. However, he kept to his part well.

"I bacchanali di Roma" is by Generali, a very fluent composer, and a great favourite with the Italians, who like easy running music which strikes the ear at once, and does not give them the trouble of thinking. This opera is among the best of Generali; perhaps it is his very best. It was composed for the Lenten festivities at Leghorn, where Lord Welwyn first heard it, when it took his fancy greatly, and he always declared it to be the prince of *opere serie*. The libretto is something in the style of "Norma." This was some years ago. I now heard it for the first time.

It was in this way that I spent my first evening at Lord Welwyn's. I have given many details which may appear trivial, but as I wish you to be acquainted with the characters I met there, I have considered them necessary. I returned to my father's full of joy, and with an invitation from Lord Welwyn to visit him as often as I pleased. This I determined to do, as I was passionately fond of music, and had indeed found incitement for it in the maestro and his pupil.

I have just mentioned to you my love for music, and you will remember how I used to scrape on the violin at college, sometimes to the no small annoyance of the proctor, who hated music in any shape, and thought there was nothing worth pursuing on earth but greek and latin. My violin, however, when I returned home, was better managed, and I had a master down from London to give me lessons occasionally. He, discovering that I had a voice, strongly recommended me to take singing lessons, but as he offered to be the master there too, I fancied there was an interested motive in his advice, and contented myself with the violin. Yet he had given me the hint, and one day, when alone, I determined to see if I really had a voice. I succeeded in persuading myself that I had, and henceforth applied myself with assiduity to its cultivation. Above all things, a master is necessary for singing, have as fine a voice and natural talent as you may; but in default of one, I accompanied all my notes with the violin, and thus succeeded in managing my voice, and reading songs difficult enough at first sight. With this knowledge, I was enabled to share in the trios and quartetts which were executed at Lord Welwyn's, and while this gave me further motives for my visits there, it enhanced any pleasure which my company afforded them. Everything favoured me too in this respect; not only was I welcomed at the piano by the maestro and his pupil, but pressed by my father to cultivate such an acquaintance. My visits then to Welwyn House were fully three every week.

We were all seated at dinner there, about a month after my first introduction, and the cloth had just been removed, when the conversation ran upon theatres, Lord Welwyn and Signor Bartolommeo combating an argument of mine, regarding the present state of the English stage. Before two such authorities, one a man of fashion, the other long connected with theatres, I deemed it prudent to give in, as I had had but little opportunity of attending the London play-houses. But the question at issue now, was the comparative merits of our great English actress, Miss F——, and of the great French one, Madlle R——. I contended that our countrywoman was possessed of the highest genius, whether in tragedy or comedy, at the same time conceding that, as an Englishman, prejudice might influence my opinion; my host and the maestro declaring for the foreign lady. The discussion was growing warm, whether it was my stubbornness or Lord Welwyn's hasty temper that kept it afloat, I will not say, when the fair cantatrice stepped in like a good angel, to the relief of our friendship.

"But let the merits of your two heroines be as great as you contend," said she, gradually changing the subject, "what say you, Mr. Long, of one who combines with the histrionic powers of both, lyrical talent which can scarcely be surpassed within any opera-house in Europe?"

"Ah!" rejoined Lord Welwyn, "you allude to Miss L——; she undoubtedly possesses talent." "As well as a kind heart," continued Orfea. "A quality," said I, "which sheds increased lustre on the former."

"True, I should like you to become acquainted with her, to judge if such be not really the case," answered the pupil.

"Then you know her personally?" inquired I.

"Know her? she is my most intimate friend—we correspond regularly."

"Might I inquire if she resides at present in this country?"

"Ah! ah!" laughed forth Lord Welwyn, "she interests you."

The maestro dipped a biscuit in his wine, bent over the table, and opened his jaws as wide as an ophicleide.

"*Non gli date retta,* don't mind what he says."

The signorina did not, and continued: "She does—she has an engagement at the theatre in London. Shall I give you an introduction?"

I scarcely knew what to make of this question, our English notions of propriety being so very strict. I stammered forth, however, that there was no probability of my visiting London for some time to come.

"Still, when you do, write to me for an introduction, and I will send you one," said the young lady.

"But, my dear Orfea," suggested our host, smiling, "you cannot expect Mr. Long to carry the name of an actress, whom he has never seen, in his head for any length of time."

"Then I will write down her name and address for him, my lord. Had I a slip of paper, I would do so now."

"Here is a card," said I, taking one from my pocket and pitching it across the table to her, "you can write upon the back."

The pupil took a little gold pencil-case, which hung at her waist, serving the double purpose of watch-key, and wrote upon the card. She then threw it across to me again. I picked it up, and, thanking her, returned it to the case.

This little incident, seemingly so unimportant, caused quite a new light to break upon me. On my way home that evening, I pondered deeply upon the circumstances which gave rise to it, hoping thereby to trace some affinity between the relations of the fair and ingenuous Orfea, with those by whom she was surrounded. Her timely interference in the argument between Lord Welwyn and myself caused an emotion within my heart, which had hitherto been a stranger to it; it was something more than gratitude. I now felt an interest in all that concerned this amiable girl, and her position in the house of Lord Welwyn puzzled me more than all. For what cause could she be there? I knew with what unscrupulous regard some young men, possessed of fortune, pursue an object which can gratify their pleasures, and I knew Lord Welwyn from his conversation to be one of this nature—that his principles of morality were none of the soundest, yet I scouted the idea that he had other than honourable motives for his hospitality towards the signorina.

Probably, he wished to dedicate her to Art, as his offering at the shrine of that goddess? This was strengthened by the fact of Bartolommeo's presence, whose sole occupation appeared to be that of instructing her in music. I remembered, with pleasure too, that she seemed attached to this old man, and on the other hand, that, although he sometimes grumbled at her phrasing and execution, faultless as they were to me, yet a gleam of pride would light his countenance when he heard her extolled. I consoled myself with this latter supposition.

The following evening, Lord Welwyn happened to be absent, and I took the opportunity, when the old maestro was searching among the manuscripts at the other corner of the room for a *notturno* of his composition, to gather some information from Orfea, respecting that which floated uppermost in my mind, namely, her position in this house. I learnt that her parents were dead; that they had been natives of Florence, but had resided long in Paris, which city they had fled from at the time of the great Revolution. They reached the borders of Switzerland and settled at Constance, where Orfea was born. Her father died the first—her mother, on her death bed, consigned her to the care of a brother, who had journeyed from Florence at her request. That brother was Bartolommeo. The young Orfea had travelled with him to Italy, and had resided there for several years, during which time he instructed her in music. But affairs grew bad with Bartolommeo. His operas were not admired, and, while cursing his countrymen for their want of taste, he determined to carry his talent elsewhere. For this purpose, he snatched at the proposal of a rich English pupil to accompany him to England, for a fixed salary, and as a sort of Kapellmeister. In a few days the treaty was concluded, and behold Bartolommeo and Orfea among the cortège of Lord Welwyn, travelling towards England.

Such was Orfea's account of her life, which the presence of Bartolommeo rendered necessarily brief. I felt reassured, and when I joined in a duet with the fair cantatrice, the maestro declared that he had never heard me sing so well, that with study I might be fit for a part in an opera, and many similar flattering speeches, which I knew how to value. He even promised to compose a song for me. Orfea whispered me that he was very fond of doing this. I accepted the offer with pleasure, and in thanking him for it, confessed the honour he had thus thrust upon me. The signor was delighted. He continued to praise my voice, and seriously recommended me to take to the boards as my profession; he would prepare me for my début, and initiate me into all the *Rubinicisms* of the *diminuendo* and *crescendo*. I smiled, and shook my head.

"You smile at my uncle's offer, Mr. Long?" said Orfea; "you do not surely know the career which it promises for you?"

"One of excitement, pleasurable only for the moment, exposed to the worst temptations, which soon fades, which too frequently ends in poverty, and which is short-lived from dissipation," answered I, in one breath.

"You view it on the gloomy side alone, and state as facts its exceptions, but forget its glory. In the country where I have passed the greater portion of my life, I have seen a man hold forth in fanciful and impassioned language to an audience, the exploits of some world-hero, describe in glowing colours the impulses of his hero-mind, the valour of his heart and the occasion wherein it shone; sing of the beauties of the river, woodland, rock, and hill; touch eloquently upon the scenes dear by the memory of boyhood, or rendered immortal in the strains of some great poet. While thus engaged, he seemed entirely wrapped up in his subject; circumstance gave rise to circumstance in his brain, and his words fell from his lips in beautiful poetry. This man they called an *Improvisatore,* and to 'discourse thus eloquently' was his profession. It is his glory. In the same manner do the feelings of the great musician, singer or composer, have existence. In the personation of a hero or the painting of passion, both equally feel that their aim is glory. Their region, Art."

"Yet the pleasure of such a life is entirely dependant upon the caprice of a public, who, as soon as the powers with which you entertained them are weakened or deadened by age, fall off from you, to bestow their applauses on the next new comer."

"And is that to be compared with the pleasure which Art gives to the mind of the possessor himself? When, as you say, the artist is deserted by those he deemed his friends, he still finds consolation in his art. Indeed, I am so wedded to song, that I feel that it is my vocation, and that I could not exist without it."

The latter part of Orfea's speech was unanswerable, and she said it in so charming a spirit, that I felt half inclined to agree with the whole of it, and, casting aside all temporal advantages, to ally myself to her and Art. I returned home that evening, with my heart bursting with love.

The next morning my father called me into his study and placed a letter in my hands. It was from a cousin of his, a rich and learned vicar of the Church of England, and intimated the possibility of a situation for me as curate in one of the metropolitan districts. Before, however, the post could be settled upon me, it was necessary that I should visit London; in consequence of which I departed on the instant, and the afternoon of the same day found me at my cousin's door. He was engaged, the footman said, but if I would send up my card, perhaps it might procure me an interview. I did so, and stepping into a side parlour, awaited the result.

It might have been about five minutes, although to me it seemed an hour, so impatient was I, when the servant returned, and with a grin requested me to follow him up stairs. He threw open the library door, and I found myself in presence of my father's cousin. He was seated before a table covered with papers and ponderous books; his head was thrown back, and a white silk hankerchief over his face. At my approach he pulled the latter from him, and, half rising, beckoned me to a chair.

"You are come, I presume, regarding the curacy which I hoped to obtain for you?" said he. I bowed affirmatively.

"Your age, Mr. Long?"

"Two and twenty."

"Ah! young enough for that, though not too old to mend," muttered he.

He then questioned me regarding my college life, and the way in which I had spent my time at my father's. To these I gave straightforward answers, which he noted down on a slip of paper. I then took my departure.

Not to trespass upon your time and patience more than I can help, I shall mention in a few words the result of this interview, which I learnt from my parent a few days after it had taken place.

It appeared from a letter he had received from his cousin, the vicar, that I had sent up, forgetful of the circumstance, the card on which Orfea d' Avila had written the name and address of the actress and singer whom she was desirous of my being acquainted with. This was a death blow to all my prospects in the church. The vicar was too conscientious a man to recommend any one to the holy orders, whose morals were so low as to be taken up with actresses and their addresses, even though that one was the son of a kinsman. He had a pious abhorrence of all operas and theatres, and could tolerate not even the perusal of a play, unless indeed it were the ancient greek ones of Eschylus and Euripides. My father, who was in poor circumstances, was much grieved at this. He confessed that all the money he had bestowed upon my education and preparation at college for the ministry, might as well have been scattered to the four winds, and that how I was to gain my bread for the future, he could not see. I was too proud to write an explanation to the vicar, though entreated by my father to do so. This obstinacy has since given me greater grief than I can express, for it served to hasten the death of my poor father. He had long been in a weak state of health, and in the ordinary course of nature could not have lived many more years, for he was now fourscore, and he expired a week after the above circumstance. I found myself without a relation in the world, and with only fifty pounds in my pocket, after defraying all the expenses of the funeral, and disposing of the cottage and furniture. I determined to go up to London, and endeavour to get into a situation as tutor there. But, before starting, I paid a visit to Welwyn House. Orfea heard my story with unfeigned grief, and the affection she displayed upon that occasion touched my heart deeply. She asked me if I would not now make my début as a singer. Her uncle, Bartolommeo, pressed me. Lord Welwyn was very cool since my misfortunes, and declared that I should have no chance of success upon the stage. He recommended me rather to give private lessons in singing. I took his advice, and bade adieu to Orfea with tears.

My first care, on arriving in London, was to look out for a comfortable lodging. This I succeeded in procuring in a cheap and respectable neighbourhood. I then advertised myself in the newspapers, as a professor of singing and the violin. But no pupils for either applied. I amused myself in the day with my books and music; the evenings I generally spent in the theatre or opera. When I was in the pit of the latter, one evening, I got into conversation with a gentleman beside me, whom I discovered to be a literary man, and present to write notices on the performances for one of the papers. In return for his confidence, I acquainted him with my position, and asked if he thought I could get some employment such as he had. He shook his head, and said it was very difficult, for there were so many applications for places of that description, that soon the number of critics would exceed that of the performers. But he gave me encouragement not to despair; that mine was a profession every day growing more into use; and he gave me a few hints, which I acted upon the day following. One was to write a number of letters to myself, signed by "parties unknown," asking when it would be convenient for me to attend to give a lesson in singing or the violin, to address them to "Mr. Long, professor of music," at the houses of those parties whom I thought likely to require such a useful member of society as myself, and not to pay the postage on any of them. If the parties on receiving the letter saw that it was not intended for them, they at least saw that there was a professor of singing and the violin called Mr. Long, and by repeating the dose often to one house, they got my name well engraved in their memory, and might probably say to themselves, "What a business that Mr. Long appears to have!" Some times the parties were curious enough to see the contents of my letter, and as they had paid the postage on it, considered they had a right to do so. This was still better for me. They dared not return the letter to the post-office, since the seal was broken, and so kept it open before them, with my name upon it. You smile at these devices, and probably think them founded on very loose principles; it is, however, a common practice in the metropolis, where there is so much competition, and when one sees poverty staring you in the face, such delicate scruples of conscience vanish like smoke. The stratagem was at first successful, but at length got wind, and all the pupils it had brought deserted me. My only engagement now was at a Literary and Scientific Institution, where I had to conduct a singing class.

I was one day sitting in my lodgings, with my arms leaning upon the table, and my head resting between them, regarding a bill before me with anything but satisfaction, beside which lay the last shillings I possessed, and meditating upon my future fate, which I now looked upon as desperate, when the door opened and my literary friend entered. I had not seen him for some weeks, and had thought that he too, among the rest, had deserted me. I welcomed him, however, with as good grace as possible, and enquired the cause of his visit, as he seemed out of breath and in a hurry.

"Roselli," said he, "is taken suddenly ill."

"Indeed," answered I, "and what then?"

"This is the first night of the new *prima donna*, and public expectation has been raised to such a pitch that the opera must take place."

"But it cannot without the tenor."

"It must be tried, however."

"Why, he has the chief part!"

"I know, so we must have some one else to play it."

"There is Centurini."

"Bah! he can't take the character; he has not the *physique* for it."

"Miroglio? he is Roselli's rival, sings nearly as well, and will jump at the opportunity of lessening the other's importance."

"So we thought, but he will not hear of it. He says *Edgardo* is not suited to him, and that he has never played it."

"Then, I cannot see how the opera is to come off."

"Unless we get another."

"But where?"

"Here! in this room—you! I have already spoken to the manager about it, and he offers you a permanent engagement, if you are successful. If you fail, twenty pounds for the trial."

I was struck dumb for the moment, and knew not what to make of it.

"Come!" continued my friend, "answer quickly, for there is no time to be lost. It is now three o'clock, and you have but time to run through your part. I know your talent, and that you are capable of taking it, else I should never have asked you. Besides," added he, looking round the apartment, and glancing at my shabby appearance, "besides, you don't seem to be particularly burdened with cash just now, and twenty pounds are always pounds, even though you should fail."

This decided me. With poverty staring me in the face, I was prepared for anything. I consented to attempt *Edgardo* that same evening. I had sung some of the music before at Lord Welwyn's, with him, Orfea, and Bartolommeo, particularly the quartett "*Che mi frena in tal momento*," which is the most difficult concerted piece; the solos and duets I felt sure I could manage. I therefore accompanied my friend to the house of the conductor of the orchestra, whom I found at the piano with the whole score before him. I had just time to get through my part once, when my literary friend returned with the *coiffeur*, who dressed me for the character. I then partook of some refreshment, and, jumping into a carriage, rolled away to the theatre, as the "Master of Ravenswood!"

As we approached the theatre, we found it more and more difficult to thread our way, on account of the rows of carriages which lined the streets, all having the same direction as our own. The stage door at last we reached, where we found an immense crowd. It was the first night of the new *prima donna*, and it was a glimpse of her off the stage they wished to get. They took our carriage for her's, and bent eagerly forward. We stepped out. The crowd fell back, forming a passage for us, and we passed into the theatre. I was immediately introduced to the manager, who thanked me in the warmest terms, and conducted me to a saloon, where were assembled some of the principal singers. They were all foreigners, and bowed coldly to me. At the farther end of the room, were a lady and gentlemen who did not seem aware of my presence. The manager took my arm to introduce me. We approached them. The gentleman held some music in one hand, and with his right finger seemed tracing the notes, looking up occasionally at his fair companion, and gesticulating vehemently. The latter was listening attentively, and seemed in a slight trepidation. She was plainly dressed, and had a plaid shawl thrown over her alabaster shoulder. It was the new *prima donna.*

I shall not attempt to describe the confusion and surprise on both sides, when the lady turned round and discovered the lovely features of Orfea d'Avila. Fortunately, there was no one present at our end of the saloon but the manager, whose attentions towards me seemed immediately to increase, and I found a relief to my embarrassment in the Signor Bartolommeo, who caught me in his arms, and welcomed me as a brother artist. As the scene was now about to commence, the manager departed, and I found myself alone with Orfea and her uncle, to whom I related the circumstances of my present position, and the vicissitudes of my fortune since my departure from Welwyn. Their story, on the other hand, was brief. I knew that Orfea had always been intended for the stage. Signor Bartolommeo was in raptures with her. In her he saw the heroine of many of his neglected operas, and the precursor of his future fame as a composer. Lord Welwyn, too, was equally delighted. In his "young protégée," as he styled Orfea, he saw his triumph as a man of taste, and himself the envy of all the young nobility of England.

Just before the introductory bars commenced, a gentleman connected with the theatre stepped before the curtain, and announced to the audience the indisposition of the favourite tenor, Roselli. At this there was a burst of disappointment, so loud that for several moments the speaker could not make himself heard. Roselli! Roselli! was vociferated from all parts of the house, and a discharge of hisses followed in its train. I trembled. I cursed my impudence for undertaking the part of *Edgardo*; I, who had never before been behind the scenes! I whispered this to Orfea, who also was agitated, but she reassured me with a kind glance. The maestro was quite cool. He made light of the row, and said that I should just be welcomed the more heartily by the audience, when they heard my voice. At last the tempest subsided a little, and we could hear the speaker's voice. He began, "but," that ominous monosyllable, (great applause) "in Roselli's absence (hisses) another signor," (shouts of Miroglio! Miroglio!)—oh! Joseph, Joseph, said I to myself, you a signor!—"another signor has kindly consented to take the part of *Edgardo*, at a moment's notice, on whose behalf the kind indulgence of the audience is respectfully solicited."—When the curtain rises, you know "Lucia di Lammermoor" commences with Norman and his hunters, who have a pleasing chorus. During the delivery of it I stood beside Orfea, and followed with my trembling lips the whole music; glancing occasionally at my *rôle*, which I held in my hands. My agitation must have been noticed, for *Bucklaw* brushed past me, and eyed me with a theatrical sneer of defiance and contempt, "from head to foot, from top to toe," as Hamlet and his friends say. Orfea told me it was Signor Centurini, who was annoyed that he had not had *Edgardo* offered him. At last it was my turn to go upon the stage. I summoned up all my courage, and stepped boldly forward; I had one foot behind the wing, the other upon the stage, when something whisked past me. I turned round. It was a nymph of a flowery complexion, with her cheeks all bedaubed with paint. She slipped a paper into my hand, and vanished behind a rock. The public saw my hesitation, and cheered me on. I was encouraged. I had no longer any fear, and I acquitted myself seemingly to their satisfaction. But the triumph was for Orfea. She electrified the house. Great expectations had been formed of her among the *dilettanti*, through the instrumentality of Lord Welwyn, but she exceeded them all. She took the house by storm, there was not a dissentient shout. The services of the *claquers* were unrequired. The applause was sudden, spontaneous, genuine; her talent was confirmed in the eyes of a British audience, the coldest and most fastidious in Europe. My surprise was no less, and she imparted some of her fire to me. Often as I had heard her before, it was always in the saloon, where she was restricted by the coldness of the occasion. Now she revelled in all her genius, her eye shot it forth; it was the great lyric *artiste.* Her voice, once so strained in the upper notes when I took it for a mezzo soprano was perfect throughout. Her first note thrilled through the vast assembly. In one of her songs she introduced a *bravara* written for her by Bartolommeo, and it was the most extraordinary effort of vocalisation I have ever heard, either before or since. She started from low G, which was a good alto note—thick, yet clear as a blackbird's and running up to the octave, rested awhile and gave a cadence, then started afresh and continued up the scale. I clasped my hands nervously for fear of a fall, a *canard,* as the French call it, yet, on, on, she continued. I cried to myself, stop! hold! enough! yet on she went. Not a breath stirred but hers. Not a motion in the vast assembly of heads. All else was silent, lost in admiration. Every head was strained forward, every eye transfixed. And when Orfea had rushed up to D altissimo, and rested thereon as freshly as an organ pipe, the long pent up admiration gave way in thunders of applause. I forgot where I was. Bouquet followed upon bouquet. Fresh, full blown roses, not artificial paste ones. I picked one up and, kneeling, presented it to Orfea. Her triumph was complete. She had conquered the hearts of the critics, if they have any, and mine too, a much easier task. I returned home that evening elated with joy, and determined to pursue the stage as a profession. I was told that a bright future was in store for me, and believed it.

The day following I received a note from the manager, offering to engage me as first tenor during the remainder of the season at a high salary. My literary friend was the bearer of it. After repeating the compliments on my singing, which I had received publicly the night before, he asked me what my name was to be.

"My name? Joseph Long, of course," replied I.

"To your friends; but to the public?"

"The same."

"Every one has a *nom de guerre.*"

"But I, I am an exception, I have but one name. It is one which has never yet been sullied. It never shall."

"My dear fellow," urged my literary friend, "this is madness."

"Madness? If I had done aught to be ashamed of, you might with reason call it madness. But I am proud of my name."

"Then you are resolved not to change it?"

"I am."

"That letter which is beside you, I brought," said he, pointing to it.

"You did."

"It offers you a permanent engagement at the theatre."

"Exactly; and I have accepted it. I thank you sincerely."

"I am also the bearer of another message, which renders that note conditional!"

"Indeed! Pray let me hear it."

"That you change your name. But since you are resolved not to do so, I must inform you that the engagement can no longer exist. A cheque for your performance of yesterday shall be sent you," said he, taking up his hat and about to depart.

"Stay," cried I, the remembrance of my poverty flashing across my mind, "stay, explain yourself more clearly on this point."

He returned, and, seating himself on the other side of the table, leaned half across it, indicating with his finger a number of causes to induce my compliance with the manager's request."

"The truth is, you are an Englishman."

"Well! and should not this be in my favour? I am in England, in presence of an English audience, in receipt of English money!"

"That is true," replied my literary friend, "but in catering for the public, we have to follow public taste. Managers have learnt by *dear* experience, that it will not be thwarted. The rage at present, as you must well know, is for every thing foreign, and in nothing is this so remarkable as in music. Were you to be announced as simply "Mr. Long," let your voice be ever so fine, the frequenters of the opera would say that it was cracked, that your style was vulgar, that you *pumped out* the notes, that you murdered the Italian, (though, by the way, they never said so of Herr Konrad when he appeared, last year,) and in short, that they paid their money to see foreigners, not Englishmen, perform. Experience will teach you that what I say is true. Meantime, let me entreat you to have a *nom de guerre*."

"Then, what shall it be?"

"Oh! leave that to us. I must away now to write the *critique* on your appearance last night, and you will see your *Italian* name in the papers to-morrow. Adieu!"

Scarcely had my literary friend departed, when I heard a slight bustle at the door. I opened it, and found the noise to proceed from my landlady, whose shrill tones and heavy tramp resounded through the house. She was ascending the stairs, followed by a lady deeply veiled, whom she directed towards me as the person inquired after. The lady rushed past her guide, and, seizing me by the arm, pulled me gently from the door, which she immediately closed. She then raised her veil, and disclosed the features of the young cantatrice.

"Orfea!" cried I, forgetful of reserve, "what brings you here; has anything happened? you look pale and agitated."

I conducted her to the sofa.

"O Joseph," said the poor girl, weeping and leaning on my breast, "you at least are my friend. I can trust in you!"

I can better express in substance than in dialogue the nature of this interview; for the excitement under which she laboured, the surprise and horror which I experienced at the relation of her insult, cannot adequately be expressed in words. It appeared that Lord Welwyn had deemed the hour of Orfea's triumph as an artist, that in which he might with safety indulge the brutal passions of his heart; hoping in the excitement of success, to find her virtue an easier conquest than in calmer moments. But he found himself mistaken. Orfea spurned his offers with indignation. Not knowing where to seek protection from his importunate offers, she had, in the impulse of the moment, and at the dictation of her heart, as she afterwards confessed, come to me; and not in vain. Calling in my landlady, I gave her a modified version of the case, and requested her to take charge of Orfea. I then immediately sat down to my desk, and wrote a challenge to Lord Welwyn, sending it by the landlady's son, with instructions not to return without an answer. In the afternoon he brought me a note, acquainting me "that his lordship had never any hesitation in fighting with his equals, but that he declined doing so with a *beggarly player*." I had half expected this, and had prepared accordingly. I obtained two rapiers and a brace of pistols, with the necessary ammunition. These I carefully examined. I bade Orfea good night, consigned her to the care of my landlady, and said nothing of my intentions. I opened my *ecritoire.* I counted my money. With my salary of the previous night, I found it only to amount to some twenty pounds. These I wrapped carefully in paper, and addressed to my landlady, in payment of my rent. I seized pen and paper, and occupied myself till midnight with a letter to Orfea and one to her uncle, the Signor Bartolommeo. Regarding the former as already betrothed to me, I consigned her in the meantime to the maestro's care, acquainting him with my reasons for doing so. I then sought an hour's repose.

It was yet dark when I arose from my bed, and, treading softly down stairs, gained the street. I pulled my cloak closer around me, startled the sleepy watchman with a "good morning," and hurried towards Edgeware. The grey light of morning was just breaking when I passed under the archway at Highgate. Lord Welwyn's mansion, I knew, was a little farther on. A vast heath surrounded it on all sides. I stationed myself before the house, and waited in silence. In about half an hour, wheels were distinctly heard approaching. I had not miscalculated my time. I approached the road. The vehicle came in sight; in the dingy morning I could just perceive that it was a cab driven by a single man. It was Lord Welwyn returning from some midnight orgie. I seized the horse's head, and in a voice of thunder called upon the rider to descend. He took me for a footpad, and stretched out his purse to buy liberation. I laid hold of his arm, and forced him out of the cab. He started on seeing me, and offered resistance. I gleamed a sword across his eyes.

"You refused to fight me yesterday; to-day I compel you," said I, offering two swords for his choice.

"You take me at a disadvantage," replied he; "I do not know how to handle a sword, you are probably a master of it."

"Stay! you do not escape me thus, I am provided against all emergencies, and would have the duel on an equal footing. Choose between these pistols," continued I, holding out a brace, "and quickly too, else we may suffer interruption."

Though morally a coward, desperation in this instance gave Lord Welwyn a certain courage. He tied the rein to a tree, took one of the pistols, and we marched a few paces in separate directions.

The weapons were both primed. We halted, "Are you ready?" inquired I.

A ball whizzed by my cheek, in answer to this, ploughing up the skin, — a mere scratch. My pistol was yet loaded! "Villain!" cried I, "would you commit murder?"

Lord Welwyn had fired before the signal agreed upon, hoping to put his life out of all jeopardy, by taking mine beforehand. But he had failed. He turned pale, and stood culprit-stricken, as if awaiting his doom.

"It was a mere accident," he stammered forth. "I was not aware that it was a hair trigger. I am now in your power—fire!"

My heart sickened at the thoughts of this, and I could not bring myself to do such a murderous action. Yet I was irritated that the man should escape me thus. I was irresolute what course to take. If I let him escape, I was sure that he would follow me with vengeance. In any case I should have to quit the country, to escape arrest. A thought struck me.

"You are completely in my power," said I.

"I am."

"Then prepare for death."

"Have mercy."

"Mercy? had you mercy when the defenceless girl asked it at your hands? and she had not insulted you as you have me."

I marched back a few paces. I raised my arm; I aimed at my enemy's breast, and seemed about to fire.

"Have you a word to say ere you quit this world?" said I, the pistol always pointed outwards.

"None."

"No message?"

"None."

"No prayer?"

"Mercy."

"Then you still love life?"

"I do; it is sweet to all men."

"What do you value it at?"

"Anything * * to me."

"Suppose then this bit of lead your life. I value it, cheap. I only call it worth two hundred pounds. Will you purchase it?"

Lord Welwyn's face lighted up with hope, he snatched at the offer.

"I will pay the money down at once. I have notes in my pocket-book to that amount."

"Ha! this is well. The bullet is yours, but not the pistol. First let it tell its tale." I fired on the ground. Lord Welwyn handed me the money.

"And now," said I, "we part. Before you can give alarm, I shall be beyond the sea. You have purchased your life. Spend it with more honour for the future. I have sold it to gain the means of preserving my own. I must take the loan of your cab and horse for a few hours. Your house is close at hand. You can easily reach it on foot."

I seized the reins and drove rapidly away.

The next day I stepped upon the shores of France. The garçon of the inn brought me an English newspaper. In one column I saw mentioned the successful débût of Signorina Orfea d'Avila, and Signor Guiseppe Lungo, in *Lucia di Lammermoor;*" in another I read, "Daring robbery at Highgate."

I called the garçon.

"When does the next diligence for the south start?"

"In an hour, *monsieur.*"

"Then keep a seat in it for me."

It is now three years since the above events. During that period I have studied under the first singing masters in Italy. I have appeared successively at all the principal theatres,—Verona, La Scala, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples; to-morrow I am announced for my first appearance in an opera here; and, though they call me "Signor Guiseppe Lungo," I may say in the words of the satirical master-poet:—

> I am the old traditional man Bull,
> And from my ancestors have been called *Ionian;*
> I am called Ion, which by interpretation
> Is John, in plain Theban, that is to say,
> I am John Bull.

THE SORROWFUL NYCTANTHES.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

> "Sat in her sorrow like that sweet night-flower,
> When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
> And spreads its sighs like frankincense about!"
>
> MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

THERE is a flower too sad to blow
Beneath the sun's meridian glow,
When tulips flaunt their gaudy tints,
And the blush-rose's bosom glints
Like beauties gemmed, lit by the ray,
That burnishes refulgent day.

But, when comes on cloud-curtain'd night,
In hooded modesty bedight,
And dewdrops fall from angels' eyes,
Weeping o'er mortal destinies,
Then, lo! that flower leaps from the ground,
And wondrous sweetness breathes around.

Oh! so for THEE, would I have bloom'd,
When sorrow's night thy pathway gloom'd,
But, thou repelled,—thy scorn did crush
The flower, thy love had made to blush
Deeply, as aureated dyes
Ling'ring o'er sunset's mellow'd skies.

Alas! though thou could'st coldly slight
The timid flow'ret of the night,
Still, all its perfume it will shed
In prayers for thee, around thy bed,
And, watching seraph THERE, entreat,
That it, thy sweetest dreams may greet!

THE STORM AND THE CONFLICT.

A TALE OF THE FIRST REBELLION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

PART I.—The bursting of the storm.

CHAPTER I.

ON Christmas Eve, 1710, the two following scenes were enacted, at the same hour, in different parts of England.

In a spacious, antique room, situated in a stately mansion that was once visible from the coast of Lancashire, a large party was assembled; and it might have been readily guessed, from the abundance of good cheer, from the joyous alacrity of the numerous servants, as they rapidly appeared and disappeared, and from the various ages of those collected, counting from childhood to extreme old age,—that it comprised a Christmas family gathering. Two deep-set, mullioned windows, occupied nearly the whole of one end of this apartment, and where the faded arras only partially covered the walls, the rude finishing of some centuries previous was visible. The furniture, however, as well as the attire of most of the persons assembled, comprised every modern luxury; and the effect of the whole was splendid, lighted up as it was by a countless number of candles arranged in massy silver candlesticks and branches, and by the yule fire that crackled and blazed up the huge chimney. The small parties into which the company was broken up, were variously occupied in—what still form the staple amusements of similar assemblages,—gossipping and gambling; save that two or three groups of children occasionally shook off the restraint that appeared to check their hilarity; at which times might be heard a suppressed titter, merging gradually into one long, joyous peal of musical laughter. This pretty frequent interruption was variously greeted by various individuals: the "*Sacre Dieu*" of the little withered French abbé engaged at a card table, was far less expressive of annoyance, than was the impatient movement and heavy frown of his *vis-à-vis* and host,—the master of the mansion, the burly Sir Thomas Greystock. It was evident to one watchful looker on, that the game on which these two personages were engaged, occupied little of their attention; the earnest conversation carried on in a low tone betwixt them, as well as the significant glances they occasionally interchanged, gave assurance that the minds of both were pre-occupied with matters of deep import. The individual by whom this intercourse was uneasily noted, was a female of middle age, dressed in the extreme of the then fashion, even to the abundance of patches, and to the hoop, which had only newly been introduced. There was an affectation of youthfulness about her attire, and a coquettish levity in her demeanour, when she replied to the civilities of the red-heeled fop, whose periwig almost touched her own more elaborate *coiffure*, as he bent over the back of the couch on which she was seated, evidently more characteristic of the woman, than was the shade of thought, mingled with vexation, that now rested on her countenance. At the extreme end of the same couch, reclining as if in weariness, was an exceedingly beautiful child, whose age might have been guessed at fourteen, although she was two years younger. The contrast exhibited betwixt herself and the elder lady, was not flattering to the latter, a fact that seemed to come within the apprehension of the very shallow-looking fop before mentioned, whose glance often turned to the dark lashes lying on the child's flushed cheek. The extreme loveliness of her features, lighted up even in their repose by an intelligence rare for her age, was not, indeed, to be passed with a careless notice; there was already something commanding in that noble countenance, over which the dark tresses swept in their native beauty, and her simple white dress, decorated only by a sash, and a fresh rose-bud, was well suited to the character of her youthful and unconscious grace. This group was approached by a spare, elderly gentleman of elaborately courtly manners, whose full periwig fell in a bush on either shoulder.

"My Lady Shirley," he exclaimed, addressing himself to the elder occupant of the couch; "I marvel at your so long monopolizing the company of a person in such general request as is Mr. Arthur Boyle: unless I have forgotten the language of looks, pretty Mrs. Mellicent is no way pleased at his defection."

Mr. Arthur Boyle placed himself in a theatrical attitude, and wrung his delicate hands, as if deprecating the hard fortune that prevented his dividing himself into a dozen.

"There, go, you naughty man!" said the lady, tapping his arm with her fan; "and see you return presently." Mr. Boyle kissed the tips of his fingers, and tripped mincingly away.

The new comer seated himself betwixt the lady and the child, (his wife and niece,) and for an instant bent over to the latter.

"I was not sleeping, dear uncle," she said, opening her large, dark eyes; "but I can close both eyes and ears, if you wish me to do so now." The child spoke in a low tone, and was similarly answered:—

"Nay, nay, Alice, it matters not; but I wish even for thy sake there was necessity that it should be so." Then turning to his wife, he continued:—"For heaven's sake, contrive some means for breaking up that eternal game betwixt your brother and the abbé; Sir Thomas Greystock forgets his character as host, so hot is he in the mad pursuit of his political follies. That lynx-eyed Walpole has been watching them this half hour; he has just left the room, and in his absence you must give the plotters some intimation of the surveillance he is exercising over them."

"I, too, have been watching them," answered the lady, "and with what feelings you may judge. He is so hot-headed that I dread speaking openly on the subject; if he receives any intimation of Walpole's watchfulness, we shall probably draw him into a quarrel: we must separate them by stratagem."

"My Lord Shirley," said the child, raising herself, "if my father, by continuing his conference with the abbé, runs any risk, to me belongs the task of breaking it up. Will you trust to my discretion?"

"Be it so," replied the gentleman; and, as he ceased speaking, Alice Greystock stood beside her father's chair.

"Trust to my discretion!" repeated the Earl of Shirley, as he drew forth his snuff-box, and deliberately helped himself to a pinch; "the discretion of a child of twelve years! and in matters involving life and death! If Sir Thomas exhibit no more wisdom in the choice of his other confidants, the result of his plottings may be readily guessed. I wonder, Louisa, that you have not exerted yourself, in order to snatch this motherless child from a position so unnatural, and from trusts so unsuited to her sex and age."

"La, my lord, how you talk! Do you really believe that if I *had* consented to make an exemplary dowdy of myself, and to stop perpetually in this outlandish place, Alice *could* have been other than she is? My brother was so terribly disappointed at not having a son, that I consider it a blessing that he has been able to make a companion of his daughter. Besides, Alice always had something extraordinary about her; she never was a child."

"I have heard that remark made of others," said the earl, musingly; "and I never knew a life that had no childhood end well."

"It may be so," said the countess, yawning and rising. "See! she has separated the two already, and both are in good humour. Alice has well conned the family motto, 'Dare, and do.'"

"An unpropitious boast," muttered the earl, as his wife passed on, "even for the child, and during the calm. The *woman* has yet to teach us how that lesson will work during the storm, and in the conflict."

* * * * * * *

The dense crowd in Cornhill had been for some time perceptibly thinning: not because of the lateness of the hour, for it was as yet scarce seven o'clock, but more probably in consequence of the heavy shower, half sleet, half rain, that descended in one steady torrent upon the glistening streets. There was an alacrity in the movements of those who still continued to flit by, that a thoughtful observer might have ascribed as well to an earnest desire to reach the cheerful firesides and the merry faces that probably awaited them, as to the cheerless aspect of every thing without. In addition to the shower, a dense fog hung over the Metropolis, that the dull lights emitted from the shop windows had no power to pierce through. It was a night on which innumerable accidents occurred, and on which several individuals were missed, of whose fate nothing more was ever heard. Most of the old houses that stood in Cornhill at the date of our story have been since removed; but at that time, the projecting stories of many of them afforded a temporary shelter from the storm to such as chanced to be houseless. In such a shelter, standing betwixt two bow windows, in the space once occupied by a doorway, now blocked up, were two shivering, thinly-clad human beings, whose strikingly contrasted faces and aspects afforded strong proof of the existence of those ill-assorted companionships that are sometimes inevitable upon earth. These two were a woman and a child. The first was in appearance about sixty; tall, and gaunt, and exhibiting in her rigidly erect figure, and the habitually fierce expression of her large black eyes, that peculiar kind of pride, better designated defiance, produced in peculiar minds by a life of trouble or discomfiture. There was no one redeeming expression in the woman's countenance, to which the trembling creature at her side could have been supposed to look up with any feeling of affection or confidence. Her mouth was particularly indicative of an arid coldness of temperament, so far as any of the softer emotions of the soul were concerned; and few that had stood there, muttering ever and anon, would have believed that those thin, malevolent lips could have been shaped to breathe a blessing. Of her clothing nothing was seen except the faded and worn silk cloak, which had once boasted of some indefinite dark colour, the hood of which, drawn closely over her face, revealed at intervals an under-covering bound closely over her white, upturned hair. The shrinking and delicate figure of the small child at her side was not more in contrast with her own, than were the faces of the two. The very infantile beauty of the younger face was in itself strangely contrasted by the deep sorrow, evidently of long growth, by which its bloom was withered, and its struggling intelligence repressed, and its brightness overshadowed. Calculating that the blight evidently lying on her young life had stunted her growth, and contemplating the air of sad experience that her features wore, her age would have been guessed at more than it was in reality; the child was twelve years old. Her countenance, which under happier circumstances would have been exquisitely beautiful, was still too touchingly interesting to be passed without a second glance. With much of the freshness of childhood, there was more than all its sweetness: a tender mournfulness in the large blue eyes seeming to attest that for her, affliction was only working its divinely accomplished mission, purifying the spirit. Her dress was in accordance with that of her companion; her bare feet lay buried in a pair of shoes so large that it would have been a marvel, had there been any one to give a thought to the matter, how she was to contrive, not to let them carry her, but to drag on them. These, with a tattered frock, too short for her small figure, and displaying an under garment of coarse material, and a shawl, so ragged as to leave bare a great part of her neck and shoulders, for which her thick, rich chestnut hair, now damp and matted, formed a natural covering, constituted the whole of her attire. The sleety rain continued to fall heavily, and the reckless spirit of the woman glared through her flashing eyes, out into the "darkness visible" of that desert street; but the child, even while shrinking from her side, continued to look up timidly and anxiously in her face, as if beyond the passions working there, she had nothing to trust or appeal to. An impatient movement on the part of the woman caused the girl to start.

"Come, Jess!" she exclaimed, stepping forward, and tossing up her face to the black sky, "come along; if we stop all night this will be no better, and we've got to seek a lodging yet."

The child hastily caught hold of the woman's dress, as she strode rapidly onward, taking no other notice of her charge, than to turn occasionally and utter an ejaculation of impatience, when tripped by her large shoes, the child lost her hold of the faded cloak and sent a desolate cry into the darkness—an expression of terror lest she should be left alone in the wilderness, better with *her* than alone! Proceeding to some distance in this manner, they were at length compelled to stop; a dense crowd had collected, there was a swaying to and fro of the multitude, angry voices were heard, and swords clashed in the distance; and the woman compelled to fall back, again stationed herself beneath the projection of one of the houses, at some distance from the fray.

"The foul fiend take their clamour! I was in no humour to be stopped," muttered the woman, and her words reached the child's ear. Several minutes elapsed; the sound of the fray came heavily through the thick atmosphere, and the rain commenced falling in torrents. The woman's eyes at length rested on her companion.

"Are you hungry?" she demanded.

"No—no, I think not hungry; but I am very, very cold."

"I didn't ask you about the cold," said the other, harshly.

"You *must* be hungry, and I don't want you to die; I would not have you die for ——" here she made a gesture with her hand as if to span the universe, and the light in her eyes gleamed yet more brightly and fiercely, and for some time she seemed to have forgotten the question she had put.

"Look here," she said at length, pointing to a window of the house under whose roof they were standing, "here is bread, and here money; purchase some and return quickly, yonder mad fools are dispersing and we can pass on."

The child took the money and hastened on her errand; but in the obscurity of the night, and the confusion attendant on her situation—wet, weary, and sick at heart—she passed the door at which she should have entered, and walked through the next, not perceiving her mistake until she found herself surrounded on all sides by piles of volumes, in the midst of a large bookseller's shop. At one terrified and hurried glance, the child perceived that several gentlemen were lounging by the counter, and she was hastily retreating, when one of the idlers sprang forward, and rather roughly dragged her back.

"Not so fast, little one!" he exclaimed, "by Jove, what a face! Raphael never dreamed of a lovelier; and Kneller's and Lely's beauties are in comparison all earth! Why, child, were didst thou spring from?"

"Let me go, pray let me go!" cried the frightened girl, struggling, "my grandmother is waiting for me."

"Let her wait," said the tormenter, drawing her nearer to his companions and the light, "now, Dick," he continued, addressing one of the three gentlemen, who were looking indifferently on, "as thou allowest beauty to be one of the sources of inspiration, I call upon thee, especially, to turn thine eyes hitherward."

The child again prayed more earnestly for leave to depart.

"Let her go without more foolery,," said the gentleman whom his companion had addressed, "Here," he continued, taking some coin from his pocket and holding it out carelessly, "take this to your grandmother."

"The price of a dozen Tatlers, by Jove!" exclaimed the one who still held the child with a firm grasp.

"We have never begged, and we are not in need," said the latter, shrinking from the proffered charity.

"Not in need," said the gentleman, restoring the coin to his pocket, and turning fairly round so as to obtain a better view of the child, "why—well, I would not hurt your feelings for the world. Burton, I insist upon your letting the girl go. Now, my dear, who is your grandmother, and where does she live?"

"O, sir," exclaimed the child, eager to make use of her recovered liberty, "my grandmother and myself only arrived here to-day from the country, and she is waiting for me outside."

"Well, only one word more, my name is Steele, and ——"

"Thy nature flint, Dick," interrupted the one who had been called Burton, "notwithstanding which happy coincidence, thou hast as yet failed in thy attempts to set the Thames on fire."

"My name is Steele," continued the other, without noticing this speech; "stay, here is my address: tell your grandmother to call upon me to-morrow morning, if she is a stranger here I may be able to render her some service."

The girl took the proffered card; returned thanks rather with her eloquent eyes than with words, and hurried into the outer darkness.

Brief time it required to make her purchase and return to the spot she had left—it was vacant! The next instant she was again in the drenching rain, straining her eyes in order to send a glance through the thick fog, and rivetted to the spot with dismay and terror. Some one passed her hurriedly, at whose garment she caught with desperate hope.

"Off, beggar's brat!" cried a strange voice, and the child's arms fell by her side, and she uttered a forlorn cry. On she passed, wildly questioning everyone she encountered, and meeting only with rough repulse from all; and exhausted nature was rapidly giving way. In her frantic eagerness, still calling upon the name of her grandmother, she passed far from the spot where she had last seen her; and the fog was fast thickening around—she had entered on London Bridge. The shops on the bridge were some of them still lighted up, but most were closed, and the aspect of everything visible was gloomy enough. Sharp pains had during many hours been shooting through the girl's feeble limbs; now a deadly sickness overpowered her; she reeled forward, tried to catch at something in her fall, and would have sunk senseless on the earth, had not a strong arm caught and held her up.

"What's this, now?" demanded a voice that sounded pleasantly enough, though the question was put harshly and suspiciously. No answer came, for the child was incapable of making any, although quite conscious of what was passing. Her supporter knocked lustily with his disengaged hand at the door against which he had been standing.

"Sarah! Sarah! bring a light here, and make haste." As he spoke, the boy, for he was such in years, passed into the shop with his strange burden, and presently a rosy faced, country looking young woman, appeared with a light.

"Well! you *are* a queer young man for a London 'prentis as ever I see, Laithwaye Oates!" exclaimed the woman as she glanced at the state of affairs. Laithwaye Oates was gazing intently on the white face and closed eyes of the child: "Sarah," said the boy, rousing up from the effects of the survey, "for the love of heaven fetch a little water."

The earnest manner of the boy, and the evident necessity of the case, induced the woman to comply with his request at once; and in a few minutes the child was able to tell the tale of her bereavement.

"Well, nothing can be done at present; it isn't a night to turn out a dog in," said Laithwaye; "so you don't know any one in London?"

The child answered in the negative, but suddenly remembered the card given her by the gentleman; she had placed it in her bosom, and now drew it forth, explaining how she had obtained it.

"Aye! that'll do," exclaimed the boy, snapping his fingers, after having looked at the card. "A jolly fellow is Mr. Richard Steele; one of the right sort—I know him."

"Well, you *are* a queer young man for a London 'prentis, as ever I come anear!" reiterated the woman; "here you are only nine months fresh from the country, and as master says, I verily believe you know half the people in town, already!" The boy made a peculiar sort of grimace, expressive of huge satisfaction.

"Now Sarah," he said, coaxingly, "you are too good a soul to turn this poor little creature out to-night, and in the morning I can take her to Mr. Steele's lodgings."

"It's very well for you to talk, but where must we put her? master will be home presently, and I am sure if he finds her here, he'll turn us all out together."

"Do not let me bring you into trouble," cried the child, and an overwhelming sense of her desolate condition bowed down her head as she spoke.

The boy Laithwaye was evidently the master-mind in his little sphere; and after a short whispered conference with Sarah, the two acted in concert. Taking the sore-footed and over-wearied child into a back room in which there was a fire, the woman hurriedly applied herself to the performance of such hospitalities as the condition of the unexpected guest seemed to require. Having given way to the impropriety of entertaining her at all, the naturally kind heart of the rough servant-girl suggested all that was necessary; and the gentle manner and touching beauty of the child were not to be resisted. Her cloathes were dried, and her feet washed; and the little refreshment she was able to take was pressed upon her kindly. The stealthy manner in which all this kindness was performed, was, however, perceptible throughout: and poor Jessy, as she had told them she was named, was glad when Sarah led the way to the place of concealment, in which it had been agreed she should pass the night. This place was dreary enough: one of the gloomy cellars, or crypts, that had originally belonged to the house burnt on the site of the present one, in the terrible fire of 1666. A damp moisture now glistened amidst the blackened and half-burnt joists and rafters, and the low, melancholy murmur of the river passing under and around, filled the place. In one corner of this wretched remnant of bygone days, the apprentice and the servant had arranged a number of sacks, to which the former added two blankets and a rug, the sole covering of his own bed; and here, when they had left her, the girl slept long and soundly.

ANNIE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

For her, the sweetest memories
Do like embalming odours rise;
Winnowing fragrance round the tomb,
As if perennials *there* did bloom.

She looked so beautiful in death!
Still, to her lips, the dewy breath
Clung, as it doth to morning rose,
Whose bud the first sun's rays unclose.

Still on her cheek, a fresh tint dwelt,
Like a suspended blush, that's felt
To rush up from the heart, when love
Its *one* warm mystic pulse doth move.

Her half-closed eyelids almost seemed
To quiver, as if yet she dreamed
Of some fond, parting, whispered word;
Forgotten never once when heard.

One hand lay careless on the bed,
The other propped her lovely head;
Unstudied all, yet—oh the grace
Of attitude, of form, and face!

Yet, she *was* dead—benignant Power!
That spareth beauty in that hour
When doating eyes take final leave,
To soothe the hearts, regret doth reave!

Hence, them her pristine image fills,
Whilst thy alembic sweet distils,
O Memory, the flowers which shed
Eternal perfume round the dead!

THE GRANDMOTHER.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

When Barbara Stanley, at last, obtained her father's consent to her union with George Turner, after three years of that wearying, heart sickening "hope deferred," never so acutely felt as in the opposition offered to youthful affection; she thought herself blest beyond her deserving, that life would not, could not be sufficiently extended, for her to exhaust all the felicity in store on earth for her; that in fact, nothing but joy now awaited her, the calm enduring joy of a heart abounding with love, admiration, and devotion for the husband she had wedded; the joy of virtue and of truth. And so think all the young, the inexperienced, and the affectionate.

Alas, alas! how many a sweet, fond girl, standing at the foot of the altar, trembling with delight, flings one of her purest, her most beautiful aspirations up to heaven, in the boundless gratitude of that rapturous moment, to ask why she has been selected from her fellows, for such signal and exquisite happiness? And so it should be! for, except for this intoxicating illusion, could the timid, the petted, the idolized child, quit with an eagerness almost offensive to paternal tenderness, the bosom which has so long sheltered her like a bird, from every storm, for that of a *stranger*, to plunge into unknown scenes—unknown troubles? Oh! the blind confidence of young hearts, how lovely, how sanctifying is it to behold!

Barbara, as she hung round her father's neck, kissing his lips repeatedly and passionately, for rendering her so happy; saw not that those lips were blanched and quivering as they kissed her in return, that the voice was agitated which blessed her, the arms tremulous which enfolded her. She had already forgotten the contention which had bowed her soul to the brink of the grave, and had quenched the fever spot which had glowed and smouldered in her heart so long, in the sweet, clear stream of over-gushing hope; and, therefore, guessed not her father's still lingering sorrow and regret, nor at how dear a price she had purchased the happiness she was so fluent in gratitude for.

Mr. Stanley could not all at once forget that he *had* made a a sacrifice; and hence the emotion against which he vainly and impotently struggled. Not that his long and obstinate resistance had arisen from those sordid motives which, too frequently, alone influence parents in the disposal of their children. A higher, a holier principle swayed him in this most important and momentous event—the fear of its ultimate result—the desire of sparing the gentle heart, and delicate frame of his darling, those rude shocks, those terrible trials, which he too well foresaw, with the prescient eye of anxious experience, awaited her in such a marriage; for George was predestined to an early grave. The incipient symptoms of consumption had already made fearful inroads on his constitution, producing that lassitude which makes extraordinary exertion so laborious; and yet fortune had so placed him, that the greatest efforts were absolutely necessary to enable him to obtain the means of existence.

Born to no inheritance save an unblemished name, it was considered quite providential by his friends, when, on leaving school, Mr. Stanley was induced, after much importunity, to receive him into his office as a junior clerk.

With him he had remained until he had become his partner in the bank; and was about to become his son-in-law, at the commencement of this story.

The marriage was celebrated in a quiet, unostentatious manner, for there was a subduing shadow over every heart, which rendered pomp and gaiety repugnant and oppressive.

Barbara, far from robust herself, was but little calculated to endure the fatigue and anxiety of an almost constantly suffering husband; still, she did endure it cheerfully, uncomplainingly, devotedly; for with new duties, she appeared to acquire new patience, new fortitude, new strength. She never seemed faint and weary, she forgot to be tired, forgot to be ill, forgot to want care and attention herself; she had so much to remember, to do, to scheme for him, that *dearer* self, her adored George,—yet he never knew, never thought of the trouble he gave; she never allowed him to know it, to *feel* it. For him there was ever the same gentle smile, the same fond word, the same warm kiss, the same pure, undisguised community of soul and mind.

He never wondered at her vigilance, nor questioned when she could rest, for, for him, was the eye ever watching to anticipate his wants, the hand ever ready to administer to them; for him the cradling arms, the pillowing bosom were ever ready, and only thus could he, at last, find the repose the brief intervals of pain allowed him. And when her father's too prophetic predictions were realized, and her husband expired on that faithful breast, murmuring with his final breath, "It was *thus* I hoped to die!" she stifled its convulsive heavings, not to disturb the awful moment which was to commence his bliss and her misery; conscious, that afterwards, she should have ample opportunity for sorrow, when that riven bosom no longer felt that precious head upon it. And so she had,—for when her sympathizing father took her home again, a widowed wife, the mother of three fragile, drooping babes, broken in health and spirits, he did not *dare* to revert to the certainty, that her fate would be so gloomed, so unpropitious; but suffered her in silence to indulge her anguish, only weeping with her, to prove how he bewailed the wreck of those hopes, which heaven had inspired in her innocent heart, and which heaven had blighted, no doubt, for her more beautiful and everlasting ones, alone secured by the sacrifice of the temporal, yet cherished ones of earth. So long as her husband lived, so long as he required her tender care, her active attention, her unslumbering love, so long she bore up with wonderful, with miraculous energy; but when he was gone, when all was over, and hope finally extinguished with his last sigh, the reaction was fearful, was terrible; the nervous system entirely gave way, and the mild, resigned, enduring wife, became the frantic, the inconsolable widow; deaf alike to expostulation, entreaty, or reason.

To the violence of this emotion, so awfully destructive both to mind and body, succeeded a langour and depression, which prostrated her for months and months; and from which nothing appeared capable of arousing her. Not her father's tears, not her children's tears, the sight of them only aggravated her malady; and their endearments only increased her anguish;—for she could but remember, that he slept in the grave, for whose bitter loss her despair pained and aggrieved her venerable father. She could but remember, that he slept in the grave, who should have shared those endearments, who should have felt the now cold and silent heart throb with that eloquent gladness, of which the parent's is alone susceptible, when reciprocating the artless, the exquisite outpourings of infantile affection!

This morbid self-indulgence, this vain and idle brooding over an irretrievable sorrow, this unnatural neglect of the still imperative demands on her best, her holiest energies, was not to be permitted. Again and again, was that tender heart to be probed to its most hidden, most poignant core. One and two of her pretty blossoms fell around her, struck by the same blight which had sped their father to the tomb.

They who have watched the progress of that insidious disease, know only too well, how lovely, how interesting it renders its doomed victims; how bright is the eye, how vivid the cheek, how seraphic the smile, how etherialized the form.

They know but too well, the alternations of hope and fear, rapidly succeeding each other in the anxious breast, as every change is marked by the eye of intense scrutiny. They know but too well, how fatally flattering is the dread malady which invests with new beauty the loveliness it is destroying; and that it is worse than madness to listen to the Siren hope, which sings but to deceive; and yet, in sooth, they cannot *choose* but listen, so responsive is their own heart's melody to the false sweet song.

The fair creatures poor Barbara was destined so soon to lose, were peculiarly calculated to awaken the passionate tenderness of a heart like hers; lovely, gentle, soothing, and endearing in all their innocent ways, they wound softly and silently around it, without rustling one rose-leaf there, until they nestled like the dove of peace, in the inmost petal of affection's flower, the lily of maternal love.

Once and twice, was the sanctified grave of her still adored husband, opened to receive the precious pledges of undying remembrance; precursor-angels, sent before with a message of love to him, to assure him of her coming, and to minister to him, until she was suffered to rejoin them in the bowers of ineffable glory and delight; when her glad spirit, re-united to his, would finish the task of love begun below.

Still one remained to comfort and console the desolate mother, and shed a fragrance around the heart, sick to death, with the faint, fetid odour of the grave's decay. One, the fairest, the sweetest, that ever human eyes beheld, ever human heart adored.

CHAPTER II.

Flashing and glancing about like a sunbeam, that gilds with a chequering, uncertain, yet cheering light, all on which it momentarily rests, Agnes Turner seemed the very impersonation of radiant joyousness. Never were such spirits, never such buoyancy, her laugh was musical, her step was musical, her every look was musical, so bright, so beaming, so beautifully harmonious in expression, was her playful, yet chastely-attempered countenance.

Her mother's whole being was absorbed in her, and her aged grandfather could scarcely endure her out of his sight; she was, indeed, to him, all of pleasantness this world had now to bestow on him, and, therefore, he was most covetous of her winning company; and no marvel, for dearly and truly did she return his love, caressing him with a reverential fondness, quite subduing, kissing 'his *pretty* white hair,' as she called it, his eyes, his cheeks, his lips, and then sliding down from his arms, sink at his feet, and turning up her seraph face full on his, ask him 'to bless her, and then tell her some lovely *old* story about when he was a boy.'

Every servant, too, yielding to the sweet influence of her resistless fascination, felt emulous to serve and gratify her, so that the days of her childhood glided imperceptibly away, uninterrupted by one saddening event, to check the mirthfulness of that brief period of life's only real gladness; for, she was too young to comprehend the anguish of death, when it visited the roof beneath which she had only known supreme felicity.

But she, in her turn, was to taste the bitterness remaining at the bottom of the cup of mortal pleasure; she, in turn, was to learn the portion of suffering awarded to each in this world of trial and sorrow. At sixteen, she had the misfortune of losing her dear, doating grandfather, who, leaving her mother amply provided for, she, perceiving the preying melancholy his death had occasioned to the only being for whom she had now to live, resolved to change her residence, hoping that a strange place, and new scenes, would divert and amuse by their novelty, and restore Agnes to her wonted health and spirits again; for she, like all persons of a sanguine and excitable temperament, sunk completely under the prostration of this *first*, to her, exceedingly great affliction. The house appeared utterly empty and abandoned without him. She missed his playfulness, his gravity, his ready participation in all her pleasures, his sympathy in all her then imagined woes. She missed his kisses, his prayers, his blessings, so warm, so fervent, so sincere. She missed his gentle, truthful exhortations to charity, benevolence, and good-will, the example he set as well as the precept he instilled. She missed his guidance, and felt afraid, even with such a mother, to enter into the world unsustained by his support, unencouraged by his approval.

His death had left a vacuum in her heart, which her tender, her devoted mother, could not, all at once, supply.

Serious, indeed, is the loss of one beloved object, out of a limited domestic circle, for the heart is naturally capacious, and can fondly and freely expand to embrace and unite in strong affection, for many, sisters, brothers, sweet cousins, loved as sisters and brothers, yet with a different, a more deferential love; and, even more distant family connections. But, with Agnes, the blank was complete, was dreadful, she had only her mother, and her old grandfather to love in the world, and *now* he was dead!

Her mother felt no mean, corroding jealousy, at the unfeigned, inconsolable anguish, and regret, her child evinced on this sad occasion; on the contrary, she honoured and admired her for it; for, was not that so deeply deplored old man, her *own* father,—and, oh! was he not most worthy to be so lamented?

Yet, whilst she kissed away the streaming tears from her darling's eyes, and folded her to her bosom with indescribable affection, she mingled the word of hope, of resignation, of duty and submission to the Almighty Father, still watching over her, still befriending her, still protecting her, with the blessings she breathed over her subdued and gentle form.

Although Mrs. Turner's failing health and sorrowing spirits, would not admit of the slightest attempts at gaiety, bordering on aught resembling dissipation; still, for the sake of Agnes, she made an effort to enter once more into society, selecting, however, only those friends whom she trusted would prove beneficial in every respect to her pure-minded, uncontaminated child.

But, at a fashionable watering-place, it is exceedingly difficult to keep the circle in which one desires to move within the magic bounds of merit and virtue. Acquaintances are imperceptibly formed, and soon even tolerated, not so much as imagined in the outset. Indiscreet women, and profligate men, blend their brilliant, but baleful radiance, with the deeper shadows of the quiet picture, lending a bright but false glory to it, which dazzles the senses and misleads the hearts of those unfamiliar with the surface-glozings of this too artificial and alluring world.

Amongst the casual associates formed by Mrs. Turner, was a Mrs. General Morrison, the young and dashing widow of an old East Indian; who, dying in the full faith of her affection and fidelity, left her the undisputed mistress of a really princely fortune.

True to the feminine instincts of her nature, however, she mourned him with sincere and heartfelt gratitude; forgetting, in this one last generous act, the many, many disagreeables she had had to endure, the incompatibility of temper and sentiments, the disgust, the outraged delicacy, and all the various annoyances resulting from such an ill assorted union.

With the brief termination of her "weeds," she also laid aside every semblance of sorrow; re-appearing in the horizon of fashion, like a new planet, gorgeous from its recent vicinage to the sun.

Her beauty and her wealth, of course, attracted innumerable admirers; and as she spent her money with prodigal profuseness, her house soon became the resort of all the gay, the lovely, and the pleasure-loving.

Every day was some fresh amusement projected by her fertile brain, and as instantly carried into operation, *nem. con.*, by her delighted and giddy friends. Now a picnic, then a fancy-ball, or a white-bait dinner. In fact, she could only exist in a complete whirl of excitement; what was at first a pleasant recreation, soon was felt to be an absolute necessity; the craving for novelty being as imperative as the empty, aching gnawing of the stomach, too long accustomed to the fatally stimulating *dram*. She, conscious of her own loveliness, of her own powers of fascination, feeling that she could *afford* to be generous, took a violent inclination to Agnes; even considering, that they could enhance each others charms, by the perfect contrast they presented; as the pearly bells of the lily, when drooping over the crimson petals of the damask rose, enhance their vivid tints, by the purity of their unstained whiteness, while they, in their turn, reflect a mellowed warmth on that pale flower, which softly reveals the delicate fibres of its fair, pensile blossoms.

Agnes, on her side, intoxicated and bewildered with the enchanting abandonment of restraint, and the unceremonious cheerfulness pervading the new scene in which, undesignedly, she played a very prominent part, yielded up her whole soul to the ecstacy of the moment, never pausing, in the innocence of her young heart, to reflect, to think, to ask herself the simple but important question, "Was I only created for this?"

Fondly and truly did she reciprocate the theoretic affection of her worldly-minded friend, giving her the practical and substantial proofs of a boundless and ardent attachment.

It was utterly impossible for Mrs. Turner, much as she wished it, to endure the fatigue attendant on such a continual round of pleasure; and it was also still more impossible, alas, for her to deny Agnes the participation in scenes evidently only too congenial to her tastes and disposition; for any attempt so to do, any expostulation as to the ultimate consequences of going out so continually, without the protecting vigilance of a mother to guard and watch her, instantly brought the tears to her eyes, the fever-flush to her cheeks, the almost reproachful murmurs of discontent to her lips. Her appetite would fail, her sleep would fail, and, restless and agitated, she could settle to no dear old familiar pursuit, no rational employment, but wasted the hours she was not allowed to devote to pleasure in listless and idle inanity; and then the mother would yield the point, fearing for her darling's health.

Such infirmity of purpose may seem an act of the most culpable weakness to many. It was; but, if ever a mother had an excuse for it, poor Barbara Turner was that mother.

Deprived by death of every other earthly stay, existing only for this most precious, this most lovely, this most winning child, knowing in that young, fair form were hidden the dormant seeds of that malady which had robbed her of so many treasures, perhaps already germinating to destroy this last and best; that an easy mind, cheerful society, continual change of scene and ideas, were essential to her very being, had actually been prescribed by the oracular lips of science, for the prolongation of her valued and idolized life; was it wonderful, that she became insensibly subservient to every whim and caprice of the spoiled and wayward girl, feeling herself more than repaid for her compliance by the restored health and vivacity of her sweet Agnes, more than repaid, indeed, by her kiss upon kiss of grateful affection, her joyous and reiterated thanks, her renovated beauty and artless hilarity?

Ye haply untried ones, so prone to blame, so ready to censure, so confident of being above such blind indulgence,—stop! and carry your imagination, if not your hearts, to that distant churchyard, with its bright green hillock, made verdant by the rich decay beneath, and picture the lonely widow, the childless mother, seated on that hallowed mound, lost in the absorbing agony of all the blessed bliss that greedy grave contains; and then humble your hard hearts, which could condemn, even for a moment, the wish to retain, at any cost, the one yet remaining gem from the great gulf which had so remorselessly swallowed up all the rest.

CHAPTER III.

Agnes, no longer opposed, invariably made one in the gay parties of Mrs. Morrison, was, in fact her favourite *protégée*, one, of whom she was proud to be the distinguished and envied *chaperon*.

Still, it would seem strange, unnatural, that, for mere pleasure, that thankless girl should have been so anxious to quit such a mother as she was blessed with. Still, it would seem strange, unnatural, that, for mere pleasure, she should have so pertinaciously determined to continue its career, despite that mother's judicious warnings, that her health should even have suffered from the tender restraint of affection. Is pleasure, then, so attractive? are crowds so necessary to happiness? No. It was not for pleasure, or rather that which is too frequently mistaken for pleasure, that that young creature so eagerly sought the dangerous residence of her fascinating friend.

She met one there, whose absence would have made the largest, the most multitudinous assembly appear a desert to her—one, who had invisibly, but firmly, woven an indissoluble chain around her unsuspecting heart, to draw her at his will whithersoever he listed, weaning it from her living mother, her dead grandfather, from all save the enchanting, the intense, infatuation of himself, the love he professed; one, endowed with every attribute to captivate and ensnare; one, who only sought to win, to triumph, and discard; one, who under the outward semblance of angelic beauty concealed the disposition of a demon.

A specious and dangerously persuasive sophist, a *roué*, a libertine, for ever seeking his own selfish gratification, being a miracle of perseverance, of gentle submission, of suffering devotion and respectful adoration, until he succeeded in attaining the object in view, which he seldom failed to do, his quarry always being the young, the guileless, and the undefended.

What hands for one so unschooled, so wayward, and so passionate, to fall into! In him, Agnes beheld the very *beau-ideal* of manly perfection; and in herself, thus worshipped as a divinity by him, an object of unconcealed envy and disappointment to the more hacknied beauties, her fresher, unobtrusive loveliness had detached from them.

The sweet, subtle poison of gratified vanity, mingling its baleful opiate with the intoxicating consciousness of loving and of being loved, steeped her senses in perfect forgetfulness of aught else on earth.

It was not long ere rumours reached Mrs. Turner, calculated to awaken her most serious alarm for the future peace and happiness of her beloved child. Then, in all the agony of terrified affection, she implored that child to reveal the whole truth, to conceal nothing, to tell her all. But Agnes had nothing to tell. Too innocent to suspect wrong, and too ignorant to be aware of her attachment, it was only from her mother's anxiety that she learnt the danger of the one, or the strength of the other. Then, indeed, the contest was fearful, terrible. Then she seemed only to be made conscious of existence, of the power of will, the force of resolution, the invincibility of determination.

Like one who has, with a daring audacity, watched the dark and sullen clouds which cradled the brooding tempest, gather noiselessly one by one (like the muffled step of despair in the dying chamber of love), until the huge and swollen mass explodes in the loud thunder-peal, the overwhelming deluge of blended hail and rain, runs for shelter to the nearest tree, perhaps to meet but death from the scathing lightning's stroke: so did Mrs. Turner strive to fly from the storm she had evoked, when Agnes, with a cheek blanched to a livid whiteness, a lip quivering with intense emotion, and a frame convulsed with more than mortal anguish, flung herself at the feet of that retreating mother, and, coiling her restraining arms around her, implored her in heart-thrilling accents to have compassion on her, to be merciful, to pity, to forgive, to consent to her union, for that she could not live without Sir Edmund Trevor, without his love.

"Oh! better, a thousand times better, die, than be his. Oh, that I should ever live to say so, to think so! Oh, my Agnes! my darling, precious, lovely child, how can you ask me, how can you expect me, to lay my sweet, unsullied blossom on his corrupt bosom, to perish in the miasma arising from the stagnant pool of vice, so long, so direfully, overflooding it?

"Oh, my child! will not my love, my devotion, my never-slumbering tenderness, my self-denying affection, suffice, until it pleases the Almighty to lead your now misguided inclinations to fix on one endowed with that virtue, which can alone ensure your felicity as a wife?"

"Oh, no, no, no, I never shall, I never can love another! Oh, my mother, if you only knew how I adore, how I idolize his very idea, you would not, you could not be so cruel to me; you would not close your heart to all pity and remorse for me!

"Oh, would that I had died like my little happy sisters, ere

I had learnt to prove how inexorable a mother can be! Oh, would that I had——"

"Compose yourself, my beloved child; Oh, Agnes, you do not know how those violent bursts of emotion alarm and torture me! It is truly amazing to see that delicate frame shaken by such stormy passions; that usually calm and placid countenance actually deformed and discoloured by the tempest of the soul!"

"Oh, my mother, why should you be so astonished? Do you not know, that although the summit of Hecla looks immoveably cold and serene in its white mantle of ever enshrouding snows, that the fierce volcano is boiling and seething beneath, ready to blaze forth, and sweep its fiery and destructive lava ashes over the lovely vegetation smiling at its foot? So with me. I was as cold as those unmelting snows, until love kindled the dormant volcano of my heart, to glow for rapture or be quenched by death.

"Is not my nature like your own? did not you love? did not you wed for love? Remember your father's opposition; recall the sickening pangs of hope deferred, which he made you so long endure; recollect that you still married where you chose, despite of all. And so *must* I; for, like you, I am as firm in resolution."

"Do as you will," exclaimed Mrs. Turner, stung to the quick by these unkind reproaches; "marry the man who has so entirely changed your nature. I consent; and when his evanescent love shall teach you to feel how much deeper, how much more enduring is a mother's,—come, and weep, and be forgiven, for one of the most acute pangs ever inflicted on a mother's heart. And come you will; for a mother's heart is too prescient not to foresee the result of such an ill-assorted union; not to foresee, that, like the glow-worm's, your beauty has only shone to attract the destroyer of its matchless radiance. Yet when its light shall be extinguished by the tears of regret, come, oh come,—a mother's bosom is still a fond and sure asylum for a sorrowing child; still an easy and thornless pillow for the crushed and aching head; still a pleasant resting-place, after the toils and weariness of blighted hopes, of outraged confidence and affection."

Mrs. Turner did not so severely resent the almost impertinent reproaches of her daughter, for her own luckless marriage, because she felt they were *unfounded*. Alas, no! she was but too conscious of their bitter truths; but she was indignant that she should endure them from one so dear, it being doubly painful to a susceptible mind, to be made sensible of error by those from whom it expects only pity, kindness, and indulgence.

CHAPTER IV.

THEY were married, and for a time, the felicity of the young wife was unbounded. Sir Edmund, accustomed for years to the meretricious fascinations of art, found in the unsophisticated beauty, and singular impulsiveness of the highly impressionable girl to whom he was united, a charm, a bewildering delight, which touched his heart to a degree he had fancied was utterly impossible.

Often and often, when he was lavishing the most delicate caresses on her, and expatiating in terms of unmeasured rapture, on her surpassing loveliness, and his still increasing love, would she glance triumphantly at the almost hopeful mother, who, with eyes humid with tears of gratitude and contrition, was watching the marks of an affection, whose strength it would *now* be sceptical to entertain a doubt of, and secretly and silently praying for its continuance; feeling, whilst contemplating that beautiful creature, that it surely must be so, for that her Agnes was capable of rivetting the most wayward, the most changeable heart. Then she would rise up hastily, and imprint an impassioned kiss on the fair brow of the exulting bride, and then one on the husband's; and then, with profound emotion, thank him for so truly appreciating that angelic child, for rendering her so happy.

Oh, blest, oh, fleeting moments! oh, bright and transient felicity! oh, bird of *promise,* that hovers in a radiant sky, with unclipped wings, to soar away at the first little cloud that steals over the sunny horizon of hopeful, trustful love!

Oh, would that the hand of affection could pinion those wandering wings, and chain thee captive here below for ever! Oh, would that, like the Virginia nightingale, thou too, when tended by fond affection, would'st sing the same through the gloom of winter, as in the refulgence of summer; in the hour of sorrow as of joy, of sickness as of health; cheering and gladdening, by thy sweet notes, the soul heavy in unwonted sadness!

Agnes, constitutionally fragile, became exceedingly delicate and nervous after her marriage. She could no longer enter into those exciting scenes of gaiety where she had so lately shone like a resplendent star, diffusing brightness and beauty around. Dancing, once her perfect passion, now fatigued her; singing, riding, nay, even walking was prohibited; for, as she was in all probability soon to become a mother, quiet was strictly enjoined, to enable her to retain health and strength for the coming trial.

At first, the novelty of indisposition gave a charm the more, in Sir Edmund's opinion, to the lovely, languid creature, who clung to him with infantile fondness, for support and encouragement.

It was delightful to soothe her pretty, childlike fears; to kiss away her tears; to coax her to swallow the bitter draught; to reap the grateful smile for his tender assiduity; to feel proud and flattered when the wayward appetite, obedient alone to his wishes, partook with a *relish* the luxuries affection lavished on it.

But man, the kindest, the best intentioned, soon tires of a sick room. It is woman alone who can endure, month after month, even year after year, its weary monotony, its irksome sameness, with unfailing patience, with unshrinking fortitude, with still-increasing, hopeful cheerfulness. What to her is the external exclusion of the light of day? she has the sunshine of prayer within. What to her is the external silence necessarily imposed? she can commune with her own heart and be *still.* But man, naturally restless, naturally active, must burst the yoke of restraint, and actually fly from the bed of suffering love.

Sir Edmund began to long with an irrepressible craving for the more turbulent pleasures of his bachelor life. He grew disgusted at the calm, stagnant pool of domestic happiness, unruffled as it was by a single breeze of dissipation, and he panted to plunge into the turbid stream of vice and folly once more; and with a man of such unscrupulous principles, to form such an idea, is almost instantly to execute it.

One by one, he resumed every former habit; took his solitary rides, dined at his club, lounged into the pit at the opera, went to races with the young men "about town," sought the society of all his old associates, frequented all his old haunts, and made no secret of his reconcilement with the mistress he had discarded on his marriage.

Agnes pined away beneath the startling change, nor could her mother console her. She could only weep with her, pray for her, pray and weep for herself; for she too plainly guessed the result of that grief, which eats into the young and tender heart, when its own tears are suffered to fall upon it, like the corroding water-drop, to rust with its deadly iron-mould the mirror which reflected its felicity and joy.

She lived to give birth to a boy, whom she, with her expiring hands, placed in the bosom of her devoted and grieving mother, with the solemn injunction to bring him up as a Christian, and above all, to keep him from the contaminating example of his dissolute father; to crave that mother's pardon for not obeying the angelic admonitions, which would have saved her from a timeless death,—a death embittered by poignant but fruitless repentance,—and spared her the unutterable pang of leaving a helpless babe a burthen to a feeble and patient exhausted being, to commence anew a series of sorrows and fatigues, far, far beyond her strength, and very, very far beyond her spirits.

Mrs. Turner did not now sit down with folded arms and abstracted thoughts, as in her early days of prostrating and mournful widowhood. For there was no kind, considerate father to rush to the rescue of her neglected and almost forgotten children, as then. Children! why, she had no children. God had taken them all. She was alone in the world; absolutely alone, with a poor little infant of a few hours old, entirely dependant on her for its very life.

After a short and solemn self-examination, such a fearful succession of bereavements naturally inspires,—after a deep and inward searching of the heart, why she should have been so visited, she *felt*, that to her own impetuous will she owed them all, that God is still just in all his dealings, and righteous in all his thoughts; but, that the froward and disobedient he will still scourge.

Falling on her knees, beside the bed on which her lovely and loving Agnes now so calmly lay in the impassiveness of death, she implored her pardon, the pardon of her other dead blossoms, the pardon of her father, of her Maker,—of all she had ever injured or offended, by thought, word, or deed; and, then rising refreshed and comforted by this pious act of sincere contrition, she took the orphan, which was unconsciously slumbering on the cold bosom of its mother, and folding it to her own, with impulsive, overflowing tenderness, and breathing a blessing over its scarcely sentient form, she resolved henceforth to devote every instant of her existence to it, so long as it should please the Almighty to prolong those days, now so valuable, now so desired, now so more than imperative to duty and affection.

She did not call in the aid of the stranger, to assist in her labour of love; she did not consign her precious treasure to the bosom of another, to draw with its sustenance corruption and estrangement; but, with her own hand, she fed it like a forsaken bird; and wonderfully was she rewarded, for it throve and prospered under her careful tending, until it was a perfect cherub to behold,—and she felt, that a signal blessing crowned her fond and holy endeavours.

The change in herself was equally miraculous; from a pale, worn, listless, dejected invalid, she suddenly became the robust, active, energetic, untiring woman of business,—full of self-exertion, self-reliance, confidence in Providence, confidence in herself, in her fellow-creatures.

Never, night or day, did she for one moment lose sight of the infant she had undertaken to rear in that purity, which would entitle him, hereafter, to rejoin his unknown angel mother. Sunday after Sunday, winter and summer, autumn and spring, rain or shine, was she seen wending her way to church, with her pretty grandchild in her arms, until he was able to walk by her side; when hand in hand, it was most lovely to see them,—she measuring her graver steps to the tiny, giddy boundings of his; stopping patiently for him to pluck the wild flowers fringing their rural path, if it were summer-time, then stooping down and kissing him, as he triumphantly presented the ill-arranged, but welcome bouquet to her, invariably leaving a tear on his upturned, radiant forehead; his rich brown curls mingling with her white hair, looking like frosted silver and gold, round the medallion of one of the old masters' infant seraphs; or, with finger mutely on her lip, hushing his innocent gaiety, as they approached his mother's grave,—when he grew serious without knowing why, and felt his little heart swell with an unexplained regret.

But, it was when in church, that the picture was most affecting, most interesting; then his little roving thoughts, and eyes, recalled to a sense of the awful presence he was in, would assume a quiet tone and look, and nestling close to his dear old grandmother, who would take both his hands fervently in hers, whilst she bent over him like the Spirit of Faith, as he repeated the "Lord's Prayer," the "Belief," and all the portions of the hallowed service she had taught him with earnest, unflagging zeal; and, then, when he had acquitted himself to her heart's content, she would give him that fervent, almost imperceptible pressure to her bosom, so expressive, so impassioned, as if the soul, faint with ecstasy, wanted power to evince its stronger love; the while she would turn her eyes above, as seeking *there*, the approval of his mother, for the manner in which she sought to fulfil her dying wish.

They sat just before me, and I used to marvel how she could endure the continual movement of that little, restless head on her shoulder, rolling and fondling as it did incessantly, when not under the dominion of the serious aspect she wore, whenever he had to join her in prayer, in all the freedom of unchecked indulgence.

But she never appeared fatigued nor weary, when others, who had no such care, and stronger health, were panting languidly with the excessive heat of a July day. She, under the heavy mourning she had not laid aside, was as cool and collected as if there were neither heat to oppress, nor child to worry, so completely was she governed by her tranquil and well-regulated mind.

I soon won his confidence, by a few tender, encouraging smiles, and he would peep at me, at first, with the timidity of a startled fawn, but afterwards, with his full, innocent eyes fixed on my face,—still, with that kind of artless awe which children invariably feel for those who are devout in a place of worship.

I was grieved to see, after a time, that, notwithstanding his glowing cheek, his sparkling eye, and bright crimson lip, symptoms of the fatal family malady insidiously manifesting themselves in his idolized and cherished form.

Let any one, not totally devoid of common sympathy, common humanity, conceive the anguish and despair of that heart-stricken woman, when she was assured, beyond a shadow of doubt, that the days of her darling were numbered; that he, too, in all human probability, was destined to sleep in the grave *before* her; that there was no unspotted kindred lamb, slain by the command of a pitying and benign God, with whose pure blood she might strike the side posts and lintel of her doomed house, so that, when He passed over in his wrath, relenting, for her many sorrows, he would forbear to smite the first born of her last dead child. No, no, no! blossom, bud, branch, and leaf, all, *all* must perish, before the old, sapless, withered tree should fall, to rot on the lonely waste.

She felt that she should shortly stand out, bleak and naked, sharply defined in the cold, frosty horizon of the world, like the last oak of the toil-worn emigrant's forest-clearing, a prey to every wintry blast, every scathing flash, every pelting storm.

That, stripped of her grateful summer foliage, lovers would neither seek her shelter by day, nor the lion by night; that, when the green turf flourished in the spoil of this, her last, her richest treasure, she should, she could have no more to do with life, its pains and penalties; that all must surely be ended for her; that her mission must be accomplished. But, when is woman's work done on earth? when are her ministerings no longer needed? So long as sin and sorrow exist, so long will she be called upon to act, to show mercy, and to pray for pardon for the contrite and the humbled.

Her blessed one died, and was buried, and then her every faculty, stunned by the awful blow, for a moment, almost forgot the intensity of agony and woe: for, as the heaviest weights soonest cause the divided waters to re-close over them, so did the weight of that anguish destroy its own poignancy by the lethargic prostration it for a time induced.

Again, however, was she aroused from this slumber of feeling, this oblivion of suffering, to a consciousness of existence, a necessity of action, never anticipated. The husband of her Agnes, the father of her cherub, sought her dwelling, her compassion, her forgiveness; and, like the prodigal, found all he sought.

Prematurely old from excesses of the most criminal description, debilitated in constitution, and contrite in spirit, he turned to her, as his only refuge, his only haven, for pardon and for peace.

Now, indeed, was her Christianity to be tested! now, indeed, was her heart to be proved! now, indeed, were the precepts she had invariably taught, to be put into practice,—"to forgive, as she hoped to be forgiven."

Hitherto, all her trials had been trials of love, but now she must stifle the natural resentment of a mother against the heartless wretch who had sacrificed her only remaining child, who had suffered the child she left, *his* child, to live and die without once beholding it, once blessing it; but *there* the loss was his, and that loss was his gain, for, had he seen, had he known it, how would he have deplored the neglect, which now he scarcely reproached himself with! Charity, however prevailed, that divine, yearning charity, so innate in woman, and, melting to tenderness, she folded him to her bosom, dropping a tear of the purest commiseration over his wasted and feverish brow, as ever fell from the eye of pity. That tear was to him like the reviving drop of water which the parched and tortured Dives implored, but in vain, from the once despised Lazarus, to cool the devouring flames which still, alas! could not consume him, for the torments of hell are everlasting.

When that unreserved community of mind was re-established between these so long estranged beings, which suffering on the one hand, and sympathy on the other, sweetly and fondly awakens, Mrs. Turner was astonished at the depth of feeling, the noble and exalted sentiments, the delicate sensibility, the dignity and loftiness of character displayed by Sir Edmund, in their familiar conversations.

How did she lament the wreck he was! How did she lament that, when in the full possession of health and vigour of mind and body, he had not sufficient principle, sufficient affection to better appreciate the gifts of his Maker, his wife's love, her merits, her own love, her own devotion to both!

How different might have been the fate of each! Instead of being doomed to an early and loathsome grave, instead of having hurried his young and doating wife to hers, he might have been a happy husband, a proud father, an affectionate son. But now, he was only an object of that gratuitous, that almost mean compassion, which, revolting from its task, requires the constant appeals of religion to keep it in operation.

It was by continually working herself up, as it were, to a sense of painful yet paramount duty, that she was enabled to fulfil, unflinchingly, this last earthly office to misery and repentance. And fulfil it she did, as she had ever fulfilled all that it had pleased the Almighty to impose upon her, with patience, with fortitude, with hope, and encouragement.

Gradually the poor invalid grew to her heart, to her prayers, to her secret thoughts; his name seemed no longer strange in them, but, as dearly and closely associated as the others so preciously rememberful; and when, with his thin blue lips, on which hovered the whispered prayer of the dying, he called her "*mother*," that tender heart leaped responsive to the endearing appellation; and she replied, "my son! my son!"

When she alone could bring the faint and fleeting smile, to those once taunting and arrogant lips, the smile of very boyhood innocence, she felt that her labour was not in vain.

But, oh, when she taught those once sneering and cynical lips to utter the simple and fervent words of holy truth, when she heard them, from the depths of a broken and contrite spirit, invoking the God above to have mercy on him a miserable sinner, she was assured that her task was at last completed, and kissing those lips, now cold and mute, to be rekindled in eternal happiness, she exclaimed "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

WINE SONG.

(*From the German.*)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SWISSIANA."

SOLO.

CLASH your glasses, nectar bounds
In the spacious goblet,
And a jovial song resounds
'Mid our social circlet.
Mind and blood storm within us,
And the senses fall
Beneath the storm of Bacchus,
Jocund fellows—all!

CHORUS.

Youthful vigour
Is new born, so
Mind grows bigger
In nectar's glow!
To the wine-god devote this cup,
Who raised our strength and spirits up!

SOLO.

Goblets! thy purple liquor
I sip deliciously;
For the heart's haughty vigour
Rollicks in Burgundy.
Glows it not with German mind,
And with true German flame?—
It is of the southern kind,
With our more earnest aim.

CHORUS.

To him whom mood
And exploit rude,
And valour bright
With doughty might
Impart the power at pleasure,
Present the cup with measure!

SOLO.

Now in Campagne's foaming crest,
Delight full sparkling beams,
As dreams in the youthful breast
Give rise to bolder dreams.
Cheerful blood, heart audacious,
And proud self-confidence,
Sorrow, foresight courageous,
Mingled with common sense.

CHORUS.

The laughing eye,
The sparkling sigh,
The heaving breast
And mind at rest.
To cheerful, ruddy youth we'll pass,
The foaming contents of this glass

SOLO.

Yet the pomp of southern sky,
With a lovelier ray,
And of love the sweetest tie,
Flame forth within Tokay.
Like gold, it foameth high above,
As heaven's lamp is clear,
As the ray divine of love
Within men's heart is dear.

CHORUS.

The joys of love,
As sunshine prove
For heaven meet,
So kind, so sweet!
With the chief bliss on earth elate,
Yes—love! this glass we'll dedicate.

SOLO.

Now the last fill to the brim,
Rhenish in the goblet!
Sound the German minstrel's hymn
In our social circlet.
Freedom, power, and pride divine,
Manly wish and pleasure,
Ripen with the German vine,
And in German nature.

CHORUS.

The Rhine, the Rhine,
For German wine,
And German might
In grape juice bright.
To the fatherland, with mightier power,
A threefold thund'ring bumper shower!

SOLO.

Our toping company here—
That it endure for aye!—
In the track of this life bear
Power, love and liberty.
Ere we, therefore, fill this glass,
And for the last time drain,
Let us all swear by the mass,
To meet like this again.

CHORUS.

A heart full firm
In joy or harm,
In battle, need,
Or free—or dead!
And that our band for aye remain,
This last glass to the dregs we'll drain!

EVANGEL, THE ARTIST.

BY C. A. M. W.

Author of "Santa Maria de los Dolores," "The Fairy's Gifts,"
"Requiem of the St. Evremonds," etc.

"It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That—in immeasurable heights above us—
At our first birth the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers."

"Oh! who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity."

"Go up stairs, my boy, and see if your mamma is ready to come down to breakfast—and give my love to her, and say the coffee will be cold," said a pale faced young man, whose soft blue eyes and profusion of fair waving hair, were pronounced effeminate by those who could not, or would not, see the spiritual and sweet benevolence, irradiating the ashen countenance; whereon patient suffering, as well as the golden light of individual, all engrossing aspiration was impressed.

His little son of a few years, resembled his father, as much as a crushed and defaced lily reminds the florist of the life-like flower, still blossoming in the garden; for amidst excessive ugliness of face and form, the poor hunchback yet retained a heavenly sweetness of expression, indefinable and marked, lighting up the waste and hopeless wreck of the shapeless mass —the human budding flower; whose unsightly and ill-formed leaves exhaled a grateful fragrance, when the gentle evening dews fell on the earth.

The deformed child returned to the room with heightened colour, and tears trembling in his eyes; he did not speak, but sat down and began to eat a piece of stale bread. "Is mamma coming?" gently asked his father. "I don't think that mamma will be down *just* yet, dear papa; for she is trying on a new dress, and she did not *quite* like my interrupting her. But, dear, dear papa, do take a little butter to your bread; mamma won't eat much this morning, I know, because when she has a new dress on she forgets the want of butter, or anything else."

This was said playfully, though with a dash of childish sadness; no malice—no dislike—no tale-bearing discernible in the winning voice and manner. His father looked up from the book he was reading, and intently gazed on the boy, and presently the earnest gaze melted into a smile; oh! what a smile it was, lighting up the wan face, as if an angel hovered above, and shed the invisible brightness of his glory on a beloved mortal; with this silent smile he pressed on the child, a delicate morsel of buttered bread; and then an amicable contest succeeded, each pressing on the other this dainty mouthful. "Life is made up of trifles," an old and common place saying, but a true and good one nevertheless, if there were added to it the remembrance, that the eye which never slumbers, marks those trifles, and the spirit in which they are performed; and this little matter of the bread and the butter, thrilled a tender chord of the artist's heart; (for he was an artist) even though he drank in starry truths, and his imaginings were crowned with flowers, and music sad and distant ever waited on him.

In the poor apartment where Evangel, the artist, partook of his morning meal, there was no well appointed breakfast equipage; there was pale coffee in a dirty can, stale bread, and a very small portion of before named salt butter, which the burning July sun was evidently lessening: as the young man arose and drew the outward shutters together, for there were no blinds, excluding the glare and leaving the window open, looking into a dusty square piece of garden, Presently the door opened, and a beautiful woman entered the room—the artist's wife, the hunchback child's mother—but if idealism painted good angels hovering around the father and son, and shedding celestial beams to glorify the patient loving kindness of those twain, so surely would materialism have scared the holy visitants away, on the approach of Agatha, the wife of Evangel. Evidently her husband's senior, the majestic loveliness of face and form, perfect in classic contour as if chiselled from faultless marble, gave *outward* promise of corresponding superiority of mind; but alas! the peerless casket was void of gems, and enclosed nought save worthless gaudy baubles. The artist had been deceived as well as many others, though he would not acknowledge the fact, even to himself; but determined to think that he did not search judiciously, or carefully enough—and that there *must* be secret and hidden treasures, locked up and concealed in this gorgeous casket.

But there were no pearls,—no diamonds,—emeralds or rubies there! no—not even a simple bit of pure silver; there was not a withered rose-leaf, or a faded violet, hoarded treasures in so many pretty caskets, mementos of past dear hours, "when flowers and the green leaves their summer watch are keeping."

Truth to tell, it was a shallow casket, the outside being deceptive, with only room enough within, for the emblematical devices of vanity, selfishness, and cunning: but as no one is wholly devoid of good, much less *a woman*, even though unblessed with a woman's heart, so, in one little corner, was garnered a good deal of fortitude and perseverance, with as much love for her fair gentle husband, as she was capable of feeling; and, poor thing! that was less, far, than he deserved, but how could she help her nature?

The lady's dress was gay and dazzling in the uncomfortable, ill-assorted apartment; and whether being a new one, as her little son had hinted, it unfortunately proved a *misfit*, (which circumstance does *sometimes* ruffle the tempers of the most amiable ladies and gentlemen,) or whether, from natural sourness and crabbedness of temper, she returned her husband's kind and cheerful greeting with a whining asperity of speech; and her poor boy's uplifted mouth for a morning kiss, with a push and an exclamation of "take care, you stupid brat, you are rumpling my dress;" then looking around her, she continued, "good gracious, what are the shutters closed for, Evangel, as if there was going to be a funeral!" "My dear Agatha," gently replied the artist, "don't you remember, that you very justly chided me for leaving them *open* yesterday morning: so I thought, dear, you would be pleased; are you not dear Agatha?" "Ah, its all very well for *you* to joke, Evangel, *you* have nothing to do but to dream, and to talk nonsense; if *I* was as lazy and silly as you are, I should like to know what would become of us; here am I, striving and working to save a penny here, and a penny there, and mending and making and slaving from morning till night—ah, I do declare if I had a daughter, *she* should never marry a poor man, much less an artist, not she indeed!"

Evangel only answered his wife, by casting a look towards their child—an appealing look, as if to remind the mother of his presence; he feared for *her*, for the boy was a singular being, and watchful, earnest, gifted, and holy beyond his years immeasurably; clinging to his father also, with more than a child's only condensed love, repulsed as he ever was by his mother, as a disgusting object, whose mind she could not comprehend, even as she could not comprehend her husband's—both were sealed books to her, above her as stars, apart like spirits.

This dark-eyed and beautiful Agatha became another being before the stranger. It seemed as if she had two natures:

one for every-day domestic use, the other, to be exhibited to the world, stamping her, in that world's shallow estimation, as an amiable, gentle, suffering pattern of domestic virtue; perhaps, "a little bit too fond of dress and gadding," hinted the dear friends of her own sex, who looked on her beauty with suspicious friendship. But *her* beauty had no charm for the gazer whose eye was accustomed to read *mind*, *thought*, and *feeling*, lurking beneath the mere symmetry of feature; and it was sad to meet the glance of the large, dark, lustrous eyes, whose expression had as little depth or intellect as the glass ones of some superb waxen baby.

The world said, that is, *her* peculiar world, (for we all have "our worlds," with some, indeed, so circumscribed, that *one* beloved object represents the whole vast universe), that "she was an exemplary creature, an excellent manager, always well dressed. Pity that she was married to a poor, pale, studious man, always wrapt in selfish contemplation! *he* knew nothing about the value of money! So tender and loving a wife, too! Listen: how fondly she questions her husband of his health, of his comforts! It is ever, 'dear Evangel,' or 'thank you, dear,' or, 'as *you* please, dear.' And then witness her patience with that hideous, disagreeable child; see how he hates his own mother,—little unnatural brute!—and *she*, all tending and forbearance! Ah! Evangel's wife *is* a noble creature, and she *is* to be pitied; and though her husband has modelled and remodelled her in all ways, and certainly his imaginings *are* grand and original, yet she is not vain, but ever speaks deprecatingly of herself, and says in an innocent, kind sort of way, that it keeps her husband in *such* good humour for her to sit as a study; that he loves her *so* dearly! but, poor fellow, he has bad health, and allowances must be made for fractiousness and eccentricity."

But shut the door, world! Creep stealthily into the prison-house of poverty and meanness, of degradation and duplicity! Golden dreams and angels singing dwell within the silent walls, and the crust of bread, and the cruse of water, as honey-dews, are sweet and tasteful! But the wife and the mother of those twain, to whom angels, and flower-spirits, and honey-dews are dear, sweeps before her steps all these sweet illusions, and they vanish at her approach.

There is a gulf between the artist and his wife; *he dares* not look *down* it, because he ever stretches his arms across, to welcome and caress her, and, if he thought of the tremendous, unfathomable gulf, so narrow, so yawning, black, and horrible, he could not do so any more; but *she* sees there *is* a barrier betwixt them, yet she dances on the edge, and being utterly ignorant of danger, thinks that *some day* she will certainly fling a bridge across, run over, and learn somewhat of the unknown regions on the other side.

But Evangel was no mean-spirited, ungallant, or cowardly being. Tempestuous bursts of storm-clouds, when a violent hand had rested on his life's treasure, the deformed and only child, had warned Agatha, the wife, that the lion slept wilfully within the dark shadows of his chosen refuge, that the harsh roar of angry retaliation slumbered amid the wild wailings of the greenwood forest recesses, and the generous, noble, and lonely creature was unwilling to grapple with the inferior animals, unless assailed, and tormented to madness by unceasing irritation and goading.

The artist's studio was a bare attic, which he loved, as it brought him nearer the stars, was lonely, and raised above the din and follies of the crowded scenes around. There, with his little son, he wrought, and worked, and fashioned unceasingly; but Evangel had no patron; he was unknown, and there were none in his native place to recognize or appreciate his heaven-descended gifts. The child would fold his little thin hands together, at the evening hour, and tell his father that he had seen far more beautiful cherubs than those *he* made, in another land—a land, oh! so glorious, and far, far away,—where he went in his dreams, and where the voice of God whispered amid the trees, and the fluttering of angel wings stirred the glassy waters! And the poor father felt very sad when the boy spoke often thus, and a presentiment of bereavement cast dark and heavy shadows athwart his soul; and the child seemed not to speak with his *own* voice, when he bade the artist *hope* and *trust*, saying in his childish words, that

"Blessedness was better than happiness."

From that attic, where the white marble gleamed around, two voices were often heard in the deepening twilight, saying, "Our Father," and sometimes one alone, at a later hour, would be heard thus to speak:—

"If I have given a dire offence,
And humbled my heart with penitence;
If nature's voice has spoken to me,
With its holy meaning, eloquently;
If every creature hath won my love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove;
If never a sad, low spoken word
Hath pled with my human heart unheard;
Then, when the night steels on, as now,
It brings relief to mine aching brow."

And where was Agatha on this lonely and solemn twilight? Her classic brow, finely turned head, and grand symmetry of form, were to be traced in many a device and group of shining marble; but the living and breathing original was finding congenial amusement, with her idle, frivolous compeers, amid the shops and parades of M——, or in some neighbour's parlour, indulging gossip parlance, discontented repinings, or edifying dissertations respecting servants, dress, and domestic usages in general.

On her homeward route, the holy stars, those flowers of heaven, were clustering above her, but Agatha saw them not; *her* eyes were turned earthwards, and the pale, fair, high forehead of her young husband, resting upon a marble slab, his frame worn with toil, his mind with study, offered *her* no inducement to stoop down and impress a fervent kiss on the moonlit *human page* of high and glorious intellect.

Perchance Evangel inwardly whispered,—

"There is a bitterness in man's reproach,
Even when his voice is mildest; and we deem
That on our heaven-born freedom they encroach,
And with their frailties are not what they seem.
But the soft tones in star, or flower, or stream,
O'er th' unresisting bosom gently flow,
Like whispers, which some spirit in a dream,
Brings from her heaven to him she loved below,
To chide, and win his heart from earth, and sin, and woe."

And so Evangel passed on his way, feeling all the "wanderer in his soul," and a sense of deep solitude, even when mingling in the business and the crowded thoroughfares of his kind; and he knew that his holy child would be called to heaven early, and he knew that he might hide all else from view in this waste of the wilderness, casting his cloak over his head, and shutting out the Gehenna of disappointment and despair!

His marriage had been what friends and relatives usually term imprudent; imprudent it truly was, but not in *their* sense of the term,—and though he had—

"———— loved,
Not in the little present-making style,
With baskets of new fruit, and pots of roses,"

yet he had allowed his taste and admiration for the beautiful, to deaden his other faculties of observation; and circumstances and fate combined to hasten his marriage with Agatha, and too late, to feel the pressure of the long drawn out, lengthened chain, of daily poverty, petty grievances ever wearing and harassing, and a mindless companion for life, "till death did them part."

Evangel knew there *was* an earthly dream of "consuming passion" sometimes realized; and his sensitive, tender spirit shrank from the conscience-stricken fear, that *he* had not felt this wild passion, or despite poverty and toil, blessed with her he loved, their poor home ought to have been a "heaven upon earth;" he never thought of Agatha harshly, but imperceptibly, his divine art became dearer, his deformed son more beloved; and these two—separate and distinct from all earthly things, alone separated him from desolation, unacknowledged, but still desolation!

"To know how to live requires perpetual genius, for life is the highest of all arts. Only no one believes this, because he fancies he knows how to live, as every one fancies he knows how to love. Alas! love is also an art; but it consists not in raptures and enthusiasm; it is not to wander in the moonlight, to listen to the song of the nightingale, to kneel before the beloved, to languish and pine for her kiss! No: *this* is the art of love—to preserve its fire, its divine treasure; to carry about its riches through life as if in pure gold; to spend it for him alone to whom the heart is devoted; to be always ready to sympathize, to smile, to weep, to assist, to counsel, to encourage, to alleviate; in short, to live with the beloved as he lives, and thus, by virtue of an indwelling heavenly power, to preserve invariably a heavenward direction. And this art is the highest, tenderest love. He who possesses it, knows what love is. The greater part of men can sacrifice hours, and days, and wealth; but to bear and suffer patiently for years; never to consider one's own life and well-being; to pine away gradually, to suffer death in the heart, and yet to hasten to the arms of the beloved as soon as they are opened to us, and then to be happy, yea, blest, as if nothing had been amiss, as if no time had elapsed between that moment, and the first embrace, *all this love can do.*"

Evangel had seen a "lying vision, yet not wholly a lie, for he *saw* it," he *saw* "green paradise groves in the waste ocean-waters," but he entered them not; nevertheless "whoso can look on death, will start at no shadows." Ah! it is a fine thing to die of a broken heart on *paper*, but a very different thing in practice; and Evangel, who had taught his little son to breathe those sacred words *with* him, "*thy will be done*," (that precept of perfect resignation,) *from* his young lips imbibed the honey-dew of comfort in return, the everlasting song of saints, and sons of time, whose earthly loadstars are blotted out, that "blessedness is better than happiness!"

Evangel had sick days, and sorrowful days, and days of deep depression and despairing gloom, when the wings of his guardian angels closed around him, leaving him to brood amidst the thick darkness; but fanning airs, loaded with the breath of eternity's fair flowers, crept in, and the darkened circle widened and widened, till the sunshine burst through, and azure skies reflected in golden effulgence the mystic warning, and celestial message, "*The end of man is an action*, and not *a thought*."

* * * *

"And shall I see the bees, dear father, and hear their chiming music, and watch their pretty ways? and do the hives stand beneath the old linden trees? and will good Gretchen give me new milk, and will you have Rhine wine, dear father, in the garden-house, and coffee among the roses? oh, shall we not be happy! but above all things, above the garden, and the flowers, and the river where the swans glide past, and the forest where the young fawns sport, above all this, I long to see the honey-bees, the good, dear bees; ah! father, I never taste honey without thinking of them, and then *they* lead me to sweet-scented flowers; do tell me something more of Gretchen, and Gretchen's cottage by the wood; shall we not be happy? how long shall we stay? how long will mamma remain by the sea-side with aunt Werner?"

The three last questions were oft repeated,—"How long will mamma remain at the sea-side with aunt Werner? How long shall we stay at Gretchen's cottage? Shall we not be happy?" Poor little fellow! paradise was opening to him for the first time; he had never revelled in the *real* country, and knew of its charms only from his father's descriptions. During Agatha's absence, visiting her relatives at the gay sea-port of S——, Evangel embraced a favourable opportunity, and carried his boy, for change of air — he had been ailing — to the kindly Gretchen's cottage, situated at the extremity of a fine park, wherein also stood a rambling ancient mansion. This mansion was deserted by its owners, and the tapestry was moth-eaten, and the fine old pictures were mouldering, and an old housekeeper, who had the charge of the dwelling, seemed mouldering, too. But Gretchen's husband was the game-keeper, and the place was in truth a sinecure; and Gretchen's cottage adjoined the dairy, and her place was a sinecure, too. And so she lived in placid contentment, surrounded by beautiful and antique things; and, as she had loved Evangel's mother, and loved vangel, also, she dearly liked to see him in the summer time, and to watch his enjoyment, and fondly to tend her "eldest hope," as the motherly rotund soul used to call him. And now the artist brought his poor little child, for the first time; and when honest Gretchen looked on *him*, the tears came into her eyes, and, wiping them with the corner of her apron, she left the room, and was heard to sob outside. *Her eyes* had seen the shadowy angel of death, hovering over the holy child; *her* ears had drunk in his sweet, low accents; and she knew the spirits of paradise were impatient for his entrance into the celestial city. How could she impart this conviction to her "eldest hope," her fair-haired darling? How could she break the father's heart? for old Gretchen knew that the deformed, dying boy was his only hope and comfort; she intuitively knew that Evangel would rather *not* warn the mother to come and tend her child. By and bye, she silently learned, that *her* task would be a heavy one, that she alone, with Evangel, would watch the unceasing watch by the sick, when night dews were falling, till morning stars were fading; that she alone, with Evangel, must witness the death-struggle, and the parting spirit's flight.

But many happy days were passed by Evangel's little son, amidst the new world around him. He often said he did not know the earth was so beautiful, and what a flowery pathway the "Lord" had graciously prepared for his long journey homewards, for the tidings had reached the ears of the little one, that his time for departure had arrived,—how, or when, or where, conveyed, *none knew*.

"Father," said the child, one morning; "don't you know that these dear, good honey-bees are a strange, strange people, don't you know the wild, wailing music heard at evening time in their hives, when the flowers are going to sleep? how many miles they must fly, and over what gay gardens they must buzz and hover each day, perhaps they tell one another of thymy places by clear brooks; what *is* honey, dear father?"

> "Honey, my son, by some sweet mystery of the dew,
> Is born of air, on bosoms of the flowers,
> Liquid—serene."

"And, father," solemnly whispered the thoughtful child, "tell me of that other mystery, *the bees mourning for the dead!* ah, you look surprised, but it is *quite true*, dear father; when I am no more, Gretchen must step down softly underneath the linden trees, tap three times on the hives, and hang outside a tiny banner of black crape, telling the bees, that little hunchback who loved them all dearly, has gone away from earth for ever, along with the good angels, who will bear him to heaven.

Gretchen must not forget this, or the honey will all be spoilt, the bees offended, and then they will desert the place, and return no more."

The father smiled assent, but the big tears were falling, and the young man turned away to a solitary place in forest depths; and in nature's vast sanctuary, the voice of prayer, and the heavy sounds of agonized weeping were mingled together.

A beautiful rainbow spanned the horizon, and ever waxed broader and broader, as the setting sun amidst azure and gold, brightened this ring of heaven, and played around it with a thousand prismatic diffractions; but the hives beneath the linden trees were nearly hidden in overshadowing gloom, the foliage was drooping and laden with moisture, from the heavy storm-bursts of the massive thunder clouds; but a gleam of golden light burst through the gloom, and lo! the tiny black crape banners are dry and waving, betokening that *they* have not been placed on the hives many minutes, even during the time that magic symbol encompassed the earth.

Had the bees heard the death warning on their hives? ah! careless bees of human sorrow, to-morrow roaming through the woods, revelling on the sweets, just as if they were not in mourning, for the little child who loved them!

The little child was buried near the linden trees; and Evangel in after years, never forgot that glorious rainbow, which appeared on the death evening to rest above the spot; the ancients esteemed those flowers and trees the sweetest, over which the rainbow had appeared.—

"The flow'ret sweet, and sweet the sod,
O'er which the spirit of the rainbow flings
The magic mantle of her solar God."

When Ringle, the post-haste courier, brought the wonderful tidings to the artist in his desolate attic, working on the shining marble; and to Agatha his wife, tea-drinking in her gossip circle; when Ringle brought the wonderful tidings post-haste, that not only Gretchen's cottage, but the park and the forest, and the deserted mansion, and the running brooks, and all the wide domains, had fallen to the lot of Evangel, now undisputed heir by the laws of time and death; what was Evangel's first lightning thought? that it came "too late—too late;" the second thought brought him to the linden trees, and the honey hives, and to a white tomb glancing in the distance, where slept the loved one, whose soft, low voice yet murmured in his ear, that "*blessedness is better than happiness.*"

And the *third* thought soothed his weary soul, and the music of the past in sweet sad echoings, whispered, that to ameliorate misery, and to contribute to the happiness of others, for *eternity* as well as *time*, was the true "blessedness" which the slumbering buried one would have inculcated and practised, had he lived.

"To peace, in this vortex of existence, can the son of time not pretend; still less if some spectre haunt him from the past, and the future is wholly a Stygian darkness, spectre-bearing."

Ah! that Stygian darkness was illumined and dispersed, by the memory of the glorious halo-ring, appearing to rise from the glancing marble urn; God's own message to man! and when this symbol, so holy and mysterious, was visible to mortal eye, *how* could there be *darkness?* The master of that wide domain, who remained an artist still from love of art, never weary of well-doing, and with stern patience, and tender forbearance where forbearance was often needed, used to exclaim with old Arnauld, and pointing to the passing bee, "that craftsman of the flowers," "rest? rest? wife Agatha, shall I not have all eternity to rest in?"

THE CHILD OF HEAVEN.

"DEATH had been near her, and had left a message for her soul; and the melodies of earth could not overpower that whisper."

MY hairs are white, mine eyes are dim,
A weary pilgrim I;—
With little to tell of earthly bliss,
But much of misery.

I knew of one in my early youth,
Whom I loved passing well;
On the scenes of those departed days,
My memory fain would dwell.

She was a daughter of stately race,
Born to a dazzling lot;
And none who gazed on her fair young face,
Such beauty e'er forgot.

It was not this peerless beauty seen
On earth by mortal eyes,
Filling the heart with holy thoughts,
As summer evening skies.—

Oh! it was not *this* which thrilled the soul
With feelings vague and dim,
But 'twas as if a spirit passed
Fresh from the hands of "Him."

Hush! breathe ye low, while I divulge
What her old nurse told me;
She spake with a solemn, awe-struck air,
These words of mystery:—

"The young child slept at the evening hour,
One long, unbroken sleep;
Prolonged and still,—a death-like trance,—
And then she woke to weep.

"She turned away from all youth's delights,
From all earth's brightest things;
They were dark to her,—she ever cried,—
'Give back my angel wings!'

"She whispered words, we knelt to hear,
We doubted ne'er the truth;
The child had been to Heaven, in sleep,
And she must die in youth.

"It was no vision of the night,
To pass away with day;
But a seal set on her lovely brow,
For premature decay.

"In that bright world, once—once she heard
The angel songs of bliss;
Then wonder ye, she coldly turns
From sweetest strains in *this?*

"She wandered by the crystal streams,
Amid the shining bands;
Then marvel ye that earth seems drear,—
Earth's fairest, sunniest lands?

"And can ye think that passion's thrall,—
The curse of her frail race,—
Shall e'er reach *her*,—that her pure form
Can yield to love's embrace?

"Hath she not seen the 'sons of God,'
Who once sought mortal bride?—
And can ye think, dear as ye are,
To win her to *your* side?—

"Her soul's recal she yearneth for,—
Soon, soon it will be here;
Joy to the spirit's happy flight,—
We may not shed a tear!"

C. A. M. W.

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ

CHAPTER XXXVI.*

Mrs. Pangrado Yellowchops had been in bed three hours, which seemed six, at the very least; so that it was no wonder she had become by this time not only very impatient, but very irate as well. What could detain the doctor from the connubial couch on his wedding-night, of all times? she asked herself over and over again. Had he absconded, or taken poison, or gone and drowned himself, or cut his throat, as married men sometimes do on their wedding-day? As she asked herself these questions, she began to repent having crushed him so utterly as she had done, and half resolved to be less severe in future.

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* Continued from page 459, vol. lii.

She had been sitting up in bed, wondering for the hundred and fiftieth time what could have become of him, half hoping that he was dead after all, when a strange sound on the stairs met her ear.

"Some tipsy traveller they are probably taking up to bed," thought she, with a shudder, as she drew the bedclothes round her lank shoulders, and listened intently. "Faugh! how detestable such men must be. If the doctor was only once to do such a thing—ha! they are coming this way! pray, goodness, the gentleman doesn't sleep in the next room, or immediately over head!" and pausing in her soliloquy, Penelope was about to listen again, when a heavy weight, as if of some solid body falling on the landing, followed by a smothered curse and a laugh, was heard, and the next moment, to her horror, the door opened.

"You must not come in here! you shan't come in here! this is a private room!" she shrieked, rather than spoke, sitting bolt upright in bed, though without looking up; "this is Doctor Yellowchops' room."

"Yes, mum, we're quite aweer," said one of the intruders, with a grin; "this *is* Doctor Yellowchops' room, and that is the reason we've a-brought that gemman here. Come, my buck, you must look alive, you know," and rubbing the back of his hand across his face, to hide another grin, he administered a pretty rough shake to the unfortunate Doctor Yellowchops.

"Good heavens! is that Doctor Yellowchops?—my husband, in that beastly state of intoxication?" cried his indignant spouse, hysterically; "this is some infamous trick, and I will expose your conduct to the landlord in the morning; get up, doctor, I say, this instant."

"Tol lol de rol," hiccupped that respectable individual, in a ludicrously quavering, drunken tone; "ha! ha! ha! tol lol de lol de rido," and swaying backwards as one of his conductors resigned his hold of him, he fell his full length upon the floor.

"We'd best leave him there, Jack," whispered the boots, who was by no means anxious to remain longer in the lady's presence than was necessary. "Wish you good night, mum," and with a grin that would at any other time have been a downright laugh, the pair stole out of the room.

"Ha! ha! ha! queen of my soul, the glorious beauty of your coun—te—counte—te—" hiccupped Doctor Yellowchops, sitting upon the floor, and nodding with astonishing rapidity to the draped and silent figure in the bed; "your sweetness—ha! ha! ha! always back the bl—bl—black—tol lol de rido! ha! ha! ha!" and then attempting to throw himself into the attitude he conceived most befitting his admiration of his enslaver's charms, he unfortunately overbalanced himself, and lay for several minutes sprawling on the floor, a confused mass of legs and arms, his wife sitting, watching his efforts to regain his equilibrium with the most perfect indifference and contempt.

To do him justice, the doctor seemed to enjoy his situation very much, if one might judge by the laughter mingled with scraps of songs with which he enlivened this rather silent siesta, in which he was sole performer, his wife sitting by, a silent spectator of his frolics. At length, by dint of a mighty effort, he managed to struggle to his feet, which seemed oddly enough to affect his spirits as well, as he immediately began to cry vociferously, mingling his lamentations with such anathemas against his auditor, that she had the greatest difficulty to restrain herself from leaping out of bed, and inflicting summary punishment upon him, then and there.

She contented herself, however, by vowing that she would pay him off for it, as early as possible to-morrow morning, and watched him reeling from side to side, as he attempted to take off his coat, which he at length achieved; it was a much harder feat to get off his boots, and then laughing and cursing by turns, he flung himself upon the bed, apparently quite unconscious that it had already an occupant.

Then, to vary the performance a little, Doctor Yellowchops became very ill, which was not to be wondered at, considering the quantity of fiery spirits he had drank, and Penelope was at last compelled to get up and lay him on the floor once more, with his head in a basin. More than this she would not do, and determined not to expose her own disgrace more than she could help, she resolved from the first not to ring for assistance, wisely considering that it would only entail fresh mortification and contempt upon herself.

As she placed the insensible wretch in the position she intended him to occupy for the night, two or three of the sovereigns accidentally rolled out of his pocket; the glitter of the money instantly caught her eye, and inserting her hand gently in the receptacle from which they had issued, she immediately discovered, and pounced upon, the night's winnings of the ill-starred fool.

"So you dare to play false with me, sir, do you?" she muttered, spurning the senseless carcass with her foot. "Well! well, a reckoning will come for all this," and so saying, she extinguished the light and crept into bed again.

Not one wink of sleep, however, did she get that night, never for one moment did she close her eyes, although she was weary, and sick, and disgusted with all the world. Who can tell what strange and bitter feelings warred within that fierce and indomitable spirit, whenever the drunken wretch she called her husband, wallowed on his couch on the floor, or rolled lazily from side to side in his drunken dreams? Who can tell how many bitter and scorching tears she shed, before the first faint streak of light stole through the closed curtains, and warned her that another day had begun? Who can pierce through the depths of that cold heart, and depict all the shame, and scorn, and loathing that sapped its very vitals?

The very worst amongst us, the most degraded, the most abandoned, have moments in which our better genius lifts us far above the vileness around us; and in this hour of her retribution and despair, we turn in silence from this harrowing spectacle of a woman bewailing, thus bitterly, her own guilt and the hard usage of the world, and drop the veil over her degradation.

When the luckless doctor awoke in the morning, it was some time before he could discover where he was; there was the bed apparently occupied by some one, but who that some one was, he could not imagine, so entirely had the events of the preceding day escaped his mind. Then he surveyed the room with a bewildered stare, half believing that he was still dreaming, although the splitting headache he endured convinced him to the contrary. One thing at any rate was evident, and that was that he had been very tipsy; and after having satisfied himself of this fact, he threw himself back on the floor, and chuckled with all his might.

As this, however, in a very short time brought on a relapse, he was compelled to discontinue it; and being at that moment siezed with a desire to discover who his bedfellow ought to have been, he scrambled to his feet and walked with drunken gravity to the bed.

The first glimpse of the threatening visage he encountered, almost rivalling in whiteness the bed clothes amongst which it lay, sobered him in an instant. Mrs. Yellowchops was awake, and none but those who have seen Mrs. Yellowchops in her nightcap could imagine how ugly and repulsive Mrs. Yellowchops looked in such a head dress; on this occasion, however, we have to add the loss of a good night's rest, and a pretty fit of passionate indignation as well, and when all these are taken into account, we can scarcely wonder that the doctor was as effectually sobered, as if the boots had been pumping cold water on him for half an hour, or more.

"Beast!" ejaculated Mrs. Pangrado Yellowchops, with a hiss that a serpent might have imitated.

"My love!" groaned Doctor Pangrado Yellowchops, in despair.

"A drunken reprobate!" reiterated Mrs. Pangrado.

"I was hoccussed, Penelope," urged Doctor Pangrado, scarcely able to restrain himself from falling on his knees.

"I will be separated, you wretch," sobbed the lady, as her eyes flashed fire upon the doomed Esculapius, "a vile, pitiful, drunken idiot, thus to disgrace your wife on your wedding-day! I will write to my father!—I will demand a separate establishment!—I will expose you to every one of your patients!"

"My love, be calm," entreated Doctor Pangrado, in a piteous tone, "I was tempted, in an evil hour after you left me, to join in a friendly glass with some gentlemen, and whether it was the liquor or the excitability of my feelings consequent upon our union ——"

"Oh! you false wretch, how dare you lie in my teeth in that way?" shrieked the lady, almost launching herself bodily upon the doctor, in her passion, "and I suppose this money got into your pockets by chance, too—eh?" and as she spoke, Mrs. Pangrado Yellowchops pulled a handful of gold out of a pocket from beneath her pillow, which she flourished before the eyes of her spouse; "eh?—didn't you get all this money by chance? or did you dare to do such a beggarly thing as to venture to keep back all these sovereigns, after you pretended to give me your purse to keep?"

"Where did you get that money, madam?" faltered the doctor, as his hand sought the side pocket, in which he now remembered he had deposited this money, the very existence of which, until this moment, had quite escaped his memory, "that money is mine."

"Get it! why out of your pocket, to be sure."

"And do you not know, madam, that that is nothing more nor less than highway robbery?"

"Bah! I am not to be frightened in that way, you paltry fellow."

"But I would have you to be aware, madam," he began, with something of his old habit of bullying, and then stopped short on remembering whom he had to deal with.

"And I would have you to know, sir," she retorted, vehemently, "that when you come into my room in such a state of filthy intoxication, I shall take care to secure all the money that either rolls out of your pocket, or any I shall happen to find in it, either; and now I wish to get up and dress, so I will thank you to take yourself off."

"But that money, my love?" returned the unhappy husband.

"I shall add to the little stock you gave into my safe-keeping, yesterday, sir," she said with a wave of her hand; "it cannot be in better hands, and now begone!"

The wretched doctor had nothing for it but to obey, which he did with the utmost expedition; and Penelope having devoted more than usual attention and time to her toilet, issued forth from her bridal chamber, arrayed in all the bravery a bride should assume on such an occasion.

She perfectly remembered the private room they had occupied the preceding evening, and having ordered breakfast, she sent the waiter to inform Doctor Yellowchops she was waiting for him.

The doctor came at length, shuffling, hemming, and coughing, as he took his seat on the opposite side of the table. He was evidently not at all at his ease, but she made no effort to relieve his misery, and the breakfast passed over without a word being exchanged on either side.

"Desire the landlord to favour us with the bill," she said, as the waiter was removing the breakfast-things. "And order post horses for us in an hour. Doctor Yellowchops, will you see that our trunks are properly packed?"

"Certainly, my love," and the doctor strode away, perfectly understanding his ladyship's tactics, yet not daring to thwart them by getting up an opposition to them.

And whilst the doctor was cording the trunks again, and the landlord was making out the bill, Penelope put on her bonnet, and taking her parasol in her hand, strolled out to imbibe the morning air. There were several gallant bachelors roving about the streets she traversed, who, caught by the gay dress and white veil she wore, looked after her, as she walked up the shady side; but could any of them have pierced the thick folds of the Honiton she wore over her bonnet, I suspect they would not have given a second glance to her. She had, however, the delight of believing she had achieved two or three conquests, and as this is a very harmless triumph, even for a married woman, we will not quarrel with her for it.

She came back to the inn in capital spirits to find the bill lying on the table, the doctor puffing in his chair redhot with his exertions, and the fresh horses just being put to the carriage: so with all the new found consequence her position entailed upon her, she discharged the bill, after objecting in the most ladylike manner to one or two items, which of course had been incurred by the doctor, and were principally for brandy and water, and cigars. Of course the landlord did not deduct them from the bill, but it showed every body that she was mistress, and that was all.

After this, Doctor Yellowchops was, if possible, more miserable than ever, now that he had lost his money in such a manner, during the remainder of their wedding trip; regularly every evening, however, he used to disappear pretty much about the same hour, and might have been seen hanging on about the skirts of a suspicious group of excited, sinister-looking men, who lost and won, night after night, in those dark old rooms in the inns they stayed at on the road. Once or twice, too, he managed to get just as disgracefully tipsy as we have seen him on his wedding night, but on these occasions Penelope, who had grown more cautious from experience, doubly locked her door when he did not come up at the usual hour, and the waiters used to roll the brute on the passage mat, and leave him to sleep himself sober there; it was even said, that the lady had taken to beat her husband after this, but this seems so strange, that we can scarcely credit it.

In one thing, however, she did not relent in the least, and that was in keeping the purse in her own possession, and pretty tight she kept it, too! It was in vain for the poor fellow to attempt to melt her flinty heart, even for the most trifling sum. Penelope told him flatly, that he was not fit to be entrusted with money, and we think she was not very far wrong—no gambler is.

And so they travelled about, during the three weeks they had set aside for their marriage tour; she, overbearing, haughty, and extravagant to herself; he, crest-fallen, penniless, and henpecked. Whenever she could catch a random glance of admiration, she made the most of it, even before his very eyes, as if she gloried in disgracing him as fully as she could before all the world; had he ventured, however, to imitate her in this, he would instantly have raised such a storm about his ears, as would not have been easily silenced,—he never attempted such a thing, however, being far too thoroughly conquered to attempt it; and so entirely, at last, did Penelope proclaim her own individuality and his insignificance, that they became eventually known as Mrs. Yellowchops and her husband.

Nothing could be more ludicrous than the contrast between the doctor's bulky, muscular, pompous figure, his full, purple complexion, and double chin, and the cowed and subdued air with which he walked about at the side of his angular, flat bosomed, ugly wife, like a fawning spaniel. The very clothes he wore seemed to grow dull, and shrink, and lose their glossy lustre, day by day, until at length his most intimate acquaintance would have had a difficulty in recognizing him again; whilst Penelope waxed in magnificence and pride, hourly, although it is a melancholy fact, that she never grew handsomer or less bony.

At length they turned their faces homewards, Mrs. Pangrado giving the word of command to that effect; and Doctor Yellowchops began to have long fits of the blue-devils, whenever he thought about the long wafered bills of the upholsterer, the wine merchant, the china merchant, and all the other happy beings who have the pleasure of furnishing a bridal abode.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"You know me, now," said the stranger, emphatically, as he advanced upon the old man, throwing off his cloak and disclosing a figure, prematurely wasted and emaciated by disease or grief. "It is many, many, years, since we met, Marmaduke Hutton, but we have met at last."

"It is many years," stammered the old man, who had risen, in his terror, and still trembled violently, although his voice was firm; "I am now an old man, Walter, with at least one foot in the grave; and even you are sadly altered."

A scornful smile swept across those dark features, as the other answered proudly, "Disease and anxiety of mind, the latter more than the first, have, indeed, made me old before my time; but why waste our time, sir, in these mutual hypocrisies, when more serious matters demand our attention?"

"I have been very ill,—I am very ill, yet, and cannot bear much fatigue at present," said old Marmaduke, shading his face with one hand; "so that any questions you wish to ask, I must refer you to the gentleman who has just left us, Mr. Pestlepolge, for your answer."

"And I am ill too," retorted his visitor, sitting down before him, and speaking in a hoarse whisper; "I have been at death's door, old man! and have risen from a bed of sickness, to traverse four thousand miles of sea, to behold those whom I loved so fondly, so purely, and so passionately, once more, before I die. Through all my long and dreary exile from my native land, how fondly and tenderly have I painted the meeting between my child and myself,—between the wife, whose purity and goodness seemed to give the lie to the tie nature had woven between you and herself, and the husband whose only crime it was, that he was poor and honest, and who yet, in the strong hopefulness of his nature, was content to brave all the unknown dangers of a baleful climate, so that those who were dearer to him than his very heart's-blood, might not perish for want of the hateful gold, an accursed old man denied them."

His auditor attempted to smile, but his hideous and repulsive features,—they had grown so even as he spoke,—writhed as if with pain, in the miserable attempt, and so with a louder voice and glittering eyes, his accuser went on.

"Do you hear me, you fond old wretch? I tell you I have come to demand at your hands, the beings of whom you robbed me,—for it was through your cursed parsimony, that could teach you to clutch your ill-gotten gold with a miser's gripe, even when you saw one that ought to have been dearer to you than life, sinking through want before you, that I have been deprived, in the heyday of existence, of all that could make that existence dear."

"You ask me of your wife, do you not?" mumbled old Marmaduke, without looking up.

"I do," cried the other, rising in his excitement, and standing before him; "for my wife—my darling Helen, sir,—and my child."

"Poor, poor Walter," murmured the old man, with an imbecile smile, as his lacklustre eye fell upon the eager features of his companion; "can you tell me anything of poor Wat, sir?" he demanded, catching the other by the hand.

"Tell you anything of him!" reiterated his visitor, who noticed the change that had overspread his features, though without divining the cause; "nay, I came to demand him, and my wife, my Helen, of you, fond old man."

"Ha! ha! ha! Nell is dead! Nell is dead!" cried the old man, with a discordant laugh, throwing himself back in his chair, whilst he seemed to gloat over the terror that gradually overspread the features of the astonished man; "Ha! ha! they buried my Nell many a long year ago, sir, many a long year ago they buried her, and now I'm a miserable, lone old wretch, with no one to weep above my grave when I'm gone; ha! ha!"

"Helen dead!" groaned the stranger, as he staggered to his seat, and sate down, still eyeing the old wretch, tenfold more miserable even in this bitter hour than himself; "and oh, is it for this that I have been brought through so many perils and dangers, to discover at length that the very sunshine of my existence has gone down in darkness and despair!"

He buried his face in his hands, and the tears oozing through his fingers fell noiselessly upon the carpet; his frame shook violently, and from time to time, a deep groan burst from the very depths of his heart, making this mute sorrow, ten times more terrible and appalling. They had sate thus together many minutes, almost an hour, and yet neither stirred, for the one was communing with his own heart, and striving through the depths of his own despairing wretchedness to bend to the blow that had smitten him, whilst the other, equally as silent and as still, had already relapsed into that vacuous insensibility which betrays, more than anything else, the drivelling imbecility of its victim.

Suddenly the old man rose up, and with a cunning smile hovering around his massive jaws, tottered across the floor, and laying one hand heavily on the mourner's shoulder, shook him roughly.

"What do you want?" shouted the stranger, glaring upon him with his wild, bloodshot eyes, and blanched face. "Is it not enough to find that—that she is lost to me?"

"Hush!" whispered the old man, looking eagerly and distrustfully towards the door, as he bent over his guest; "we must speak low, or he will hear us. I am going to make my will, to-night, Walter, ha! ha! I'll leave Nell all my money—ha! ha! she'll be a brave bride, my boy,—they say I starved her, but they lie there," he whined. "Oh dear, how thin and wasted she got, but it was all for fretting of you, Walter, and I didn't starve her, as I'm a living man I didn't starve her, although they made such a rout about it when she died."

A spasmodic shudder ran through his auditor's frame as he listened to this guilty outpouring of remorse, but he still continued to watch the old man, with the same immoveable and stony countenance, as he went on, in the then querulous tone he usually spoke in.

"Nell wasted away sadly, for those were sad times, Walter; but we'll make a brave resurrection, and have a rare wedding again; she'll have lands and houses, and a mint of money as well, ha! ha! and old Pestlepolge gloats over the idea that it's all going to him, and that hideous daughter of his. Ha! ha! what a wedding *she* had, but Nell's shall be much finer and grander every way; we'll make amends, Walter, for all the want and misery she had to bear in the old times; aye, we'll have a grand wedding, indeed!" and mumbling and mouthing over the theme, the old man tottered back to his chair, where he sate eyeing the crushed and miserable creature before him, with a fixed and empty stare.

"Don't cry! don't cry!" he reiterated, childishly, after a long pause; "Nell will come back, although they told me she died; it was in the spring time, when the woods were green and the sun sailed through the blue sky, and they told me she was sinking, and I dare not go near her: she had always been a good girl to me, except when she would have you, Walter, and I told her what would be the consequence; ah, dear, dear! I remember how poor, very, very poor, you were then."

An involuntary clutching of the hand, and a scarce visible heaving of the wasted cheek, might have told him how deep the iron had struck, and how the wound rankled beneath such a stroke as that.

"You were very, very poor in those days, Walter," continued old Marmaduke, piteously; "and it angered me sore to think my darling Nell, a girl in ten thousand she was, with all the money I could give her, should marry a nameless beggar like yourself."

Again the breast heaved, and a gurgling sound escaped his throat, but still he made no sign nor word.

"And married you were, with my curse upon your two heads. Ha! ha! and a gay wedding ye had, and a brave house ye took her to! I stole there once when ye were away, and gloated over the sight of the bare walls and naked boards ye had run to cover in. The dreary rattle of the old windows was as music to my ears, Wat, and when I heard the wind moaning and sighing through the dark passages, my very heart leaped within me, when I thought how my dainty Nell, my bird, my sunbeam, whose very existence had been lapped in luxury and plenty, would shiver and shake in the cold, long winter nights by her grand fireside! ha! ha! whilst you, maybe, were wellnigh coining your very life's blood to earn her a sorry crust of bread. I told you of this before ye were married, and I cursed you both,—my own child equally with the villain that stole her from me,—so that ye could not say ye were not warned. And then I went home, a rich, childless old man, to hug myself with the thought how rich and strong I was, and how hungry and miserable you were. And this was my thought, day and night, for many a long, long year. Well, before the year was out, some one came to tell me from you, that a brat was born,—from Nell, rather, for your proud heart would have burst before it would have permitted you to do so; and the poor fool sent a piteous message, as well, entreating to be forgiven, and taken into favour again. Ha! ha! how I laughed, and screamed with joy, as that poor, silly neighbour of hers told the tale of all your struggles and privations,—how Nell had cut down one of her own frocks, that she had worn in her girlhood, to make a shift for the poor brat to be dressed in, and how you toiled and toiled, night and day, to win them the coarsest food! I had rare wines, and costly dessert, on the table, when the woman stood before me, and told me all this; and I asked her if the wine and the fruit she saw would do Nell good, and when she eagerly caught at the idea—ha! ha! how pleased she did look! —I took the decanters in my hands, and threw them behind the fire, and the fruit after them, and then told the saucy jade to go back to where she came from, and tell my girl what she had seen. Didn't I do bravely, Wat? But when the woman had gone, I felt as if a demon was at my heart. Oh! oh! how I laughed and cried by turns, until they thought me mad, and would have carried me to Bedlam, had they dared! And ever since then, Wat, I have had her pale, pale face sitting beside me like a ghost. Well, and at last, after many a weary struggle, Nell herself stole to me, in the dusk, one night. They had driven her away from the gates, I heard afterwards, for I had got new servants about me; but she had managed to elude them, and had come to throw herself at my feet, and entreat me to take the brat, and bring him up. I saw she wasn't long for this world, long before she told me how heavy the hand of death was on her, and said that you were going far away over the seas, to make a mint of money, and would come back rich, and that if I would only take the child, she would do anything to earn a living, until you could send her money. And I cursed her again, as she knelt before me. And at that moment, the devil whispered me to take the child, and make him the means of wreaking my vengeance on his mother. Why do you groan, Wat? And I did take him; and then you went away—ha! ha! to get rich, whilst your wife was dying of poverty in England; and then Nell used to steal up to her rich father's gates, to catch a glimpse of her darling boy through the palings, and then go away again, poor wretch, to her miserable cottage, to pine away in secret. And then she died, and I cursed her in her grave, Wat!"

He talked a long time after that, in the same piteous whine, but his mind began to wander again, and he scarcely could retain the same ideas for half-a-dozen seconds in his mind. Midnight had long since passed, and the cold grey dawn was already stealing into the room, shedding a ghostly light over the two silent figures, as they sat, each buried in his own strange musings, and still neither offered to stir, nor spoke. Twice, a deep groan had escaped this man, whose dark and miserable fate the old man had described; but further than that, he gave no symptom of existence. He had, in fact, fallen into a stupour, such as some men experience, it may be, once in a lifetime, when some deep and terrible grief has fallen upon their souls. He had, in fact, become insensible to what was passing around him, as was evident, from his allowing the old man to address him more than once, without making any answer.

At length there stole into the room, as stealthily as a wild cat, the figure of Mr. Pestlepolge, which, after lingering at the door for a minute or two, crept up to old Marmaduke, whom he took by the arm, motioning at the same time towards the door.

The stranger still did not look up nor speak; a statue could not have shown less symptoms of vitality.

"Deary, deary me, I believe it is bedtime," said old Marmaduke, with a feeble smile; "I have felt tired once or twice, since you left us, Humphrey, but I thought it could not be late; good night, Walter, my poor fellow."

Still, the being he addressed did not look up, although had so much as an eyelid quivered, Pestlepolge's eagle glance would have detected it.

"Poor, poor Wat," muttered the old man, as he walked feebly towards the door; "if Nell had only been here! but she'll come to morrow, and then we'll have a gay wedding, boy."

It is impossible to describe the imbecile smile that flitted across his face, as he said this, nor to depict the storm of black and sinister expressions that succeeded each other with the rapidity of lightning, in that of Mr. Pestlepolge. The latter, however, did not speak, but continued to support his ancient ally, as the latter imagined, to bed.

"You remember my dream, Humphrey," cried the old man, with sudden terror, as they stood on the threshold, the mention of the hour recalling his bugbear to his mind; "if—if, oh if it should come true, Humphrey, after all."

Mr. Pestlepolge looked sternly in the old dotard's face, although his own was pale as death, and his knees shook violently bêneath him, as he said, "You have nothing to fear, sir; have you not friends around you, Mr. Hutton?"

"Ah, but if friends should prove false!" said the old man, as they finally disappeared. "If I should be smothered, Humphrey!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"YOUR solicitor has come from London," said Mr. Pestlepolge, gently, as soon as the door was closed upon them; "I should say my solicitor, ha! ha! my dear Mr. Hutton, as you particularly wished to employ my man of business."

"Ah, your solicitor has come, has he?" rejoined the old man, looking at him with a suspicious air.

"Yes, yes, and has brought the rough draft of the will with him, which it seems he desires you will sign," continued Mr. Pestlepolge, with great rapidity. "Perhaps you had better do it at once, as his chaise is waiting for him down in the village, and it is expensive, you know, to keep a solicitor and his clerk all night."

There was an offensive air of jocularity about Mr. Pestlepolge, at this moment, which even struck the obstinate old wretch to whom he spoke.

"And won't to-morrow morning do as well, Humphrey?" said the old man, fretfully; "you are always in such a hurry with everything."

"To-morrow morning will not do," said his coadjutor, sternly; "Mr. Shadrach has business in town by nine o'clock in the morning, which he must attend to personally, and you are well aware you will have to pay all his expenses twice over, if he has to come down again."

"Ah dear, so I shall, and that will never do," muttered the old man, uneasily, as they approached the library, where the worshipful Mr. Shadrach, scrivener and money-lender, was closeted with his clerk, discussing a cold shoulder of mutton, and washing it down with bottled ale, an occupation which he found extremely grateful to his inner man.

"You will have nothing at all to do," said Mr. Pestlepolge, as he opened the door; "merely to sign your name, nothing more," and he eyed the old man with one of his keen, searching glances, as they came into the light.

Mr. Abednego Shadrach, or Abby Shadrach, as he was familiarly called, in the vicinity of the Old Bailey and Newgate, directed a pair of keen, black eyes from beneath his bushy, beetling brows, upon the old man, as he arose from his chair, with a profusion of bows, his mouth being too full to allow him to speak, at first. His strongly marked Jewish features wore a look of low cunning, mingled with a repulsive, yet almost indescribable air of ferocity and licentiousness, which would have repelled the most hardened or the most indifferent stranger, on being first thrown into his company. He was apparently sixty years of age, although his crooked and stooping figure, and deeply furrowed features, gave him the appearance of being much older than he was. His hands were yellow and shrivelled, giving to his long, crooked fingers the appearance of the talons of some obscene bird of prey. He had a large, coarse mouth, loosely set with great buck teeth, a hooked nose, keen, glittering eyes, matted hair, and threadbare clothes, and was, taking him all in all, a particularly villainous, sinister-looking vagabond. His clerk was a thought dirtier and more repulsive, in his outward man; more villainous, he could not be.

"Very glad to see my most exshellent friend, Mishter Hutton," said the old Jew, showing the roots of his tusks; "our little bishness will soon be over; we shall merely require our friendsh signature to a little document," and the yellow talons clutched a long roll of parchment, many degrees whiter than themselves, which they unfolded and laid before the old man.

Mr. Pestlepolge had already seated him in a chair. His vacant and bewildered look, as he glanced now from the keen-eyed vulture of the law, on one side, to the equally eager visage of Mr. Pestlepolge, on the other, was in the strongest possible contrast. The dirty clerk was still demolishing the cold meat, with hungry ferocity, ready to play his little part in the drama, when he was wanted, not before.

"You will just be good enough to sign your name there, my dear sar," said Mr. Shadrach, smiling, as he pointed with a talon to the foot of the document; "my clerk will be all the witnesh necessary, Mr. Pestlepolge."

"You understand Mr. Shadrach, do you not?" inquired the latter, stooping over his victim; "here, take the pen in your hand—there, that will do; now write your name here!" and he laid his finger close beside the line on which the old man's signature had to be written.

Marmaduke looked feebly from the attorney to Mr. Pestlepolge, and then grasping the pen in his hand, traced his name in wavering characters in the requisite place.

"This is your signature, Mishter Hutton," said the man of law, in a professional tone, pointing to the undried characters; "and by this will, you give and bequeath all sundry your lands, hereditaments, houses, or other freehold property, of what description soever, together with all your personal and funded property, unto Humphrey Pestlepolge and his assigns, for his sole use and benefit,—Moses, you witness this deed;" and the deed was duly signed, sealed, and delivered, and Mr. Abby

Shadrach threw himself in his chair, and drank off another glass of ale.

"Is it all done, now, Humphrey?" inquired old Marmaduke, wearily.

"All over, my dear sir, and I am sure you won't die a day sooner for making your will," cried Mr. Pestlepolge, who strove to look at his ease, but who was very pale, notwithstanding.

"Well, come and see me to bed, then," said the old man, with a shudder, as he tottered to his feet. "Please God, I may'nt die the sooner for it," he added, with a ghastly grin.

"You'll chime a hundred yet, sir," cried Mr. Pestlepolge, with a loud laugh; "I never saw such a man; is'nt he extraordinary, Shadrach?"

"Very extraordinary," rejoined the Jew, drily; "he ish a Methusaleh, ish Mishter Hutton," and his keen eyes laughed maliciously, as he watched the painful efforts Methusaleh made to cross the room, supported by the sturdy arm of Mr. Pestlepolge, who said, as they reached the door,—

"Wait here until I come back; I will not be many minutes," and his stern, blanched face disappeared.

After he had gone, Shadrach cut two or three gigantic slices from the joint before him, and cramming his mouth full of bread and meat, chuckled and eat for a quarter of an hour, unceasingly; at the end of which time, Mr. Pestlepolge returned, and sat down beside him.

"Send Moses away," said he, turning away his head, "I have a great deal to say to you," and the hungry clerk vanished in a moment, into the dark passage without.

The two men sat, for several minutes, looking earnestly at each other, without exchanging a syllable. Shadrach had pushed away his plate and glass, and, with his elbows on the table, was supporting his yellow and repulsive features with his hands, his keen, glittering eyes seeming to search his companion's very soul, who, in turn, looked sternly and fixedly at him, though he seemed to shrink and quail before the searching scrutiny to which he was subjected. He was even more terrible-looking, at this moment, than was the Jew; for nothing could be more appalling than the livid complexion and startled manner his countenance betrayed.

"Well!" said the Jew, inquiringly, at length breaking the terrible silence, in a cautious tone.

Pestlepolge looked up with a wild start, and frowned gloomily.

"What's the matter, you confounded fool!" continued the other, in the same cautious tone; "you surely are'nt going to show the white feather now, when I've put my neck into the halter to serve both you and myself!"

"I am already equally involved with you," said his accomplice, in a hoarse whisper; "am I not?"

"I can't see that you are," muttered the other, doggedly; "so far, Mishter Humphrey, I runsh all the rishk; but if you keep to your purposh, my dear, to night——"

Pestlepolge shuddered, in spite of himself, as he caught the glittering eye of the Jew, gleaming like that of an adder, from beneath his shaggy brows, upon him; the cold sweat was standing in great beadlike drops upon his clammy forehead, as the Jew's speech made his mind leap to the future, with all the terrors in store for him.

"Do dying men struggle much, you wretch?" he asked, so calmly, that the tones of his voice made even himself start. "You ought to know," he added, fiercely, "for men say that more than one miserable wretch has received his summons to the next world at your hands."

The Jew laughed quietly at the question. Pestlepolge would not have noticed that he did so, had it not been for those terrible eyes, gleaming upon him through the darkness that seemed to be around him.

"Old men do not," he whispered; "that old man, especially, will not, my dear."

"But if he should waken when I creep into the room, wretch!'

"No, no, he will be far to heavy for that."

"But I say that he may!" retorted his colleague, striking the table violently with his clenched fist; "he is so watchful and so suspicious, and he will be doubly so, to-night, for he had a dream last night."

"A dreamsh!" echoed the Jew, who drank in every word the other uttered.

"Yes, a horrible dream, which he told me about, just as the man upstairs—by the bye, can we not inculpate him in the crime, Shadrach?—broke in upon us."

"What man, my dear?" said Shadrach, burying his repulsive visage in his yellow talons; "have any strangers come here, to-night, besides myshelf?"

"Yes! yes!" rejoined Pestlepolge, eagerly; "and what is best of all, he is a man whom nobody knows. Even the old butler, Robert, I understand, cannot recognize him as being any one with whom the old man has been connected."

"Ah, I see! I see, my dear!" whispered the Jew, gleefully, as he rubbed his hands together, and laughed in his own peculiar, quiet way; "and you would manage so that they would supposesh that this man, ha! ha! ha! would be suspected of murdering——"

"Hush! for the love of heaven! or we will be heard," cried the other, turning very pale, and trembling in every limb. "I—I meant—"

"Yes, yes, I see, my dear," whispered the Jew, nodding his head several times in quick succession; "this man sleeps—where does he sleep?"

"In the room adjoining the old man," rejoined Mr. Pestlepolge, who could not for the world have pronounced his intended victim's name. "I heard them saying so as I came through the servants' hall, a few minutes ago."

"Well, then, you must contrive so as to throw the suspicions of the deed upon this man, my dear," returned the Jew, looking suddenly up. "A handkerchief, or a stocking,—anything that will be easily identified as his,—in the old man's room, will draw the suspicions to him."

"But if he should hear me go in," said Pestlepolge, whose terrors suggested new difficulties with every moment, "I will then be detected in the act."

"What a cowardly pal you are!" retorted Shadrach, scornfully. "If you only do the bishness neatly, the old man will never even struggle. Bah! I have seen men done so with, who never knew when they passed out of the worldsh at all, my dear, so cleverly was it done. Only follow up my lessonsh, and you cannot fail. And even if he did, you can easily put out the candle, before he gets into the room, and, throwing him down in the struggle, get clear away, and then the old man will think him to be the attempted murderer."

"I don't care much about the crime," said Mr. Pestlepolge, shuddering, in spite of himself. "God knows I have done enough in my time to make one more black deed of little count; but it is the risk of detection, and the penalty, that terrifies me: if—if I should be found out, and—and hung, Abby," he added, in a hoarse whisper.

"Bah! what fears you conjure up, my dear," returned the Jew, looking at him with an ironically jocular air; "the lawsh of England are made like the meshes of a net: all the big fish—the murderous scoundrelsh—get through, and the petty thieves get punished. Ha! ha! and so, my dear, if you do get caught, we will get you through. But come, give us some wine, my dear, and we will drink to the old man's speedy departure, and good luck—ha! ha!—to his heir!"

"And his administrator, as well," added Pestlepolge, fiercely, as he went to a buffet, and brought out a couple of decanters and glasses. "I wish I could drown the burning fire I have here," pointing to his forehead, "in this stuff. Conscience is a horrid thing, Abby."

"All moonshinesh, my dear," said the Jew, soothingly. "I never had a conscience in my life."

"Few of your calling have, and fewer still of your nation," retorted Pestlepolge, pouring out a tumbler of Madeira, and draining it at a draught; "but I have."

"It must be an easy one, then," said the Jew, laughing, "for to my certain knowledge, you have done two or three little things, my dear, in your time, that would be rather uncomfortable remembrances to any over nice gentleman."

Pestlepolge laughed, too, but it was with an uneasy air, and, pushing the decanters across the table, drank his wine in moody silence, whistling to himself, and glancing furtively from time to time across the table to his companion; he never did so, however, but that he detected the gaze of the Jew fixed upon himself, and so, after a time, he refrained from doing this, and pursued his own thoughts in silence. These were wild and terrible enough, heaven knows!

"It is getting very late," said the Jew, at last, rising, and glancing significantly at him; "do you want to say anything more, before I go?"

"No."

"I suppose we shall hear of a certain event, to-morrow," said the other coolly.

"Yes."

"Very well, then. Good-night, my dear!" and he grasped the cold, clammy hand in his own long talons. "Do not write until you can send a letter by a safe hand, for they are the worst evidence they can bring against you. Only be calm and resolute, and all will be well. Where is that villain Moses, I wonder, my dear?"

"He is in the passage, I believe," said Pestlepolge, who felt every word the Jew uttered ringing in his brain. "Shall I call him?"

"No, no; only show me a light. We will go away quietly by our two selves," and, with another significant glance at his accomplice, which brought a flush into the sallow and haggard visage of Mr. Pestlepolge, the money-lender crept into the passage, where he found his clerk dozing away in the recess of a window, and, marshalled by his client, stole noiselessly along the dark corridors and staircases, until the pair once more found themselves in the open air.

The storm had long since died away, and had left the night to her own silent and peerless beauty. A thousand stars gleamed in the firmament, for there was no moon; and so the two men strode down the old avenue in silence, dead to all the beauty of the season and the hour. When they had gained the entrance, and had reached the rising ground from which the old house could be seen, standing out, cold and grey against the morning sky, the Jew turned back, and stood peering through the darkness for many, many minutes, until at length his quick eye caught the glimmer of a candle through one of the casements, and after watching this for a minute, he turned round and pursued his way in silence, until they gained the village.

The horses had been merely taken from the chaise, and placed in a stable ready harnessed, so that little more was necessary than to awaken the sleepy driver, and within a quarter of an hour from Abednego's watching the light in the bedroom of Mr. Hutton, they were rolling on towards London, quite indifferent to all that was enacting in the place they were leaving behind.

Pestlepolge had crept back to his lair, after he had seen them away, and with his back placed against the wall,—for he felt afraid even of himself,—sate for several minutes buried in a moody reverie, looking up from time to time, whenever his guilty ear caught a fancied sound stirring in the house. He knew that, save himself, the entire household were buried in slumber, and gradually his mind began to fall into a train of thought, suggested by the thought, that if suspicion ever pointed to him in the matter, how eagerly would some officious counsel or juryman pounce upon this circumstance, and bring the charge home to him from that fact alone.

Then glancing wildly round again, he imagined the deed to be done, and set himself to think how they would find the body in the morning; it might be forenoon, for aught he could surmise, for the old man was an invalid, and they would not suspect any misfortune at first, and so they would not go into the room until they began to be afraid; then they would steal in on tiptoe, and draw the curtains, and find the bed-clothes all disordered, and the dead body all cold and stiff, with the face blackened, as if he had died in a fit; he would have to go in and see the corpse after that, and then his eager, guilty mind trembled at the thought of being confronted, even unknowingly, with his victim, and he remembered of having read, in his boyhood, of corpses bursting out bleeding afresh when the murderer touched them.

The shrill cry that burst from him, as he arrived at this horrid recollection, made him start and shudder, and then drinking the remainder of the wine, he lighted another candle at that which burned on the table, and striving to persuade himself that he was calm, slunk towards the door.

He happened to glance accidentally in the mirror, as he passed it, and shuddered even in such a moment at his own ghastly visage, and then muttering a fearful oath, stole up the stairs, and stood before the door.

THE ALMOND BRANCH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LAMARTINE.

Emblem of beauty, life's sweet flower,
That blooms but to decay,
Thy natal hymn is April's shower,
Thy dirge the breath of May.

As one by one our pleasures fly,
And wither day by day,
So speedily thy blossoms die,
And one by one decay.

Brief are life's sweets; let none elope
On sorrow's envious gale.
Quaff deep the perfumed cup of hope;
Its perfume soon will fail.

Beauty, alas! is like the flower
Plucked for the bridal wreath,
That droops before the festive hour,
And sheds its bloom in death.

Night yields to day, and day to night;
Spring vanishes in haste;
Each flower reminds us by its flight,
Life's transient joys to taste.

Since all must fade away and die,
Die, and be seen no more,
May love surround us as we lie,
And loving hearts deplore.

W. K.

France, Piedmont, Italy, Lombardy, the Tyrol, and Bavaria. An Autumnal Tour. By J. S. Buckingham. 2 Vols. London: Peter Jackson, late Fisher, Son, and Co.

NOT many months have elapsed, since we called the attention of our readers to two agreeable volumes from the pen of Mr. Buckingham. At that time we stated Mr. Buckingham's character and claims, and endeavoured to do justice to a man who has done and suffered much—who, beyond most, has laboured to exalt humanity, but who, more than most, has been misrepresented, slandered, and wronged. Mr. Buckingham has again appeared in the field, and it is with real pleasure that we invite the attention of our readers to his "Second Autumnal Tour." It is true that the ground he has gone over is not new, that changes little dreamt of have taken place in the lands of which he writes—that old systems have crumbled into dust—that old landmarks have been swept away; but, nevertheless, an abiding interest attaches to his theme. France, the home of—

> "Fair women and brave men;"

Italy the land of art and classic story, beautiful even in its decay, but still more beautiful now, inasmuch as its old indomitable free spirit is once more rousing it to battle for its rights, are themselves fraught with surpassing interest. We, therefore, welcome Mr. Buckingham's volumes, feeling that he will gather new lessons, though the story be hacknied and full of familiar names.

"History," says Lord Bolingbroke, "is philosophy teaching by example." Never was there a greater falsehood. The example is never studied, the warning is generally given in vain. Not unfrequently the lesson is read backwards. Citizen King Louis Philippe shipwrecked himself, because he sought to govern on principles opposed to human progress; and Lord John, instead of being warned by his fate, on the contrary, more closely imitates his conduct. The abuses which, we may be allowed gently to hint, do in some degree obscure the beauty of our venerable constitution, have a much better chance now than they had previous to the Revolution of February. Their money value is higher, though if history agreed with Lord Bolingbroke's definition, this would not be the case. In spite of common sense and the past, Louis Philippe went on backsliding, till old and weak he lost his kingdom and his crown. Mr. Buckingham very properly observes:—"Ever since the Revolution of 1830, France has been under the influence of two opposite tendencies. On the one hand, the king and his government becoming every year more and more absolute, hostile to liberty, suppressing public sentiment by persecutions of the press, corrupting the legislative and judicial authorities by bribes of power and place, purchasing, or overawing the constituencies by the most shameless and profligate expenditure, and crippling the national energies by excessive taxation, increasing military force, and enormous increase of debt. On the other hand, the people becoming more and more disgusted with royalty, because of the falsehood, treachery, and corruption, practised in its name and under its auspices; and seeing in their monarch only the ruling passion of self-aggrandizement for his family, and their enrichment at the public expense, with an utter disregard to the condition and capacity of the nation to bear the heavy burdens which both his foreign, colonial, and domestic, policy imposed on them. Thus the people have been growing more and more, every year, republican, till at last the fatal period arrived, in which the Revolution, begun with but little bloodshed in February, has ended in the fearful slaughter of June. And even now, though the insurrection of 1848 has been attended with a smaller sacrifice of human life than that which flowed during the first great revolutionary struggle from 1789 to '92, and the long and bloody war to which this gave rise; yet the fearful condition to which it has reduced France, in its paralysis of all industry, its annihilation of commercial confidence, and its increased thousands of the hungry and ungovernable masses of unemployed men, and women, and children, make it doubtful whether a much larger amount of suffering than was at first anticipated, may not yet have to be borne, before, out of these discordant elements, general prosperity can be again fully restored. For all this, the government of Louis Philippe and his ministers must ever be held responsible; for no one can doubt, that if he and they had been faithful to the charter to which he pledged his royal oath, and had governed in the true spirit of a "constitutional monarchy, supported by republican institutions," which was the solemn promise made by him at the Hotel de Ville, when there presented to the acceptance of the people by General Lafayette, in August, 1830—France would now have been one of the most wealthy, prosperous, and powerful, of the nations of Europe, instead of being so shaken in all the material elements of her greatness, as to require as many years, perhaps, as she was subject to the misgovernment of the House of Orleans, fully and perfectly to repair." These remarks are as sensible as true —but, alas! generally, there is but little attachment between common sense and the powers that be.

Mr. Buckingham reached France viâ Boulogne. Here he was immediately annoyed by a system which cannot be too often exposed and condemned. "On landing, we were met by a friend sojourning at Boulogne, and taken to reside with his family during our stay, but before being permitted to enjoy the pleasures of domestic comfort and repose, we had the usual penance to perform of exhibiting our passports to be certified, and clearing our baggage from the custom-house; a process which, for the whole of the passengers, occupied eight hours, and was wearisome and humiliating to the last degree. Every package, even to the carpet-bags, had to be opened, and in most of them the contents probed to the bottom, without the discovery of a single contraband article; though the searchers at last got so tired and vexed, that they vented their spleen against all who manifested the least impatience. In my own case, I very narrowly escaped being detained, because there happened to be three new merino shirts in my trunk, that had not been worn, which the searcher insisted on were merchandise; and, though I assured him they were for wearing only, and that it would be absurd to suppose a trader would set out to smuggle so small a stock, he was unrelenting, and was only, at last, silenced by being shown, among my baggage, a handsomely bound volume inscribed as a presentation copy to the French minister, M. Guizot, to whom I said I should relate this petty detention; on which the functionary began to relent, and the three new shirts were restored. Often as this rude and barbarous system of passports and baggage examination has been denounced and exposed, no one should ever land in France or England — where the latter annoyance is just as great as in any other country, though we are happily free from the first— without reiterating his condemnation of both, as utterly unworthy the dignity of any nation pretending to be great, and, moreover, entirely inefficient for the attainment of the end in view, as the very worst characters elude all vigilance by false passports, and smugglers triumph over all the difficulties which this petty examination imposes. To boast of having achieved a free trade while this system continues, is at least premature, and all friends of an unfettered intercourse between nations ought never to cease their demands till it is entirely abolished." We are glad Mr. Buckingham has adverted to this crying evil—it is one by which every traveller has been more or less annoyed. The day of its removal, we fear is far distant. When human brotherhood is better understood; when we shall look upon each other, in whatever land we dwell, or tongue we speak, as members of the same family, born with the same feelings, actuated by the same hopes and fears; then this custom, better honoured in the breach than in the observance, will for ever perish. Meanwhile, we must rejoice that a time will come, when the selfishness born and bred in all our institutions, will be succeeded by a spirit more in accordance with the law of the Great Teacher of Christian truth. The world's regeneration, sooner or later, must come:—

> "The misty future through a greatness looms,
> 'Tis mind, awakened mind."

Boulogne is a happy land. There the creditor dreads no dun. No seedy sheriff's officer, with Hebraic countenance, lurks there, seeking whom he may devour. Happy is the Englishman who there can securely repose. Accordingly, with a certain class, Boulogne is very popular. It is now so thronged by the English as to be scarcely like a foreign town; "though many," says Mr. Buckingham, " would no doubt be too happy to quit it for ever, and return home, if they could make such arrangements of their pecuniary affairs, as to admit of their doing this without giving up all their property. Yet this is clearly what every honourable man ought to do, rather than evade by self-exile the payment of his just debts. Indeed, it is well worthy of consideration, whether the nations who have mutually agreed to deliver up fraudulent persons and criminals, and send them back to the countries from whence they escaped, in order to promote the ends of justice, ought not to extend the same principles to debtors; as it seems to be a violation of all honourable duty, that men should escape from their just liabilities by merely crossing a boundary line into another country. If offences to society are to be deemed great in proportion to the suffering they create, it is certain that a man who, without adequate capital himself, enters into large speculations on the capital or credit of others, so as to reap all the benefit if these are successful, and place the burden on the shoulders of others if they fail, may make more families wretched than the utterer of a forged bank-note, or the forger of a check or bill of exchange of the moderate amounts usually chosen for such operations. The former, however, according to the existing state of the law, may live luxuriously at Boulogne or Paris, and set his creditors at defiance; the latter might be apprehended by the officers of justice, taken to England, tried, and transported. No one can say that this is even-handed justice; and though there is a saying on record of a late lord chancellor, that 'law was not equity,' the common sense of mankind must agree that it is high time it should be made so, as far as human wisdom can effect that object." A very good idea, in truth, Mr. Buckingham; but then, what is to become of the lawyers? Are they not bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh? Do they not eat, drink, sleep, wear raiment, and pay house-rent, as we do? Let us beware, then, how we tamper with interests materially affecting so large and respectable a body. We beg Mr. Buckingham to be tender of them. In the following remarks, however, we perfectly agree. "Besides the impediment to the due course of justice thus created by the residence of a large number of English debtors abroad, there is the further evil of an immense expenditure of funds drawn from England in rents, and interest of money in the stocks, by these and by persons resorting to the Continent, from different motives of pleasure and economy, there permanently to reside, by which the same effect is produced in England as that caused by absenteeism in Ireland. It has been estimated that the expenditure by English persons living abroad, in the various countries of Europe only, amounts to at least twenty millions sterling per annum, all drawn from rents and funds which would otherwise have been spent at home; and whether this estimate be strictly accurate or not as to amount, it is certain that to whatever extent it may run, the injury to the trading and working classes of England is great, by transferring to others the profit which their labours would enjoy, if such sums were spent among them. The imposition of a special income-tax, at a higher rate, upon the absentees, wherever it could be levied, would be perfectly just, as they are now enjoying all the benefits which the laws and government of England afford, in the security of their property, whether in lands or in funds, without contributing their share in maintaining them; for they escape all the indirect taxes levied on commodities, of which they pay none; and while these are continued a special absentee income-tax, at double the rate of that paid by the same classes in England, would be but a fair equivalent. Let us hope that some minister will have the courage to impose such a tax, and the firmness to see it executed."

On their way to Paris, Mr. Buckingham and his party passed through Abbeville and Amiens. At the latter place, they fell in with that *rara avis*, a disagreeable French woman. This incident, of course, suggests a few reflections on our natural failings as travellers, in illustration of which we have the following anecdote. "A young English gentleman, who had travelled extensively for his age, and was of a fine open disposition and warm temperament, was crossing the Alps, and intending to pass the night at the Hospice of St. Bernard, he so timed his ascent of the mountain as to arrive at the summit about sunset. When he entered the refectory of the Hospice there, it was in the dimness of twilight, and there being two fires at opposite ends of the room, he placed himself before one of them, and soon afterwards perceived a gentleman standing with his back to the other. Being unable to perceive his countenance distinctly, from its being in shadow, he inferred from his costume, as far as he could make it out, as well as from his attitude, that he was an Englishman; and though one would suppose that even two Hottentots, who had never seen each other before, meeting on such a spot as the summit of the Alps, would immediately become friends, yet he thought he knew his countrymen too well to suppose that they would be thus rational. He apprehended that if he made the first approach without an introduction, he might meet only with a rebuff for his pains. He, therefore, remained where he was, so that both had their supper served at separate tables, and each ate his meal alone. By-and-bye, however, as if by the force of silent but mutual attraction, they gradually drew near to each other; when, all at once, the English gentleman, fancying he could discover by the physiognomy of his fellow-traveller that he was French, and not English, rushed towards him with great rapidity, and exclaimed to him in French, 'Is it possible! why, then, you are not English after all?' to which the other, somewhat astonished by the abruptness of the exclamation, replied, by saying that he certainly was not, and asked the other whether he had supposed him to be of that nation. "Most certainly," said the young Englishman, "and therefore I did not approach you before, knowing the coldness and *hauteur* of my countrymen; indeed, if I had not thought you to be an Englishman, do you suppose for a moment that I should have remained at one end of the refectory by myself, and left you at the other. O no! if I had known you to be a Frenchman, I should have approached you at once, in the certainty of a cordial reception and an agreeable evening's conversation.' To this the French traveller replied, 'You judge me and my countrymen rightly, in supposing that we are always ready and willing to receive the approach of strangers, and to reciprocate freely with them the courtesies of society; but if you, who must know your own countrymen better than we can possibly do, entertain such notions of their inaccessibility, even to those of their own nation, you can now readily understand why Frenchmen are averse to run the risk of being rudely rebuffed, and having not merely their self-love but their national vanity wounded, by being treated as inferiors by the English. But,' he added, 'when, like you, they make the first approach, we are always willing to go more than half-way to meet them.' After this, they passed the evening happily together, sitting up till past midnight, recounting each other's adventures, and comparing their impressions on the objects which both had seen during their respective journeys."

At Paris, where Mr. Buckingham made a short stay, he found a very different feeling existing with respect to the king, from that held when he was last in Paris. Then, in 1830, every one was enthusiastic in his favour. Now, few spoke in his praise, a great number were sullenly silent, many were loud and open in their expressions of disappointment. Our author was favoured with a special interview with M. Guizot, and found him, as is the case with most of the French ministers, very early at his bureau. "They usually commence their labours at six or seven in the morning, and are busily occupied till eleven, when they have breakfast, so that in these four or five hours they have transacted the chief business of the day. On a former occasion, I had an appointment with the minister of marine, which was fixed at half past six in the morning, and even at that early hour I found several naval officers, in full uniform, waiting their turn of presentation in the ante-room. I understood the routine of most of the ministerial offices to be this.—From six to eight in the morning, deputations or individuals were received for verbal confidence; from eight to ten, all letters, or written communications, were examined, and the answers to be given to them noted in outline on the back. From ten to eleven, the minister was alone with his secretary, and could be seen by no one. At eleven, each minister repaired to the palace, where they had a *déjeuner à la fourchette* with the king, making it subserve the purpose of a cabinet council. At noon, they repaired to the chambers when in session, where they remained till five, returned home to dine at six, and passed the evening with their families or friends. Once in each week, and on different days, each minister held a public reception, or *soirée*, at which ladies as well as gentlemen were present; and a great deal of personal communication passed between the minister and his visitors on topics of public interest, of which he would sometimes make a note in his tablets, for reference on the following day; thus mingling, very happily, business and pleasure. The minister of war held his reception on Monday, the minister of finance on Tuesday, the minister of instruction on Wednesday, the minister of foreign affairs on Thursday, the minister of the interior on Friday, the minister of justice on Saturday, and the king himself held his reception on Sunday, the hours being usually from eight to eleven, so that all were in bed by midnight;" a wise and healthy arrangement, truly, but it did not last. Quick came the blast of a people's wrath, and like a pack of cards, fell the Citizen King and his ministers of the interior and elsewhere.

Mr. Buckingham left Paris for Orleans. From the latter place he proceeded to Lyons, where he was an eye-witness of the following extraordinary feat. "A porter, a man not above the ordinary size, nor presenting any appearance of remarkable strength in the muscular development of his limbs, but who piled up trunks and portmanteaus in a heap that no two men besides could even raise an inch from the ground, and tossing them with an air of triumph on his head and shoulders, he carried them easily along the deck, walked steadily across the plank from the vessel to the shore, and then carried them up the steep steps leading from the water to the quay, and deposited them in the baggage office, where we had their weight, and found them to be nearly four hundred pounds weight, English, the heaviest burden that I had ever seen borne by a single individual." Some English ignorantly imagine that the French are deficient in physical strength. Mr. Buckingham gives us another illustration of the contrary, which we extract. The incident occurred in Paris. "In the Place du Carrousel, a large, coarse Frenchwoman made the following exhibition, in the presence of a great crowd of spectators. A rough block of stone, weighing more than three hundred pounds, and which two men could but barely lift from the ground, was fastened round with several turns of rope. The long black hair of the female, which was divided into seven traces, tightly plaited, and fastened at the end, was then brought down and attached to these ropes, while the woman herself bent her head back towards the stone, for the purpose of admitting the traces to be so fastened. When this was done, she slowly rose to her erect position, lifting the stone entirely clear of the ground, its whole weight being borne by the seven traces of her hair, and the pressure resting wholly on her scalp. She then began to turn herself slowly round, swinging the stone thus fastened to her hair, until, by the progressively increasing motion, she turned round as rapidly as the spinning dervishes, or an opera-dancer in a pirouette, but for a longer period, the stone all this while going out farther and farther from her person, till it swung round almost horizontally, and with a velocity that made it fearful to look upon, relaxing gradually from the highest point of motion till it rested at her feet. It was then loosened from the hair and the cords; and her next operation was to place two rush-bottom chairs at a distance of about four feet and a half from each other, when she placed her head on one and her heels on the other, thus lying horizontally between the two, without any support for her loins or back in the centre, and neither her head nor heels being more than six inches in from the outer edge of the chairs. While in this condition, two men were invited to come from the crowd, and lift up the stone, so as to place it on her stomach, although one would have thought such a weight would have crushed her to the ground. Two persons came from the bystanders, and, one of them not being a strong man, they were unable to lift it, when a third came to their help; but not till after at least twenty persons had tried to lift the stone a little from the ground, to be assured it was not hollow, or that there was no deception, and each failed to lift it half an inch from where it stood. The three men, however, raised it up, and placed it on the woman's stomach, as she lay in this horizontal position, when another person, at her request, placed a smaller stone on the larger one, and, with a heavy iron sledge hammer, broke it into twenty pieces. All this occupied about a quarter of an hour, during the whole of which time the woman evinced no appearance of shrinking; and, in conversing with her after she arose, there was not the slightest evidence of any inconvenience being felt by her from the exertion. It was a most unfeminine exhibition, certainly, and one which it was not agreeable to witness; but, as a feat of physical strength, it was very remarkable. The sole motive for this display appeared to be to excite the admiration and receive the contributions of those who beheld her." It were time—and such facts as these will help to bring about the result—that the prejudice which even the genius of Hogarth stooped to perpetuate, as to the immense superiority of the Englishman over the Frenchman, as regards physical strength, should give way to a juster estimate, on our part, of our neighbours' power.

Travellers are generally expected to provide themselves with as much good humour and patience as possible. Nor are they often deprived of an opportunity of showing they possess these desirable qualities. On their way to Geneva, our travellers were compelled to halt at Bellegarde. Accordingly they put up at the Hotel de la Poste, "which was," says Mr. Buckingham, "the most uninviting that could be imagined. The truth is, that except in the large cities of France, the hotels are dirty, ill-furnished, and still worse attended; and to those to whom night travelling is not disagreeable, it is worth while making a long journey from large city to large city, without halting, in order to avoid them. The bed-rooms have rarely or ever carpets, and seldom a bell. The washing apparatus, and all provision for the toilette is miserably scanty, the servants are dirty and unskilful; and the cooking is worse than all; the bread is tough, leathery, dark, and sour, the meat ill-fed, the poultry in the same condition, and nothing is really good but eggs, milk, grapes, and water, on which we chiefly subsisted. As a specimen of one of our tea services, it may be mentioned that we had a white earthenware tea-pot, of most grotesque shape, which would not hold more than half a pint of water; at the same time, that for tea-cups we had pint-basons, for saucers, large plates, and table-spoons for tea-spoons, with a pie dish for a slop-basin; the hot water was brought to table in a tin quart jug, and the dry toast consisted of square pieces of bread, such as are laid at dinner-table, browned and burnt at the fire. This occurred at Bellegarde, one of the regular posting hotels, within twenty miles of Geneva, and on the high post-road from Lyons, between which the mail-coach diligences and private carriages are passing every day, so that this backwardness, in comparison with the two cities at each end of the route, marks either the indifference or indolence of the French, in the matter of domestic comforts, at least, in which they seem to be a century behind the English —and half a century behind the Germans and the Dutch, on both of whom it is their custom to look down with contempt." And yet our best cooks are French, M. Soyer, to wit. It is with them as with singers, the best of them come to us. English gold, like a magnet, is an attraction against which it is in vain they resist. In the case of the latter, this was remarkably exemplified during Mr. Buckingham's tour. At the Scala, in Milan, a house about the same size and form as the Queen's Theatre, in London, the singer who deserved and obtained the most applause was a Miss Caterina Hayes, a young English actress; indeed, says Mr. Buckingham, amidst the mediocrity of beauty and talent, by which she was surrounded, she seemed the only one worth hearing or seeing. It was the same when our travellers visited the Opera at the San Carlo in Naples.

Mr. Buckingham gives an interesting account of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which we regret to be compelled to omit. The whole number of buildings that have been excavated up to the present time, in the latter town, are one hundred and twenty, of which nearly three fourths may be regarded as private and one fourth public edifices. "Enough, however, has been done to show the general style of elegance and refined taste which prevailed in the construction, arrangement, and decoration of the habitations of the people; and as the whole population were not likely, from the area of the city, to exceed twenty thousand persons, it may be said that there is no town of modern times, either in England, France, Germany, Italy, or any of the countries most advanced in civilization, that if they were overwhelmed to-morrow, would leave among their ruins one tenth part as much of elegance, in architecture, painting, sculpture, mosaics, and tasteful ornament, as is presented by this fragment of one fourth of a city of Greek and Roman settlers, remote from the great capital, even in its private buildings, only independently of the more splendid public edifices. We cannot leave Pompeii without giving the following card, industriously circulated by the landlord of the hotel referred to. In travelling we have often been amused with the English announcements at different hotels, but this, for absurdity, out-Herods every thing we ever remember to have seen. After giving the name and situation of his hotel, the landlord adds, "That hotel, open since a very few days, is renowned for the cleanness of the apartments and linen, for the exactness of the service, and for the excellence of the true French cookery. Being situated at proximity of that regeneration, it will be propitious to receive families whatever, which will desire to reside alternatively into that town, to visit the monuments new found, and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air. That établisiment will avoid to all the travellers, visitors of that sepulticity, and to the artists (willing to draw the antiquities) a great disorder, occasioned by the tardy and expensive contour of the door whay. People will find equally thither a complete sortment of stranger wines, and of the kingdom, hot and cold baths, stables and coach houses, the whole with very moderated prices.

"Now all the applications and endeavours of the host, will tend always to correspond to the tastes and desires of their customers, which will acquire without doubt to him, into that town, the reputation whom he is ambitious."

Arrived at Rome, Mr. Buckingham was indefatigable in exploring whatever remains were to be beheld. Descriptions similar to his, however, most of us have read. A full and interesting account is also given of art and artists, as they now exist at Rome. But we must pass them by. The papal states consist of nearly eighteen thousand square miles, and support a population of not quite three millions, though it is calculated that but a third part of the area is cultivated, and that very imperfectly! The revenue raised by direct taxes on land, heavy custom duties on imported goods, several monopolies of salt, tobacco, and alum, and by public lotteries, the profits of which are received by the state, realize about nine millions of scudi or dollars, making the taxation, therefore, three scudi, or fifteen shillings, English, per head of the population, per annum; a sum which would be regarded as very light in England, where we pay about fifty-two shillings per head per annum; but heavy in Austria, Russia, and Prussia, where they pay from ten to twelve shillings per head per annum. This sum is barely sufficient for the annual expenditure; so that, for many years past, there have been large additions to the public debt, the interest on which amounts to nearly three millions of scudi, or one third the whole of the expenditure. The reforms introduced by the present pope demand that something be said of him.

"Giovanni Maria Mastaï Ferreti, is the name of Pius the Ninth. He is of a good family, his father being the Count Mastaï Ferreti, of Sinagaglia, a small town within the papal dominions, near Ancona; and here he was born, in the year 1792. After passing his youth at school and college without any remarkable distinction, he wished to enter into the Guarde Nobile, the select body of troops that attend the person of the pope, and composed wholly of young persons of noble family. He was then about eighteen years of age, but having attracted the attention and won the affection of the then existing Pope Pius the Seventh, he was prevailed upon by him to change this resolution, and enter the church; a change which, according to some, was the more readily embraced, from a disappointment in love, occasioned by the death of a lady, to whom, at that early age, he had become strongly attached. Passing through the usual course of preparation, he entered on the duties of his sacred calling as a humble priest, and acquitted himself so well as to receive commendation on all sides. At length, he was selected by Pius the Seventh to go out with the apostolic mission to the churches in South America, of which the head quarters were at Chili. Here he remained some years, extending his knowledge of mankind, and his experience of the world, at the same time that he was discharging his clerical duties, which obliged him to travel over a large portion of the South American continent.

On his return to Rome, however, his friend and patron, Pius the Seventh, was no more, and had been succeeded by Leo the Twelfth; by whom he was granted a favourable reception, and placed at the head of the Hospital of St. Michael, one of the most extensive in his capitol. His next step was to the archbishopric of Spoleto, to which he was appointed, in 1827, by Leo the Twelfth. After this, the successor of this pontiff, the late Pope Gregory the Sixteenth, the immediate predecessor of Pius the Ninth, placed him, in 1832, at Immola; and was so entirely satisfied with his conduct in that diocese, that he elevated him to the dignity of a cardinal, in 1840.

At length, in June, 1846, the death of Pope Gregory the Sixteenth occasioned Cardinal Mastaï Ferreti to be summoned from Immola to Rome, with the rest of the cardinals, to proceed to the election of a new pontiff. After the obsequies of the deceased, which generally last nine days, during which the government is administered by the grand chamberlain, the election for the new pope commenced. The manner in which this is conducted, is as follows: all the cardinals who may attend the summons, and be in Rome at the time of the election, repair to the palace of the Vatican or the Quirinal, two of the principal papal residences; and these are placed, each in a separate chamber or cell, under strict injunctions not to communicate with each other, or with any of the community, till the election is completed. Each cardinal is then required to write on a card prepared for this purpose, the name of the individual for whom he desires to vote; the only qualification for the high office of the pontiff being, that he shall be an Italian by birth, and a cardinal in rank. They then repair, at certain hours, twice in the day, to the Holy Chapel, and there deposit, in urns, their balloting cards. The scrutineers are chosen by lot; and these examine the urns when all have voted. If two thirds of the whole number voting concur in their choice of any one man, the election is completed; but if a less number than this is in favour of any one individual, the ballot must be repeated day by day, until the requisite majority is obtained, and this has sometimes lasted for many days, from the difficulty of obtaining the requisite concurrence. In general, the representatives of France, Austria, Spain, and other catholic countries, do their best, as far as their influence may extend, to win over the cardinals, in the interval between the death of the pope and their being shut up in their voting cells, in favour of some particular candidate whom they know to be favourable to the interests of their nation. But in the present instance, either it was not done, or it was entirely unavailing.

On the 14th of June, the number of cardinals assembled in the Quirinal, to vote for the new pope, was fifty-one; and from the extreme uncertainty in the public mind, as to who was even likely to be elected, it was apprehended that a long period would elapse before the election would be completed. Some, indeed, knowing the strong feeling that prevailed among the people, as to the abuses in the reign of the late pope, began to fear a revolt, while the city was without a government; and, on all sides, fear prevailed over hope. The joy of the people was, therefore, intense, when the issuing of the smoke through one of the chimnies belonging to the apartment in which the balloting papers are burnt, as soon as the election is completed, announced to them this happy event, within a very few hours only after the proceedings had begun. The suffrages in favour of Cardinal Mastaï Ferreti, were such as to produce the requisite majority, in a shorter time than had ever before been known; and when the Cardinal Camerlango, or great chamberlain, appeared in the balcony to announce the name to the immense crowd assembled in the square called the Monte Cavallo, in front of the Quirinal Palace, their enthusiasm knew no bounds; for though the particular political opinions of the new pope appear neither to have been known to his brother cardinals nor to the people, he everywhere enjoyed the high reputation of a pious, just, charitable, and able man, in the full vigor of health, with an universal popularity for his acts of generosity and kindness to the poor, and without a spot or blemish on the morality of his private life. His elevation to the pontifical throne was, therefore, regarded at once as the commencement of a new era; and all thoughts of revolt or opposition were at once quelled, every one being willing to wait, in full hope and expectation of the benefits and improvements which they felt assured would soon follow. Nor were they disappointed. As soon as the religious ceremonies connected with his election were completed, the attention of the pope was almost immediately directed to an examination into the several departments of government, all of which were found in a state of great disorder and confusion, and none more so than that of the finances. The abuses of the church and the courts of justice were found to be intolerable; and any man not gifted with firmness and courage, as well as virtue, would have shrunk from the task of reforming them, as one beyond the ordinary power of man to accomplish. Not so, however, with Pius the Ninth. He began at once, within a week after his elevation, to arrest the most prominent of these abuses, and scarcely passed a day without applying some purifying act to some existing evil."

Many anecdotes are told, illustrative of the personal espionage practised by the new pope. Mr. Buckingham gives two, which we quote. "It having been reported to the pope that a certain abbot, the head of a convent in the Travastere, within the precincts of St. Peter's, was very irregular in his conduct, staying out late at night, and coming home frequently intoxicated, the pope himself repaired thither, after sunset, habituated as an ordinary ecclesiastic, and rung the bell for admittance. The porter came to the gate, and demanded from within the name and business of the visitor; to which it was replied, that a priest who wished to see the abbot, demanded admittance. The reply was, that the abbot was absent, and had left strict orders that no strangers should be allowed to enter. "I could not, therefore," said the porter, "grant admission to you, even were you the pope himself!" "We shall see, then," replied the pontiff, "for I happen to be the holy father, in whose name, therefore, I command you to open the gate." The porter, overwhelmed with confusion, and not without apprehension for his own fate, tremblingly unlocked the door, and his holiness was admitted. He then requested a chair near the porter's station, and determined to await in person the abbot's return. Hour passed after hour without his arrival, till at length midnight came, but no abbot had returned, yet in Rome almost every one is in bed by ten o'clock. He then asked the porter whether the abbot had any means of letting himself in, and was told that he did this by a latch-key. The pope then desired the latch to be so fastened down that it could not be opened by the key, and bade the porter remain silent when his master arrived. At length the abbot came, and not suspecting any difficulty, he began to unlock the gate as he supposed, but, for the first time in his experience, the latch remained immoveable. Being immediately excited, and greatly vexed at this unexpected impediment, he began to call for the porter, who remained perfectly mute. The abbot tried the key again, but still failing, he poured out a volley of oaths and imprecations on the key, the latch, the gate, and the porter, in turns, till he was exhausted with his own exertions. At this moment the pope removed the obstacle, opened the gate, and welcomed the abbot to his convent. As the person of the holy father was sufficiently known to the abbot to enable him to recognize it, he was even more confounded than the porter, and fell on his knees to ask forgiveness. He was asked where he had been, to which he replied, to administer consolation to a sick lady; but from its being his practice to be out thus late every night, to come home highly elevated with wine as he now was, and to be in the dress of an ordinary citizen, and not in that of an ecclesiastic, no reliance was placed on his statement. It was well known, indeed, that his nocturnal visits were to ladies, but they were not sick ones; nor was the object of his visit to administer spiritual consolation. He was, therefore, speedily removed from his trust, and sent to rusticate in a remote rural parish." This little incident, when known, of course produced a most beneficial effect. Frail ecclesiastics endeavoured to put their houses in order, to assume, at any rate, the appearance of virtue. Another anecdote Mr. Buckingham tells, is as follows:—

"The provisioning the troops was a monopoly enjoyed by one of the cardinals, who received a certain annual sum, for which he contracted to furnish the usual allowance of provisions to the soldiers, and any profit resulting from this was his own. It came to the pope's ears, that the bread issued to the troops was of so inferior a quality, and generally so stale and unpalatable when supplied, that it was more frequently rejected than consumed by the troops, who bought other bread out of their very limited pay, and threw this to the dogs. The pope sent for some of this bread from the barracks, and finding it to correspond with the description given to him, he sent an invitation for the cardinal to breakfast with him on the following morning, taking care to have several other cardinals to meet him. When the breakfast table was laid, instead of the fine white fresh bread with which the papal table was usually supplied, there was nothing but this hard, dark, stale, and wretched bread issued to the troops, which was placed beside each of the guests. The guilty cardinal soon began to divine the meaning of this device, and turn pale with fear, when, in the presence of all his colleagues, the pope asked the cardinal commissary whether he thought it was safe and prudent—to say nothing of its injustice—to attempt to feed with bread, hardly fit for dogs, the soldiers, on whose fidelity the government relied for protection, while they were thus furnished with such provisions as might certainly excuse, if not almost justify, their attempt to revolt. The cardinal stood self-convicted; and he, too, was removed from his office, and sent to a distant and obscure place, there to reflect on his misdeeds and form resolutions for a more upright life. In this instance, as in the former, it was believed that the knowledge of such conduct on the part of the pope, would not only endear him to all the lovers of justice, but would make evil-doers tremble for their fate, and lead to the silent reform of a great many abuses, to avoid such detection and punishment as these."

Already the pope has effected much. The expenditure of the papal household has been reduced. He abolished the monopoly of salt; he was the first pontiff who permitted the Jews equally to share with the Christians, in the dispensation of public charity at Rome. He released some thousands of prisoners, who were shut up in the dungeons of Civita Vecchia and Bologna, for their political opinions alone. He purified the tribunals of justice; he favoured the establishment of liberal and independent journals; he encouraged the holding of lectures and scientific congresses in the different cities of Italy; he granted concessions, or licences, for railways to which his predecessor was obstinately opposed; and, in short, wherever the opportunity presented itself, he appears to have omitted no occasion to show his sincere desire to reform the institutions, correct the abuses, and elevate the condition of the people. It were well if other institutions had placed at their head, men actuated by a similar spirit. Mr. Buckingham had an interview with Pius the Ninth, which we extract:—

"We found the pope at his palace of the Quirinal at the hour appointed, six in the evening; and the secretaries, interpreters, and servants, having been directed to withdraw, we enjoyed the pleasure of the freest and most unrestrained intercourse with this estimable man. In person he may be pronounced handsome for his age, which was fifty-four at the period of this interview; of erect figure, good height, pleasing features, the ruddy complexion of health, and a mildness and benignity in the expression of the mouth, and the tone of the voice, calculated to make the most favourable impression. The conversation was very general, embracing the politics of Europe, the antiquities of Rome; the influence of the scientific congresses of Italy, and a comparison of them with the meetings of the British Association for the promotion of science in England; the leading men in each department of literary and political life in London; the pope's travels in South America, and his impressions of the magnificent mountains and rivers of that splendid region; my own travels in Palestine, with which he was familiar from the interest he felt in that sacred land; the wonderful diversity in the complexions, languages, and customs of nations, compared with the uniformity of their physical structure, their mental faculties, and the similarity of the objects of their desire and hope; the wonderful progress of the United States of North America, and the constant spread of the Roman Catholic faith over that continent, by the emigration from Ireland and Germany; and many other topics of a kindred kind. It would, of course, be regarded as a betrayal of confidence, and a violation of hospitality, to mention the pope's particular views on any of these subjects; but this at least may be said with safety, as well as truth, that extensive as my personal intercourse has been with men eminent in station, in many different countries, I could not remember one in which there appeared to me more happily blended, extensive general intelligence, great penetration, sound judgment, and overflowing benevolence, than in Pope Pius the Ninth, from whose presence we all retired with the most favourable impressions, and fervent wishes for his long life, to complete the beneficial changes which he desires to accomplish."

But want of space compels us to stop. From Rome our travellers proceeded to Florence, Venice, the Tyrol, Munich, and then returned to Paris. Mr. Buckingham has published a work calculated to instruct and amuse. He is a faithful narrator, and a judicious commentator. Men and manners abroad teach him political and moral lessons; he is eager to impart and give to his volumes an additional value. Few men have travelled so much, or to such good purpose, as our author.

JERUSALEM.

"The eternal sun can never rise without gilding the towers of living Jerusalem."

JERUSALEM! at thy name all hearts are thrilled, at thy fate all must be moved. The mind beholds thee with Fancy's eye, the proud city of the east, the abode of wealth, magnificence, and power, the throne of splendour, the concentralism of earth's highest glory and most gorgeous gems, and next the beloved of heaven, the favoured of the Almighty, the sanctuary of the Highest, the temple of the living God; the land of prophets, saints, martyrs; yea, even the birthplace of our Saviour. Thou blessed amid the nations, thou chosen of heaven, wert the first to behold that rising Sun which hereafter shed his beams o'er all the kingdoms of the world. In thy sanctified walls did the Prince of Peace first teach his holy word, and spread the glad tidings of the gospel. But now how changed and desolate has all become! the city a desert, the citizens a scorn! The persecuted and unfortunate victims of bigotry and oppression, have been forced to bear the tyranny of enthroned monarchs and the contumely of lowest serfs. To be a Jew has been a bye-word and a curse throughout centuries of injustice and hatred; but they have kept their place in creation, scattered in various nations during revolving ages. Still it does not palliate such disgraceful bearing towards them, rather it increases the crime. If so unoffending, so great and noble, why assail? wherefore persecute? Should the difference of creed betoken a change of the Christian code of love, and law of mercy? On the eve of our blessed nativity, when angelic harps in concert rose to heaven in tuneful strains, what melody was sung on high! what anthem reverberated o'er creation, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men!" And was it to celebrate this festival, that wars and tumults have shaken the kingdoms of this world to their foundation? was it to carry out the Divine inculcation, that the Hebrews have been burned by the fires of the Inquisition, and tortured by every means devised by inhuman cruelty? Outlaws of pagan nations, abettors of savage conduct, prove that you have Christian feelings ere you proudly question theirs; and as we stand before that city "which Assyrian monarchs came down to besiege," does no thought of the promise yet to come thrill our hearts and awaken our attention, when the remnants of the hosts of Judah shall take root downwards and bear fruit upwards, when the lost tribes of the house of Israel shall be found, and brought again to their vines and fig-trees, to their heritage in the land of Canaan, when "the kingdoms of this world shall be the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ?" Yet, in the twilight of time, is this mighty manifestation of Divine mercy and sublime splendour.

But faith which looks for the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, looks, also, for the day decreed before all time, whose blessed fulfilment shall be ratified ere time shall be no more. To that day then trust, O Children of Israel, O Jews, of many sorrows. It shall be your balm of Gilead, your manna in the wilderness, a refuge set apart for the chosen of Jehovah, a rest that remaineth for the people of God. Then the trials of time will be over, and the endurance of earth ended. And, pilgrim at the sepulchre, there is yet another Jerusalem on high, far in the beatific regions of immortal day, in the sanctified loveliness of celestial spheres. In the beauty of primeval excellence, in the lustre of concentrated splendour, in the radiance of dazzling sunbeams, in the temple of the highest glory, rises that city of pure gold as it were transparent glass, the walls of sapphire, and the gates of pearl. Now it is a sealed book to all in this mortal hemisphere, in this vale of tears, but when the days of the years of the statutes are fulfilled, when the particles of time shall be swelled into the aggregate of eternity, then shall the call be given, the summons be issued.

Then the archangel shall stand, one foot on sea, and one on land. In his hand shall wave the trumpet, at whose awful sound the earth shall disclose her graves, and the ocean deliver up its dead. At whose echoes creation shall be renewed, and the myriads of corrupt clay shall burn with living light.

Then, when summoned to the bar on high, there bursts on our enraptured sight the holy city, to which, through inspired eyes, has the vision of the great and glorious been directed, for which the lips of Isaiah were touched with heavenly fire, for which tuned his lyre the sweet singer of Israel, in which are assembled a glorious company of apostles, a goodly fellowship of prophets, and a noble army of martyrs, round whose portals are ranged the winged cherubs of light, at whose threshold attend saints and seraphs for ever. What strains of tuneful rapture shall resound, what anthems of rejoicing melody shall mingle with the glorious songs that the countless hosts of the redeemed shall cause to reverberate round the throne of the mighty king! "And the ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain peace and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away for ever."

If such the mighty mysteries connected with this sainted city, let us look in veneration at its earthly type and shadow, and view, in Jerusalem militant below, the symbol and earnest of Jerusalem triumphant above, and treat its children with that profundity of respect, and depth of interest, which is meet for those who are heirs of a glorious promise, partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Then may we experience, that blessed are the peacemakers, amid this strife of earth, and hereafter share the blessedness of the merciful, throughout the calm of countless ages in heaven. Jerusalem, we leave thee! but, as we take a last glance at thy sacred towers, over which the Prince of Peace arose with healing on his wings, it is with firm trust and blessed assurance of the dawn of that Sun of Righteousness, which the Lord has promised, in the fulness of time, shall be manifested before the face of all men, to be a light to lighten his holy city, to be the glory of his people Israel.

THE SENATOR'S WIFE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Her books lie unopened, unheeded before her,
  Her birds are neglected, untended her flowers,
Fair, gentle, and gifted, what cloud has come o'er her,
  What trouble disturbs the smooth course of her hours?
Oh! not for herself are her sighs and her sorrow,
  She hears daily rumours of faction and strife,
And fears for the many, and doubts of the morrow,
  Invade the calm mind of the senator's wife.

She pictures increasing, unchecked agitations,
  She dwells upon kingdoms assailed and o'erthrown,
These ills have descended on neighbouring nations,
  How soon may their influence reach to our own!

Must England, indeed, be despoiled of her glory,
  And torn by domestic division and strife?
Must the land become pitied and censured in story,
  So dear to the heart of the senator's wife?

The loved one possessing her tender affection,
  Holds place with the wise and the good, who exert
The powers of their mind for a nation's protection,
  To keep it from error, and shield it from hurt.
The senator, active, unselfish, unfearful,
  Devotes to his country time, labour, and life;—
But only by sympathy silent and tearful,
  Can the zeal be evinced of the senator's wife!

Time passes, her loved one is still at a distance,
  How best can she lighten the load of her care?
She turns to the only true source of assistance,
  She sinks on her knees, and is fervent in prayer;
The rich and the poor in her words are united,
  She would shelter them all from the evils of life,
None, none are forgotten, uncared for, or slighted,
  In the deep, earnest prayer of the senator's wife.

Oh! deem not such suppliant prayers unavailing,
  New dangers are hourly besetting our way;
When the courage and strength of the mighty are failing,
  Let them turn to the feeble, who tremble and pray:
And the rainbow of peace may arise o'er the waters,
  And England may weather the tempest of strife,
While her courts and her cottages triumph in daughters,
  Pure, pious, and true, as the senator's wife.

TO HELEN.

My beautiful, my beautiful, oh! would that I could be
A guardian spirit of the air, to hover over thee,
To catch thine eyes' celestial fire, thy red lips' sunny smile,
To feel myself as if borne up in Paradise the while.

Thine eyes' soft light, to me more bright than morning's fairer beams,
Floats o'er my soul midst daily toil, and night's more tranquil dreams;
And still my spirit burns, and still my blood runs high,
As if I yet could hear thy voice—as if thou still wert nigh.

It may be that our paths through life may wander far apart,
Thy gentle voice and love may glad another's happy heart;
And real life may bring to me its trouble and its pain,
And the hand I seek to call my own, I ne'er may clasp again.

And yet for thee, most earnestly, I e'en would breathe the prayer,
That heaven would shield thy pilgrimage, and bless thee everywhere;
That through life's chequer'd April day—its sunshine and its show'rs,—
Smiles still may play upon thy cheek—still at thy feet be flowers.

All that thy young heart seeks, e'en would I wish for thee,
Affection's fairest gifts in peace and purity;
That thus thine heart with sorrow may never broken lie,
Like some pale flower torn from its stem, and lost all witheringly.

Live on and love, for life is short, and hastens as a dream,
Be still what thou hast been to me, a bright celestial beam;
And still for thee my prayers shall rise, in words I may not tell,
And still my heart will bless thee—my beautiful, farewell.

J. Ewing Ritchie.

LITERATURE.

NEW POEMS.

Pharaoh: A Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. Samuel Spink. Reprinted from the Metropolitan Magazine. London: Kent and Richards.

Adrian: A Tragedy in Five Acts. London: Bosworth, Regent Street.

Hours of Recreation; a Collection of Poems written at the Age of Twenty-one. By Charles S. Middleton. London: John Russell Smith, 4, Old Compton Street, Soho Square.

No heavier burden can fall to the lot of man, than the task of reviewing the thousand poems that are, even in these dull times, issuing from the press. If we have but few poets, it may be said of the pretenders to that honoured name, that they are Legion. Poems, truly called such, are rare as angels' visits are said to be, for few angels have come to us, and we cannot speak with authority, but books professing to be poems are thick as—

> "Autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa."

Of such every publisher's ware-rooms are full; of such, pastry-cooks and trunk-makers know well the use. This is an evil under the sun, of which we have long complained, but which appears as incorrigible as ever; not that, however, it has not its advantages. It certainly is good for trade; it employs paper-makers and printers, and it gives us, of the ungentle craft, as Southey termed reviewing, a most delightful opportunity of showing our wonderful superiority to the unfortunate upon whom we sit in judgment. It is not, however, for any such purpose, that we invite the attention of the reader to the works whose titles are prefixed to this article. They are all of them such as, for one reason or another, we would commend.

The first on our list is "PHARAOH," with which the readers of the "Metropolitan" are already acquainted. We are glad to see it reprinted, as its beauties render it worthy of extensive circulation. Of sacred dramas, we have but few in our language; and, with the exception of Milman's, but few of them have any claim to popularity. In his attempt, our author has admirably succeeded, and "Pharaoh: A Dramatic Poem," has our warmest praise. Instead of giving extracts from it—a course perfectly unnecessary, since it has recently appeared in our pages—we will let our author explain himself:—

"The Scripture history has been closely adhered to, and where recourse has been had to invention, and imaginary characters are introduced, they are not suffered in any degree to interfere with the known facts of the sacred narrative.

"The character of Pharoah is given at considerable length in the book of Exodus. But many of the incidents which serve to fill up the scriptural sketch, are taken from the life of Ali Pacha, an eastern despot, in many respects resembling the ancient Pharaoh.

"I have supposed that the following events took place during the dynasty of the shepherd kings, which supposition is countenanced by a passage of Manetho, preserved by Josephus. Mr. Cory, in his preface to his 'Ancient Fragments,' says 'by a comparison of the fragment with the Mosaic account, and some passages relative to the same transactions in Diodorus, Herodotus, and Tacitus, Mr. Faber has extracted the following particulars:—That the native Egyptians and Israelites were equally oppressed under their sway; that the pyramids were constructed by the joint labours of the conquered, at the command of Cheops, one of the shepherd kings; and that the exodus of the Israelites, and the destruction of the shepherd's power, were affected at the same time by the passage of the Red Sea.'

"A few anachronisms may be discovered in the sentiments, which may appear somewhat too Christian for the age and circumstances of the characters. But, as the instances are not many, and as the patriarchs may be supposed, under the influence of inspiration, to have seen more of the day and the kingdom of Christ than is commonly imagined, these apparent and slight inconsistencies will perhaps not need much apology.

"In one case there is a seeming deviation from the Mosaic account. Aaron is represented as being the orator, because Moses was slow of speech. Whether this infirmity were lessened by practice in speaking, or whether afterwards, Moses spoke in a moment of excitement, it is certain that the distinction is not strictly attended to even in scripture. For Moses is represented as the principal person, and the expression 'Moses said,' continually occurs. In making Moses, therefore, the speaker, I have done no more than the divine narrative has done. Besides, there would have been great awkwardness in the introduction of Moses as a mute personage, while Aaron uttered the speeches; and in the drama, Moses would have appeared a person of no importance.

"I have aimed at a simpler form of poetry than that which is popular in the present age, from a conviction that our modern poetry, however beautiful, is unnatural. The inflated diction, exaggerated ornament, and the affectation of sentiment, to be found in many of our most admired authors, are as far removed from nature as the quaintnesses of Waller and Cowley.

"The great authors of every age and country have been remarkable for their simplicity. If I have been able to imitate them in nothing else, I have at least tried to copy their plainness of thought and perspicuity of language. It may appear trivial to remark, that 'Rameses' has been used in the poem, both as the name of a man, and the name of a city. As the name of a man, I have, according to general usage, pronounced it Ramēses; but as the name of a city, according to the Hebrew punctuation, Ramĕses."

Having thus given what may be looked upon as an essential introduction, which was required, from the fact of the whole poem having originally appeared in our pages, we pass on to—

"ADRIAN: A Tragedy in Five Acts." A drama, printed for the fancy fair, held last June, for the Governesses' Benevolent Institution. A fact which would disarm criticism, even were we inclined to be severe. The passion on which the play turns is, jealousy. Adrian suspects the honour of his wife; in time, her complete innocence is established, and he discovers that a false friend, Paolo Manri, has made him a dupe. We do not understand, however, why Francesca should die at the very moment of her vindication. The following speech, made by the prince, the supposed destroyer of Francesca's honour, will afford a favourable specimen of the author's style.

THE PRINCE TO ADRIAN.

"Signor, did I wish to summon
An hundred hands to bind you, it were done,
So hear me patiently. Before this crowd
Assembled here to hearken to a charge,
I need not echo to them, for its purport
Has doubtless been, ere this, digested well,
Before this crowd you trembled to address,
I, the supposed offender, now declare
Your wife is innocent Proof if you need it—
Ask of your home and happiness, when yet
No doubt obscured them; tis not far to look
Into the past to bring the scene before you;
Ask of the brow of virtue so serene,
That vice must lose all power in contemplation.
Look on the earth where wanders erring man,
Thoughtless in pleasure, heedless in pursuit
Of pastime! but one glance for heaven too!

And think those rays of light which beam from thence
On this vain wanderer, may, in some bright moment,
Shed o'er his clay cold temple's warm repentance,
In such a halo, that his heart will wake
Beneath the magic influence, and check
Haply the thought of crime! Signor, I mean it,—
Your wife is innocent.'

ADRIAN TO FRANCESCA, AFTER A PAUSE.

"What did you think me,
When in the seeming soft and sober mood—
Complacent, smiling with the best behaviour—
With a cold eye regarding each warm glance
Another lavished on my wife—sincere?
The tongue-tied man may have a heart to speak
Amid the silence; but the bye-standers
Suppose it dumb—and thus it was with mine—
It spoke—my heart spoke—most audibly to him
Whose breast contained it; and its words ensured
A consequence which circumstances rendered
Most fortunate and wonderfully fitting
To pauper outcasts like ourselves—no, no,
Never attempt to circulate this libel
On world-observing husbands—that they live
As blind to what of love they lose, as are
The lovers whose whole sentiment is blind,
In hinting such an error."

"Adrian" is dedicated to Mr. Vandenhoff, a guarantee, in some degree, of its dramatic merit. The last volume on our list is entitled—

"HOURS OF RECREATION. A Collection of Poems written at the Age of Twenty-one." Mr. Middleton shall speak for himself. "My object in publishing is not so much a struggle for distinction, as it is a struggle to raise myself something above the position I now occupy. I am desirous of seeking out the means of gaining a livelihood, by something which shall not exact the labour of my hands; moreover, a continuation of ill-health renders it absolutely necessary that I should seek out some occupation which will allow me more leisure for exercise and recreation, ere the baneful influence of sickness become too deeply rooted into my constitution, ever to be removed. If I am undeserving, or if I meet not with encouragement, such, I fear, will be the result; but I trust, that if there is anything in this volume which should entitle me to its esteem, an enlightened public will not fail to find it out, and to proffer the hand of encouragement to its author." Mr. Middleton's poetry is of a pleasing order, and we trust his little volume may answer the ends for which it was published.

SWISSIANA.

CHAPTER IV.*

Lake Leman.

Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes geminique minantur
In cælum scopuli; quorum sub vertice latè
Æquora tuta silent: tum sylvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.
Fronte sub adversa, scopulis pendentibus antrum:
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;
Nympharum domus."—ÆNEID.

My friend had scarcely ended his story, when a light knock was heard at the chamber door, which was immediately opened from without, and a grey head became visible. This being followed by the remainder of the body, which seated itself upon a chair, I found myself in the presence of a short, stout, man of about five and forty. He had a profusion of hair, though it was grey; his features were well formed excepting the mouth, the lips being thick and the chin small, and his body was ill proportioned to the length of his legs, which were remarkably thick and short. He had a good-humoured cast of countenance, and wore—I never shall forget—an extremely long tail-coat of snuff-colour, reaching almost to his heels. These, indeed, were often brushed when he walked slowly in the street, as he then threw out his chest and back his head, gazing at the chimney pots with an air of vast importance, like most diminutive people. He bowed and apolgized for his intrusion, the reason of which he was going to explain, when Joseph interrupted him by introducing us:—"Monsieur Lot, Monsieur Hippolyte Lot, my confrère, baisse-taille of the theatre of Geneva."

As his communication to Long was of a professional nature, I shall not hesitate to give it here. It appeared, that M. Lot had just come from the theatre, where he had been playing the

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* Continued from page 22, vol. liii.

Archbishop of Canterbury in Dumas' "Catherine Howard." Madame Bordier, who besides being the tragic actress, was also the prima donna, had actually fainted, in the cottage scene where Ethelwood gives her the sleeping draught, and the physician being sent for had declared that it would endanger her life were the performance to continue, and that she would require repose for a few days at the least. Owing to which, M. Lot was here to state, the appearance of the celebrated tenor Guiseppe Lungo, from the theatres La Scala, Verona, &c., would necessarily be postponed, and begging, in the manager's name, the compliance of that individual with this arrangement, which was readily obtained.

I determined to profit by the presence of two such singers and therefore asked the new comer in the first place to oblige me with a little music; he looked so good natured that I felt sure he would not refuse me. Nor did he. Sitting down at the piano, he gave a prelude of some length, which was remarkably brilliant, but really more showy than difficult. It was new to me, so I was about to inqure whose it was, when M. Lot anticipating called out, still preluding:—

"Aloys Schmidt!"

"What have we here, Signor Lungo?" said he when finished, turning over some music which lay upon the piano. "The *Chalet?* then you have been practising your part?"

"I have," replied Joseph, "I never sang a note of that opera before I came here, and I am yet but ill acquainted with it. While regretting the indisposition of the prima donna, for her own sake, I cannot but rejoice for mine that the opera is postponed. Had I appeared to-morrow night, I feel I should scarcely have sustained my reputation. Have you any objection to try it over with me?"

I put in a word here to express the delight such a concert would give me, and they began the opera at once. M. Lot was to sing the part of *Max*, the villain of the piece; Joseph was to appear as *Daniel*, the lover, for his *débût;* Madame Bordier, the lady who had been taken ill while performing "Catherine Howard," *Betty*, the heroine.

The *Chalet* is an opera buffa in one act, the music by Adolphe Adam, the libretto by—Scribe *of course.* It is a perfect gem, in its way, full of light, sparkling music from begining to end, and it has long been a deserved favourite, especially at Geneva, where perhaps the *prestige* of the libretto being founded on Swiss character and scenes, may have an influence. M. Lot presided—in the language of Exeter Hall—at the piano-forte, while Joseph took up his violin and accompanied him through the pretty quadrille overture as an introduction. The instrument was also found useful in the trios, as, in the absence of the prima donna, he was enabled therewith to fill up the chord. As for me, I assumed the critic, and, lolling on the sofa, I applauded with the discretion due to my assumption.

Joseph Long has the first song in the opera, namely, " O bonheur extrême," in the key of D, which afterwards changes to that of G, when he has to rest upon B, while the accompaniment consists of triplets at the words, "que tout le village, &c." Here I had an opportunity of judging of his voice. He did not make use of the *falsetto*. It was a fine chest note, easy and sonorous. I could not resist a smile at the action of M. Lot when his song arrived. It is in the beautiful Key of E flat, and the recitative—

" Arrêtons nous ici, l'aspect de ces montagnes
D'ivresse at de plaisir fait tressaillir mon cœur ;
Un instant de repos dans ces vertes campagnes,
Nous rendra sur-le-champ notre premiere ardeur"—

commencing with a pause, without accompaniment in accordance with the words, allowed the quality of his organ to be tested. It was not a good one, being harsh and worn, although M. Lot managed it with dexterity.

As "the night was waning apace," only the principal songs were executed; except in one instance, a chorus, which M. Lot very significantly proposed as a finale. It is in the Key of F, and the words run :—

'Du vin, du rhum, et puis du rac,
C'a fait du bien a l'estomac."

Joseph Long took the hint, and supper was ordered ; during which meal I made arrangements with my two friends for an excursion round the lake the day following, after which I departed, Monsieur Lot accompanying me to the hotel, where he left me.

The following morning found Mr. Long, M. Lot, and myself on board the steamer *Helvétie*, in company with several other passengers, whom from their mien I took to be tourists like myself. Joseph had never been on the lake before, nor had I; so it was with no small disappointment that we found the weather dull and foggy. The water, instead of that clearness for which it is so celebrated, seemed to partake of the nature of the sky, for it was thick and like a blue jelly. It was one of those mornings when all is so still that you can scarcely hear a breath or sound about you, and when a feeling of languor communicates itself to the whole creation. The mountains on both sides of us, as we proceeded up the lake, were hardly discernible, a mere outline of the nearest alone reminding one of their proximity, and even that was often mistaken for the clouds which floated about. We breakfasted the instant we got on board and when we arose from the table to mount upon deck, Geneva was already lost from sight, enveloped in the mist.

"This," said M. Lot to me, "must remind you of home; it is what we call a *brouillard anglais*.

As the *Helvétie* paddled on, however, the fog gradully dissipated itself, curling at first up the sides of the mountains, and rolling back southwards among the Alps, which it invested with a crown for the remainder of the day. The Jura chain was plainly visible, as the steamer stopped at Coligny, a village on the northern bank, to receive a rowing-boat full of pasengers. M. Lot here pointed out Coppet, the residence of Madame de Stael, and a great rush was made by all the tourists to his side of the vessel, each one pulling out his note-book or "Murray," either to mark down its general appearance, or to read the life of the authoress of "Delphine," in the last named rosy-faced itinerary. There were two gentlemen, in particular, among them, who arrested my attention. A glance told me they were fellow-countrymen, and I had soon an opportunity of testing this orally, as one of them addressed himself in French to M. Lot regarding the names of the villages, as we passed. That gentleman was quite communicative after this, and pointed out every spot with the greatest care; and whether it was the recollection that he had been playing the "Archbishop of Canterbury," the night before, or not, I cannot say, but he was particularly attentive to the two Englishmen. From this cause I joined in the conversation, and I found the two strangers no bad representatives of their country. I mean not in that supercilious demeanour so common among those of us who travel, but in dignity and enlightenment. The eldest might have been about thirty, the other ten years younger. The former was tall, inclined to corpulency, and browned in the face, with somewhat severe features; the latter was also tall, slender, and altogether a very good specimen of a "young English gentleman." Both were loosely dressed, both wore felt hats in a brigand-like form, and thick shoes and brown gaiters. Evidently they were brothers, and on exchanging cards I found this verified. They informed me that they purposed making the tour of Switzerland on foot; and, on my inquiring if they were to set out by way of Villeneuve, they replied negatively, that they were at present merely making "*le tour du lac*," and would return to Geneva in a few days, when they intended to start by way of Chamounix. I told them that such were my intentions, and, after a little skirmishing of speech, we found ourselves of a mind to undertake that part of the journey together. The day and hour were fixed, and noted down in our respective pocket books.

After stopping at Nyon, which I regarded as an old acquaintance, we took a slight turn to the right, following the bend of the lake, and keeping more out "to sea." Rolle, St. Pré, Morges, were thus passed, and at length an eminence a little retired from the banks, and studded with houses, spires, and avenues, came in sight. It was Lausanne.

"The last time I was at Lausanne," said M. Lot, "I sang at a concert where Mendelssohn was present."

"Indeed," said I. "I was not before aware that the illustrious man had ever been in Switzerland."

"Yes, he made a tour on foot last year: that is to say, amongst the Bernese Alps and in this Canton. The concert was fixed, at any rate, and, as he happened to visit Lausanne, of course the direction seized the opportunity of engaging the services of so celebrated a composer."

"The greatest living musician," * added Mr. Long.

"I am glad to hear you say so," continued M. Lot. "Coming from one like you, who have been brought up in the Italian school, such a speech is doubly valuable."

"You would be delighted with his organ-playing?" inquired I.

"Unfortunately, we had not an opportunity of hearing it. He was asked to improvise on the piano, but, as it was in a cathedral, he declined. However, I heard him do so at a private concert afterwards. I was truly delighted. It awakened within me all I have heard of Mozart, Handel, and Hadyn, in that wonderful gift."

"As the concert was in the cathedral, of course the music would be sacred," said Mr. Long.

"Yes. It partook more of the nature of a festival, and continued two days. The first was devoted to your great countryman's "Stabat Mater," the second to Mendelssohn's "Saint Paul." All the musical talent in Switzerland was then assembled. Mengis among the rest."

"Mengis! and who is Mengis?" said I.

"The pride of Switzerland, the prince of tenors; at least, he will soon become so. Though as yet but little known, his fame will one day spread wherever the opera is known in Europe. He is a son of the celebrated Doctor Mengis of Loüesche-les-Bains. He studied medicine, with the intention of following that profession, but, gifted by nature with a voice and talent for music, sufficient, Orpheus-like, to charm even the stern

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* Since the above remarks, Mendelssohn is deceased.

and wild rocks of his birth-place into softness, he renounced the balsams and leeches for "the power of sound," and henceforth applied himself with assiduity to the cultivation of his voice under good masters. He is still very young; he is fair, and has a fine chest, showing great muscular powers. To the beauty of talent he adds the beauty of person. Some people already compare him to Moriani; and, to judge from the applauses Mendelssohn bestowed upon him, he may one day hope to rival Rubini himself. He was invited to the 'Conservatoire' at Paris, and, I believe, accepted of the engagement, but lately I have lost sight of him." *

Here several of the passengers left us, among others my new acquaintances, the two Englishmen. On the *Helvétie* paddled again; and soon the birth-place of the author of "Lucrèce," and the retreat of Gibbon, was out of sight, giving place to the four "Y's"—Pully, Lutry, Cully and Vevay, at the latter of which we halted. A little boat came along side, and M. Lot, Mr. Long, and myself, among others, were received into the arms of the "bateliers vaudois," who speedily landed us in their native canton.

The first part of Vevay which we traversed, was one extensive square, studded at the sides with rows of trees, and open in the centre, like a common. At our left, was a large building with towers in the gothic style, quite free of ornament, the name and use of which were told me. At our right, was the principal street, leading a little way farther down, on the same side, to the "Hotel de la Couronne"—one celebrated to all English tourists as possessing the best of fare, the cleanest of accommodation, and the finest of views and situation, of all which delights M. Mounier is the intelligent proprietor. At the head of the square is a protestant church, built in the clumsiest fashion, and adorned with a clock; upon a hill at the back, perhaps half a mile outside the town, is another place of worship, of far neater architecture. Opposite to the latter, and at the north-west, rises a lofty hill, mountain it might be called, were it not for the Jura in its rear, at the base of which are scattered several villas, and a row of buildings of great extent. As I did not visit any of these, and as this description is from quite a passing view of Vevay, details of their names, use; details of the antiquities of the town; of its museum; of its churches, etc., must be passed over: all the writer's knowledge of these being derived from his "Murray," to which excellent guide the reader has equal access. Much should I have wished to spend a few days in Vevay, but I had made my arrangements otherwise, and all I could spare were a few hours, having to return to Geneva by the steamer in the afternoon. To make the most of our time, then, we hailed a coach, into which jumped M. Lot, Mr. Long, and myself, and off we drove towards Chillon.

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* Perhaps some of my readers, acquainted with the operatic affairs of the French capital during the last two years, may be able to test the accuracy of Monsieur Lot's commendation regarding the talent of his young countryman; for myself, I have never since heard of M. Mengis.

It is a lovely road skirting the lake on the right, and the foot of almost perpendicular mountains on the left side. On the former it is divided from the waters by a stone wall almost as high as your waist, so as not to shut out the view; on the latter it is shaded by trees. This renders it so narrow that when you meet another vehicle both have to go slowly, and you seldom pass without a salutation of wheels. Before us was the *Helvétie*, steaming up to Villeneuve, which she reached long before we reached Chillon, and where she dropt her anchor. The day was much against our appreciating the scenery around us. The magnificent "Dent du Jaman," of which I had heard and anticipated so much, was completely enveloped in clouds, as were all its surrounding alps; and instead of becoming thinner as the morning advanced, the mists seemed more tenacious of their ground, while a drizzling rain assured us that they were in earnest. We were, therefore, glad to descend from the carriage and enter the portal of that frowning fortress, not as prisoners of men, but as prisoners of the elements. The *concierge* welcomed us, with smiles, into a neat parlour, from the walls of which were suspended the portraits of Bonnivard, and a man with long hair, collars *au matelot*, vermilion eyes, and a club foot, whom an inscription beneath denominated *Noel Byron*. Monsieur Lot saw me staring (and well I might!) at this daub; so coming up, he said:—

"Great man, le Lord Byron. Not appreciated in his own country, though, only abroad. I have seen him, and that picture is very like."

"The original, so proud of his looks, would have been little flattered by such a comparison," thought I.

We now followed the *concierge* across the court, and entered the more ancient part of the fortress, which our guide informed us was built at the time of the Crusades, namely A. D. 1250, by the house of Savoy. That the walls were—I forget how many—feet thick, which interesting piece of information he accompanied with a knock of his cane against the masonry in question. I asked the depth of the lake immediately around, but this he, like a true *cicerone* taken out of his course, was not prepared to answer. "It was not i' the bond."

We now descended a flight of steps, " worn by the shoe-leather of ages," and entered a clammy dungeon, upon a pillar of which was inscribed " Byron," surrounded by a host of initials of all people and countries, but more especially of our own, the English being remarkable sculptors in this respect.

" *Voici une oubliette,*" said the *concierge,* pointing to a deep hole at the extremity of the dungeon. " It was down there that the miserable prisoners were cast."

M. Lot peered down, gave a humph! and shrugged up his shoulders; then Joseph Long and I looked down also.

" It was here," cried our guide, calling our attention to another part of the dungeon, " it was here that Bonnivard was confined. He was chained against this pillar for six years. See the mark of his shoulders on the stone."

The dungeon was so dim that we could not trace it.

" Either the stone must be of a very soft nature, or the Prisoner of Chillon's shoulder-blades must have been acutely sharp," said I in a hebrew tone.

" *Je vous crois bien, il était mince comme un porreau.* When his friend Byron came to visit him, they embraced—that was just before his execution—"

" His execution ? " exclaimed I, interrupting.

" Yes ; because he was a conspirator."

" Indeed ! " cried M. Lot, patriotically, " Bonnivard was no conspirator."

" *Je ne veux pas dire Bonnivard, mais Byron,—le Lord Byron.*"

" Byron ? "

" Was he not executed at Paris ? Well, messieurs, as I was saying, " continued the *concierge,* " when the unfortunate man, — Byron, mind you — when he mounted the scaffold and uncovered his neck, there ran a murmur through the multitude."

" No wonder ! "

Joseph Long touched me, and gave a significant look of silence.

" The executioner started back with astonishment. "

" Well ? " cried we all.

" I mention the fact, messieurs, as an instance of Bonnivard's leanness. The prisoner observed the general astonishment. He stood up and bared his bosom still more to the spectators. Around his neck were imprinted the arms and hands of a man, every muscle, vein, joint, being fully developed."

" Munchausen ! " muttered M. Lot.

" Coming forward, le Lord Byron addressed the populace as follows : — ' Those marks which you this day behold, and of which I am so proud, were received at my last farewell with a noble Swiss. They are about to be mangled by your commands.

But, before I leave this world altogether, receive this as the dying gift of the unfortunate Byron,* and he threw a manuscript among the crowd. When they picked it up, Byron's head was off. They opened the first page. It was in poetry. A scholar read—'Prisoner of Chillon.'"

Monsieur Lot whistled an air from "Le Brasseur de Preston," and turned away to conceal his laughter. I remarked to Joseph Long:—

"A new reading in Byron's life,—eh? T. Moore should be apprised of this."

"You must let him have the correspondence between his noble friend and Bonnivard then, else he will not thank you."

"No doubt Monsieur le Concierge can furnish this likewise from the same source," said I, laughing.

When we had seen the remainder of the castle we returned in the carriage to Vevay. The rain was now falling in torrents, so I was glad to get shelter in the *Helvétie* and to find myself seated at the *table d'hôte* in its comfortable cabin. When that was discussed, the rain still continuing, I seized a book which I found upon a shelf lined with others for the use of the passengers, retired into a corner, and was soon deep in Töpfer's "Nouvelles Genévoises."

Rudolph Töpfer! thy name hath a charm for me ever since. That blessed rain to make me acquainted with thee!

Since I first read "Nouvelles Genévoises," M. Töpfer has published a new work called "Rosa et Gertrude," and to one like myself, who was so enchanted with the first, the second proved even a greater treat. It is a tale, a simple tale, and simply told, of two artless young girls being left by the villany of the husband of one without any protector, in the town of Geneva. They are exposed to the insulting importunities of a man as heartless as Rosa's husband, and at length find protection in the home of the pastor Bernier. But I refrain from saying more of the plot, if plot there be, as I am loth to spoil aught of the emjoyment which, if the trusting reader will believe me, lies within his reach.† There is only one book of its kind, and I daringly assert it with all reverence for the name of Goldsmith, which can at all compare with it, and that book is "The Vicar of Wakefield." In some parts it reminds me strongly of the latter; especially in the prison scene, and the sentiment then expressed by the good pastor. "Le bibliothèque de mon oncle," in the "Nouvelles Genévoises," again, is in quite a different style, and may be compared to "Tristram Shandy," though in my opinion it is far superior.

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* It must be remembered that there were two noblemen of the name of Biron beheaded at Paris—one in the reign of Henry the Great, the other during the revolution.

† I am rejoiced to learn that this delicious tale has appeared in an English garb, and at a price which will insure it the circulation it merits. It will come particularly home to the hearts of the English. Topfer died two years ago.

Besides being so happy with his pen, Töpfer wields with a skill little inferior his pencil. A great drawback, however, to his attaining excellence in this respect was an affliction of the sight experienced in early youth, and which increased in vigour as the young Rudolph increased in years. In caricature he is inimitable, and equal to Tony Johannot, Cham, or Gavarni. We have Goethe's authority for this. Rudolph's father is the Wilkie of Switzerland. Hear what a fellow townsman, M. Gaberel, says of him. "First there is M. Töpfer, senior, who confines his studies to village manners, market-places, to spots where agricultural interests are in question and where rural sports are in play. There is an inconceivable variety in the scenes produced by his light and happy pencil. There is the Swiss peasant, with his apparent good nature, his artfulness, and passion for gain, concealed under a coarse and rustic exterior. The great concern manifested around the hawking poulterer, and the care evinced by the house-wife in her choice of vegetables are appreciated as highly by M. Töpfer as they are by the actors themselves, though the caricaturist shews himself a painter; and though the humourous side of the village scenes predominates in these pictures, yet none of the sentiments which have birth in rural life escape this artist. He paints with as much happiness the tears of the child stolen of its cake, and the tender anxiety of a mother, as the cunning of the hawker, and the drunken anger of the tavern frequenter. M. Töpfer has caught the character of the inhabitants of our principal cantons; and those who know Switzerland otherwise than by the lithographs hung in the shop windows of the print sellers, find a truth and originality in his models which recall at once the mountaineer and his village. Also, when you see the trouble taken by these engravers to multiply these portraits of our compatriots of the twenty-two cantons, it is difficult to understand why they do not choose, from M. Töpfer's pictures, subjects and personages that would have at least the merit of offering a frank gaiety united to actual truth, and an agreeable and faithful memorial to the Swiss who wander far from their country."

Rudolph, his son, and our hero, kept a school for several years, a fact which will not soon be forgotten, by reason of the delightful book he has left behind him of the manner in which the summer holidays were passed. I allude to the "Voyages in Zigzig," illustrated also by himself. It is very witty and amusing; the wonder is that no publisher in this country has yet given us an English version of it. What a delightful variety on the Christmas table, after the threadbare annuals! and what a wholesome change, after the French translations daily issuing from our press!

The day after my excursion on the lake, I called upon my Genevese companion, and with him visited the principal buildings of the city. The first which had our attention were the Church of St Pierre and the library; but, neither of them proving very attractive, we sauntered forth outside the gates of Geneva. There we climbed up the Salève, and had a splendid view of the lake and the Alps from the top; then we descended to Planpalais, Carouge, and round by the junction of the Rhone with the Arve — one of Töpfer's favourite walks, and which has been too well described by him, among others, to need repetition.

I then made sundry purchases in the town, the chief of which were (I call them over for the information of the pedestrian reader) a knapsack, a *toile-cirée,* a felt hat, a *blouse,* worsted socks, thick Swiss shoes, and a pair of blue spectacles.

I called on my two English friends, and inquired when they intended to set out. They replied, to-morrow, but requested me to fix the hour. I turned to M. Lot, who was beside me, an inquiring look.

"Two o'clock A.M.," said he.

"What! and I have to attend the theatre, to-night, for Signor Guiseppe's *début?*"

"Yet," said my Genevese companion, "I recommend you to take this gentleman's advice."

"If such be the case, then, I will submit; but you, gentlemen, added I, addressing the Englishmen, "will so early an hour suit you?'"

"Decidedly," returned the eldest, since your two Swiss friends themselves, recommend it."

"Be it so then," said I; "I will have a vehicle in readiness to convey us as far as Bonneville, and I will call for-you here. Meantime, adieu!"

"And now," said M. Lot, as we gained the street, and my Genevese friend left us, "and now, it is time to prepare for the theatre. Come along with me, sir. Signor Lungo said that he would wait for us."

CHAPTER V.

The theatre of Geneva.

> Merlin.—Monsieur, je viens vous dire
> Que mon concert est pret.
> Regnard, "Le Bal," Scene xvi.

The apple of discord between Voltaire and the Calvinists, during the last century, was the erection of a theatre in Geneva; and, th ecircumstances to which the dispute gave rise being of themselves sufficiently interesting, from the prominent part they played both in the political and literary history of that period, to demand my notice among the other associations of Geneva, I shall, while my friend Mr. Long is in the hands of the *costumier*, devote a few pages to their consideration.

Prior to the Reformation, masks, mysteries, and the scenic displays of the middle ages were as frequent in Geneva as elsewhere in Europe; but, when that city became the capital of Protestant Christendom, Calvin interdicted their representation on pain of death. This severe mandate was scrupulously obeyed during the succeeding two centuries; but, as learning increased, the drama, among other of its branches, caught the attention of the scholars of the colleges. Racine, Molière, Regnard, were introduced, studied, appreciated; and they created an appetite for other works of the same description, when Voltaire gave to the world in 1718 his "Œdipe," the work of a lad of eighteen, and which, among its many imperfections, revealed a glimmering of that genius which burst forth with such splendour eventually in "Zaire," promising almost a second Corneille.

The fruit once tasted, it was difficult to restrain an appetite for the whole—a passion which the accounts from Paris of the splendid success of the "Mariamne," "Gaston de Foix," and the other plays of the young poet-philosopher served to increase. And as this feeling gained ground, opportunity was not long wanting to meet its gratification. A party of strolling players, having visited Besançon and its environs, was secretly invited by some young

Genevese to give representations nearer home, and, aware of the penalty such a proceeding would inflict at Geneva, it halted at Carouge, then a village, now a town, at two miles distant, and in the territories of Savoy. Here, their stage was a hayloft or a barn, as the disposition of the villagers and the circumstances of their treasury would allow. But, if the theatre, in point of architecture and decoration, was low, the aim of the actors was proportionally high, for we find in the list of pieces, besides those of authors such as Fuzelier, Mondorge, etc., the works of the great dramatists.

About this time, 1755, Voltaire happened to pass through Geneva on his way to Aix, where he had been recommended to try the waters for the benefit of his health, but which the celebrated Dr. Tronchin dissuaded him from doing, as being rather injurious to his complaint than otherwise. The family Tronchin, with whom he resided during his stay here, being inclined to the establishment of a theatre in Geneva, mentioned the circumstance of the strolling players of Carouge; and this so roused the animosity of Voltaire, ever ready to combat bigotry and illiberality in any form whatever, that he determined at once to set about obtaining a reversal of the old decree regarding the performance of plays in Geneva. For this purpose he purchased, though at an extravagant price, the villa called Les Délices, in the vicinity, where he built a theatre to which he invited the chief senators, who were obliged to confess the delight the representation afforded them. The counsellor Tronchin, a near relation of the doctor so named, used even to take a part in the tragedies, and, it is said, with great success. This is possible, since he himself wrote and published a play called "Marie Stuart." * All the great *artistes* of the day appeared at this little theatre; among others, Kain and the inimitable Clairon. Here were also assembled the wits of the day, some of whom used to take a part. The effeminate Duke of Villars, then a member of the Académie Française, so fond of comedy, could not resist the temptation. La Harpe, the overrated author of "Mélanie," likewise a member of the Académie, also appeared on the boards. Goldsmith was probably present as a spectator. Then we find the names of Cramer and his wife, De Constant, son of the general so named, and Madame Rilliet. Voltaire's niece, Mademoiselle Denis, here also appeared on the stage for the first time, who so enchanted her uncle by her personation of Zaire, that he declared she surpassed Gaussin.* With such an array of talent and rank to assist him, all went with Voltaire as he could have desired, at least if we may judge from a letter of his at this period, in which the following passage occurs:— "We have made nearly the whole council of Geneva weep. The majority of these gentlemen paid me a visit at Les Délices, and, to break the monotony, we began to play 'Zaire.' I never saw so many tears shed; never have the Calvinists been so tender." Again, he writes a short time after:— "God be praised! all goes well! I have corrupted the Council and the Republic."

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* The Tronchin family is among the most illustrious of the Genevese aristocracy, and is besides of ancient origin. In a note to the second canto of the "Henriade," Voltaire mentions the wonderful escape to Geneva of one of their family, during the massacre. Dr. Tronchin, above mentioned, was the most celebrated physician of his time. Madame de Genlis, in the "Souvenirs de Félicie," gives an interesting account of him. He was born at Geneva in 1709, and died at Paris in 1781. Diderot suggested that the most fitting inscription for the statue of this great man was:—"He was among physicians what Socrates was among philosophers,"—a saying borrowed from Plutarch.

But all did not go well. With victory in sight, he had yet much to conquer. An antagonist appeared on the field whom he had little dreamt of.

Elated with the success of his little theatre, Voltaire invited the celebrated D'Alembert to Les Délices, who returned delighted to Paris, where he immediately wrote the article "Genève" in the Encyclopédie. This alarmed the Consistoire. The blame was laid at Voltaire's door. His theatre was the cause of the corruption of the youth of Geneva. All good citizens were cautioned not to countenance the plays by their presence. Those who would not listen, but went, were made the objects of reproach. At last Rousseau appeared. His letter† fell like a bomb into the enemy's camp and reduced it to silence. It was finished at Montmorenci on the 20 March 1758. It took him, he says, three weeks to compose, and he wrote it in an open summer-house in his garden during severe weather. This letter did more for the cause of the Consistoire than all their threats. It is written with very great power; the reasoning at parts no one can withstand; and its success was immense. But what can the world now think of such a production? For how much are its talent and fine composition worth, when we remember the principles of its author? A man writing against his own opinions! This is evident, as his after conduct shows. How did he support the arguments against theatrical performances, he had with such power arrayed in this letter? By writing a comedy called "Narcisse!" But Rousseau's whole life is full of contradictions. He had not the smallest grain of sincerity in his composition. He began his literary career by the essay which gained the prize at Dijon, written, he confesses, against his own opinions! He asserted that the French language was incapable of expression in music, and, at the same time wrote and set to music his "Devin du Village"—an opera, the sparkling beauty of which overthrows, had the fact of its being his own composition not done so, his previous assertion. He denounced romances as the most mischievous of all literature, full of twaddle, false sentiment, false love, and he wrote the "Nouvelle Héloise!"

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* What must have been his niece's acting, then, when he wrote these verses in praise of Mademoiselle Gaussin?—

"Jeune Gaussin, recois mon tendre hommage,
Recois mes vers, au theatre applaudis;
Protege-les: Zaire est ton ouvrage;
Il est a toi, puisque tu l'embellis," etc., etc.

† Letter from J. J. Rousseau of Geneva to M. D'Alembert of Paris, concerning the effects of theatrical entertainments on the manners of mankind.

But the principles of the writer, if principles he had, were lost sight of in the real merit of the book; and the council of Geneva began to warm towards him whom they had previously exiled. This letter paved the way for the revocation of his sentence of banishment and his restoration into his native city, though neither took place till a few years later. Now, Geneva has erected a monument to the memory of *her* Rousseau.

At the commencement of the letter, Rousseau says that he intends to combat without any malice or ridicule, and in very forcible language states his reasons for doing so. Then follows a *critique* on Molière's "Misanthrope," which he condemns as unnatural. His remarks, nevertheless, are very clever, and well worth a perusal. There is one passage which I cannot refrain from giving here; it is from page 57—

"Love is the empire of the fair. Here they must give the law; because, in the order of nature, resistance belongs to them, and man cannot surmount this resistance, but at the expense of his liberty. It is therefore a plain consequence of such entertainments, to extend this empire of the sex; to render women directresses of the public, and to invest them with the same power over the spectators, as they have over their lovers. Do you think, sir, that this inversion of the order of things has not its inconveniency, and that, by taking such care to enlarge the ascendant of the female sex, ours will be better governed?

"There may perhaps be some women in the world worthy of being listened to by a man of honour: but is it from women in general that we are to take advice? and is there no other way of doing honour to their sex than by degrading ours? The object most charming in nature, most capable of touching a sensible heart, and of inclining it to virtue, is, I grant you, a good, a lovely woman: but where is this heavenly object concealed? Is it not extremely hard, after gazing on these angels with so much pleasure on the stage, to find them of so different a mould in society? Yet the bewitching picture produceth its effect. The incantation caused by these virtuous phenomena redounds to the advantage of the dishonourable part of the sex. Suppose a youth to have no other knowledge of the world but from the stage; he thinks that the way to virtue is to look out for a mistress who shall lead him by the hand, and he flatters himself that he shall find a Constantia or at least a Cornea. Allured by the empty notion of a guide, by a modest, winning air, and counterfeit softness, the unhappy youth, 'Nescius auræ fallacis,' surrenders himself into the arms of perdition, while he thinks he is in the high road to wisdom."

Some time before the appearance of the letter, Voltaire had retired to Ferney, having disposed of Les Délices at a great sacrifice, forced by the Council of Geneva to quit their territory on account of his atheistical doctrines. The theatricals, then, had taken place at Ferney, when Rousseau's letter appeared, and which immediately dispersed both actors and spectators. But Voltaire did not despair. It served only to incense him the more against "those bigoted Calvinists."

Voltaire's inveterate animosity to men of religion—to religion itself, I truly believe, he had none—arose from his extended knowledge of the world, and his consequent disgust at the juggling of the priests, the bigotry of the protestants, and the cruelty and want of charity of both parties. How the story of the Jew in Boccaccio,* who made a pilgrimage to Rome, to ascertain with his own eyes how the pope and cardinals conducted themselves, before he himself turned Christian, and on his return was immediately converted, giving as his reason, "because the pope and priests, by their licentiousness, strive to overthrow the Christian religion and to drive it from off the face of the earth, even where they ought to be its chief support; but, as I do not see this come to pass which they so earnestly aim at; on the contrary, that your religion gains strength, and becomes every day more glorious, I plainly perceive the Spirit of God to be the protector of it, as the most true and holy of all others."—How this story, I say, came home to Voltaire and his disciples! I have often wondered how, to a man of enlightenment like him, the moral had had no effect.

The plays chiefly represented at Ferney were those by Voltaire himself; and the delight which these private theatricals conferred upon the audience was very great, if we may judge from the concourse of learned spirits who either took part or looked on, and the accounts handed down by them of these delicious soirées. Then the controversies which took place among the men of letters, as Goldsmith has described it, enhance the delight with which we linger over these past scenes; and the appeal to Voltaire as umpire of the dispute reminds us of the sovereignty of our Johnson on like occasions.

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* Il Decamerone. Nov. II.

Voltaire's knowledge and admiration of the English stage was great, and, with all his versatility of talent, he was on few subjects better able to give an opinion, having resided for some time at Wandsworth with Mr. Falkener, the ambassador at Constantinople, and to whom he dedicated "Zaire." His knowledge of our language was so great, that he even wrote the whole of the first act of "Brutus" in English blank verse! This he did because, he said, no Englishman had yet made use of the subject. Where then was Lee's tragedy? His opinion of Shakspeare was undecided. Writing in 1730 to Lord Bolingbroke, he says that Shakspeare both created and destroyed the British drama. Because he has such fine scenes, such grand and terrible pieces, scattered throughout his *monstrous farces* called tragedies, therefore they have always been played with great success. Voltaire went too much by "foot-rule," was too great a stickler for the unities and *règles*, to appreciate properly our immortal bard. Yet he does not disdain to appropriate his characters. Orosman, in "Zaire," is a feeble counterpart of the "noble Moor." This strikes you on a first perusal. No! Addison was his favourite.

We have seen, then, the dispersal of the Ferney actors and spectators by Rousseau's letter, and we have mentioned Voltaire's determination not to despair. For this purpose, he addressed a letter to the Marquis of Chauvelin, the French ambassador at Turin, beseeching him to obtain leave from the king of Sardinia to have a theatre built, and a troop of comedians established at Carouge. This favour was easily accorded. Voltaire exerted himself to procure a good company, with a piece for the opening night, and had soon the satisfaction of beholding the Genevese issuing from the Porte Neuve, crossing Planpalais, and entering Carouge to attend his theatre.

Shortly afterwards, M. de Beauteville, the French ambassador at Soleure, was transferred to Geneva, where he demanded the erection of a theatre, and a building in wood was immediately raised. This unpopularised him, and he had a quarrel with the General Council. Choiseul, the minister of France, enraged at the audacity of the citizens, sent troops into the Genevese territory. He then built a port at Versoix, and planned a new town, which he intended should eclipse Geneva. But, behold the inconsistency of man! Voltaire, before the enemy of the Genevese, now became their champion. Alarmed at the progress of the new town at Versoix, which he feared might cause the ruin of his "dear Ferney," he used all the satire of his lips and gall of his pen against its founders, and said:—

"A Versoix nous avons des rues,
Et nous n'avons pas de maisons."

"At Versoix we have streets, but no houses!"

With Voltaire's assistance, Geneva maintained her supremacy. The French grew weary of the expense and toil of building their new town; the works were neglected; and soon the grass was allowed to grow over the streets of Choiseul-la-Ville. To crown the ambassador's defeat, on the night of the fifth of Feb. 1768, the theatre caught fire. The citizens would render no assistance, so Rosimond, the manager, was a ruined man. With the aid, however, of the purse of M. de Beauteville he succeeded in erecting another theatre at Chatelaine: a handsome building, beautifully situated, and whither the Genevese resorted in crowds.

Voltaire's seat here was upon the stage, as was the custom at that time for the better classes in England, which he so loudly complains of in the preface to "Brutus." But at the Chatelaine, Arouet de Voltaire was the only favoured one, and his seat upon the stage was quite nécessary to the enjoyment of all parties, when we remember that with most "the play *was not* the thing," but the man; and that it both flattered "Voltaire's" conceit, and the manager's purse. The former was now an old man, between seventy and eighty. He was to be seen dressed in the costume of the time of the Regency, with a large wig upon his head, and encouraging the actors aloud.

The Sieur de Saint Géran now became the director of the theatre, in which capacity he remained about ten years. The company during his time was very good. Among others we find the names of Patrat, author of the "Fou Raisonable," etc., La Roche, who afterwards appeared at Paris with so much success, and Caumont. The actresses were the wife of the latter, better known as Mademoiselle Deaubourg, and as a very lovely girl, and Mademoiselle Sainval ainée,* who, though plain in person, possessed great beauty of mind. But a rival was now to beat the theatre at Chatelaine out of the field.

In the year 1768, a new code of municipal and penal laws had been promised to the Genevese, but for some reason or other had, though often demanded, always been deferred. The old law invested the magistrate with the power of life or death over the criminal, whose trial being private was the more likely to suffer from interest or ill-will. The new code was to abolish this, but meantime its delay occasioned the revolution of 1782.

The aristocracy or *negatives* who opposed the introduction of a new code, considering, from the agitation caused among the democratical party by their opposition, the public peace and perhaps more than all, their own safety endangered, called in the assistance of France. The Count of Vergannes who was ambassador at Geneva advocated the cause of the *negatives* with such ardour, that he succeeded not only in enlisting in their favour his own country but also Savoy and Berne. An opportunity was not long wanting to give these powers a pretext for interference. On the 5th February 1781, a dispute having arisen in the street between a *negative* and one of the popular party, the syndics made their appearance and interfered, successfully it seemed, at the moment; but a musket having been discharged as if by accident from the aristocratic party, killing one of their opponents, the latter cried out:—"Treachery!—that they were betrayed!"—and flew to arms.

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* The same mentioned by Madame de Genlis in the second volume of her memoirs as the instructress of her daughter in elocution.

They were victorious until the foreigners, invited by the aristocracy, appeared before the city. The popular party at Geneva, conscious of their rights, would not, however, give in without a blow, though their walls were encompassed by an army of 17,000 men, with artillery. They called on all who could bear arms to repair to the ramparts and defend that liberty which had cost their forefathers so many a struggle. They proceeded to repair the fortifications, and soon Geneva was in a state of siege. So determined were they, that one hundred young women procured uniforms and arms, and marched to assist their fathers and brothers in the fight. Their services being accepted, a barrack where they would be considerably screened from the enemy's fire was allotted to them: but they, scorning to retire where their kindred did not share their safety, declined the refuge, and placed themselves in the foremost ranks.* The French general, with a humanity which might have graced a better cause, sent a message to the beseiged, promising to spare their lives did the city capitulate within twenty four hours; but his terms being considered by the majority too exacting, they were declined. No battle, however, took place. The *negatives*, having in some measure succeeded in regaining the upper hand, infused a panic among the citizens, pointing out with great truth the futility of hoping to defend Geneva against so large an invading force. They proposed instead a general emigration.† The keys of the city were delivered to them; the cannon on the batteries was spiked; the soldiers were withdrawn; and the chiefs took care to escape secretly from the town by night—an act which, when it became known the following morning, rendered frantic those who had confided in their honour. It was on the second of July 1782, a few hours after the escape of the chiefs, that the besiegers entered Geneva. They found the streets empty, the city silent and deserted as if for the plague. With good taste, the commanders prohibited any display of military pomp on the part of their troops; and they set about restoring the aristocrats or *negatives* to power, and annulling all the republican laws that had been passed during the brief reign of the popular party. Before departing they founded a new theatre and furnished it with actors.

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* Some one proposed that only those men who were unmarried should appear on the ramparts, upon which an old man answered:—"I have six sons, and who shall prevent me from marching at their head?"

† Ireland was the country fixed on. For this purpose a memorial was drawn up and presented to the British Goverment, who recommended it to the Earl of Temple, then Lord Lieutentant. £50,000 were voted by the Irish parliament towards the expense of the journey, and the building of

Henceforth we find a theatre constantly at Geneva. In the troop imported by the French was Fabre d'Eglantine, who used to take the principal parts, and who shone especially as the General in "La Veuve du Malabar." But Duport was the most astonishing actor. In the file of "*annonces*" for that year, preserved in the Library of Geneva, that man's name is to be found as playing in one week alone no less than "Nérestan," in Voltaire's "Zaire," high tragedy!—"Alcindor de la Belle Arsène," and figuring in the pantomimes and ballets. Nothing came amiss to Duport. He could dance a hornpipe in "Le matelot de Guadeloupe," and play the beast in "Valentine et Orsan." In "Mirza et Lindor," he could handle a sword as well as Saint Georges; between the acts he could play a concerto on the violin as well as Jarnovich.* The new theatre at Geneva was opened in 1784 with the stock pieces of "Les jeux d'amour et du hasard," and "La Mélomanie." Saint Gérand continued as manager for a short time, and then resigned the direction to Desplaces and Collot d'Herbois—another republican. Collot used to act sometimes, but he shone most as an author, and had his own pieces played with great success. Two aspiring Genevese also perpetrated each a tragedy. The pieces proved on representation, however, to be comedies, for they made the audience laugh. Both pieces were damned!

During the French revolution there were but few performances, the stage being more frequently the arena of political discussions. But la Rive appeared for a short time and played the

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a new town for the reception of the Genevese, the site of which was to be near Waterford. The standard of gold was even altered for the accommodation of the watchmakers. But the whole scheme fell to the ground.

* Saint Georges, a mulatto, was the most celebrated fencer of his age. He was likewise famous as a violinist. Jarnovich, properly Giornovichi, however, surpassed him on this instrument. The latter was born at Paris, of Italian parents, and died at St. Petersburg in 1804.

tragedy of "Guillaume Tell" with immense success. The allusions to liberty tickled the appetites of his audience. During the years 1792, we find no mention of plays. The theatre had been metamorphosed into a Club, as which it continued until the union of Geneva with France under the empire, from which time to the present it has been constantly open.

In this interval, the first actors of Paris have successively appeared on the Genevese stage. Molé, Mademoiselle Belmont, Mademoiselle Raucourt, Mars, and Talma. All the "native talent" which appeared, has been successful. It comprises Rival, Amalric, Musard—Jullien's pioneer—old Perlet, who was once a scene-painter, and finally, his son, too well known at St. James's to need description. Besides this, a Genevese author called Vernes produced a vaudeville and an opera, both of which were highly successful.—But there is our good friend Monsieur Lot beckoning to me that all is ready, and telling me not to forget the present generation in my attention to the old. Adieu! then, to the shades of Voltaire, D'Alembert, St. Géran, and Collot d'Herbois, and let us see what their successors have to offer.

M. Lot desired the attendant to give me a good seat in the first tier of boxes, and he immediately left me. When I was comfortably installed, I had time to look about me. The theatre is small, but very neat. A large portion of it is taken up by the orchestra, than which a better I have never seen in any of the London theatres. There are no stage boxes, and there is only one tier above that in which I was seated. The house was crowded, and almost in darkness, the only light proceeding from two lamps upon the stage. I took the bill of performance out of my pocket, and glanced over the fare it offered, which I shall transcribe literally, as a specimen of how they manage these things in Switzerland.

SPECTACLE EXTRAORDINAIRE.

Le célèbre tenor, Signor Guiseppe Lungo, du théâtre de la Scala à Milan, se fera entendre ce soir pour la première fois.

LE CHALET,

Opera Comique, en un acte, paroles de M. M. E. Scribe et Mélesville, musique de Ad. Adam.

PERSONNAGES.

Daniel . . .	Signor GUISEPPE LUNGO.
Max . . .	Monsieur Hippolyte Lot.
Betty . . .	Madame Bordier.

Soldats, Villageois, Villageoises.

LE DERNIER CHANT DU TASSE,

Scène lyrique par M. Bonoldi, Professeur de Chant à Genève, chantée par Signor Guiseppe Lungo et les Chœurs.

INTERMÈDE MUSICAL,

Ouverture à grand Orchestre, composée à Genève par M. Lot. Romance chantée par Signor Guiseppe Lungo (d'Euphrosine et Coradin). Fantasie pour le Bariton, sur un thême de Bérat (ma Normandie), exécutée par M. Sabon.

PAULINE; OU, SAIT-ON QUI GOUVERNE?

Vaudeville nouveau, en deux actes, par M. M. Melesville et Carmouche.

Ordre:—I. Pauline; II. Le Dernier Chant; III. Intermède; IV. Le Chalet.

I had scarcely finished reading, when the two lamps upon the stage suddenly disappeared down a trap-door. All was darkness: but only for a moment. A blaze came from the footlights, and we could see more distinctly than ever. The musicians entered, and played a short overture. At the termination of the comedy came the concert, in which my friend Long delighted the ears of the cold Genevese. He was rapturously applauded. But I pass over all details, except upon the performance of the bariton. This was an instrument I had never before seen nor heard of. On inquiring its history and capabilities of M. Lot, he gave me the following particulars. That the bariton was the invention of a French gentleman residing near the Pyrenees; that Brod, the celebrated oboe-player, was the first to take it up in real earnest; and that he had performed a solo upon it at the Conservatoire, with great applause. The range of the instrument is similar to that of the oboe, namely, two octaves and a half; and the same music suits both. The bariton, however, is quite in its infancy, and has great room for improvement, especially in the high D, which it is next to impossible to get true and clear. In form it is like a small bassoon, and in tone between that and the oboe. In a few years it will doubtless quite supersede the *cor Anglais*, on which even now it is a great improvement. This is upon the authority of the members of the Conservatoire. who, hearing Brod use it in Beethoven's delicious trio for two oboes and a *cor Anglais*, pronounced such to be their opinion. The bariton tells with great effect in the slow movement in the overture to "Guillaume Tell."

It was late when the performances came to an end, and as I had to quit Geneva in a few hours, at two A.M., I bade farewell to

M. Lot, who embraced me in his professional way, and I walked home with my friend Long. Arrived at the hotel door, I asked the latter to step in and spend an hour or two with me. But he refused to comply, "for my own sake," as he said; "because I needed repose, and should try at least to snatch an hour's sleep." He was right, and I thanked him for his consideration. We then bade each other adieu. As he was leaving me, he slapped me majestically upon the back three times, and, as Garrick makes Glo'ster say, he exclaimed;—

"Tomorrow! tomorrow! and tomorrow!"

I was about to answer:—

"Yes! and at two o'clock i' the morn." but when I turned round to do so, Joseph Long had disappeared.

SONNET.

THE HOLY WELL AT MALVERN.

Sent to a Friend with a Book Mark bearing that Inscription.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Wilt thou this slight and simple gift allow
  To find within some favoured volume room?
Would that its spell could bear thee from thy home
  To view the scenes that smile around me now!
Sheep, grazing on the distant mountain's brow,
  Banks, fragrant with the wild thyme's purple bloom,
Green winding footpaths, edged with yellow broom,
  And birds that pour sweet music from the bough.—
Turn to yon rustic steps—a spot is near,
  Quiet and calm as a monastic cell;—
There the pure spring is gushing cold and clear:
  Of its salubrious virtues numbers tell,
And bid desponding sufferers hasten here
  To try the powers of Malvern's Holy Well.

MARY.

Dost remember the time when I strove to impart,
In the language of passion, the tale which *you* knew
Was by day and by night the sole thought of my heart—
The love that I bore thee, unchanging and true?
Dost remember the moment—the tremulous thrill
Of rapture? Ah! well can I dream of it yet,
Though many a winter has passed o'er me—still
Believe not I ever *that* time can forget.

'Tis sweet to recall—though it be but a while—
How oft I have gazed on that beautiful brow,
And to think how I've basked in that heavenly smile,
When first it turned on me as sweetly as—now;
'Tis long, Mary, long, since the days I recall,
But I date all my joy from the moment we met,
And though beauty, like leaves in chill autumn, will fall,
Believe me, the summer I ne'er will forget.

Like others around us, the heart-rending sigh
And bright beaming pleasure have both been our own,
And time, who spares no one, has not passed *us* by
Without plucking the roses too speedily blown;
But the heart that the beautiful casket enshrined—
As when thy dark tresses were raven as jet—
Still throbs for thy lover as fondly and kind
As it did in those days I can never forget.

Then is it not something to know that the tie
That encircled our hearts in the spring of our love,
Will retain all its freshness and strength till we die
And but break in the grave —to unite us above?
Then Mary, dear Mary, I prize thee as when
Thy beauty shone brightest—so wherefore regret
The changes we've known between this day and then,
In the clear days of summer I ne'er can forget?

R. H.

THE DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

It was precisely at half past seven o'clock on the evening of the 7th April, in the year of our grace 1842, that a double knock was given to the door of Timothy Boskey, then residing in Southampton Street, Strand. It was not a postman's, nor a baker's nor a butcher's, nor a boy-with-newspaper's knock. Mr. Boskey paid particular attention to the character of the knock, and so far as his experience of knocks went (of which by the way he had not had a little) emphatically affirmed that the knock in question did not bear the least affinity to any of the plebeian knocks enumerated above. It was quite an extraordinary affair,—something that carried dignity and importance with it. Mr. Boskey's favourite spaniel set up a terrific bark, and the maid-servant was so startled out of her propriety, that she actually ran to the door without her cap.

"Who can it be?" said Mrs. Boskey, running to the drawing-room window.

"Ah! who *can* it be?" repeated Mr. Boskey, "Can't you see nothing?"

"I think I can see the top of a gentleman's hat," replied Mrs. Boskey.

"It must be somebody of consequence. I'll just raise the window a little," said Boskey.

The window was lifted gently up, and Mr. Boskey thrust out his red head a few inches, and drew it in again, observing significantly,

"It's him!"

"Him," said Mrs. Boskey.

"Yes, him."

"Who? what him? I don't understand you."

"It's the distinguished traveller, the man that's been all over the world."

"I hope it is," said Mrs. Boskey.

"This is the very day that he had to be here," observed Boskey. "The Noakeses will go mad for vexation."

"The distinguished honour which he pays us," said Boskey, "shall not be unappreciated."

The individual who was the subject of these remarks, wore a long mackintosh cape that concealed the greater part of his person. His hat was napless and much bruised, and his weather-beaten features indicated his constant exposure to various changes of the weather. He had evidently undergone much personal exertion on the day in question, and it was equally apparent that a considerable period had elapsed since he paid his last *devoirs* to the *toilette*. He carried in one hand a carpet bag, and in the other a small paper parcel. There was nothing very remarkable in the gentleman's appearance, and probably no one would have been inclined to attach any superiority or importance to him as an individual. Although, however, Mr. Boskey scrutinized his person pretty minutely, he was not disposed to allow considerations of this nature to detract from his claims to distinction. The fame of the man was known to him: his indomitable energy, his triumphant genius, were alike understood. What was personal appearance in comparison with these? nothing, absolutely nothing. The size or the weight of a man was of little consideration to Mr. Boskey—a pug nose found as much favour in his eyes as a Roman one—red hair was as acceptable to him as black. As to dress, Mr. Boskey paid no attention to it. He had a higher standard by which he tested mankind. He looked to the intellect, the acquirements, the energy and perseverance of the individual.

The natural impetuosity of Mr. Boskey's character could not be restrained; his impatience to grasp the hand of the distinguished individual could not be kept within bounds. He flew to the street door, and meeting the stranger on the threshold, extended his hand to him, saying,—

"You're heartily welcome, sir. Pray come in."

It was raining so very hard that an invitation of this kind could scarcely have been declined under any circumstances. The stranger smiled as he reciprocated the pressure of Mr. Boskey's hand, and at once deposited his carpet bag and parcel in the passage.

"Martha," said Mr. Boskey, "see that the gentleman's luggage is taken care of. Now sir," he continued, turning to the stranger, "if you will step this way."

Mr. Boskey led the way to the drawing room.

"Allow me to introduce you to my wife, sir, Mrs. Boskey, My dear, I needn't tell you that this is Mr. Wags."

"Bags, sir, if you please," said the stranger.

"Oh; is it?" said Boskey, "Well, I thought it was either Wags or Bags."

The stranger seemed perfectly astounded at the ceremony his arrival occasioned and made an awkward bow to Mrs. Boskey in acknowledgment of the introduction. He then looked around him with the utmost curiosity, inspecting the room and every object that it contained, with the most searching and penetrating eyes.

"Take a seat, sir," said Boskey, placing a chair in front of the fire. "You've just got in in time."

"Allow me to take your cape, and hat," said Mrs. Boskey.

"Much obliged to you, ma'am, but I'd rather keep 'em myself."

"Oh! dear no," said Mr. Boskey; "they must be dried, sir."

"Of course they must," rejoined Mrs. Boskey.

"Oh! well, if you insist on it," said the stranger.

"You'll be very cold, sir. What will you take a glass of? asked Boskey.

"I never drink nothing but rum," replied Mr. Bags.

"Hot or cold?"

"Either way, sir; you can't get wrong."

"Mrs. B.," said Boskey, "you had better give orders to Martha to put the spirit-stand upon the table, and bring up some hot and cold water."

"Certainly. I am sure the gentleman will require something to refresh him."

Whilst matters were thus progressing, it was very evident, from the demeanour of the strange gentleman, that he regarded the proceedings and conduct of the Boskeys with the most ineffable surprise. It would be wrong to say that he did not appreciate their generosity and hospitality. It was evident that he did do so. But whether the gentleman's travels had been entirely amongst people of unfriendly and ungenerous dispositions, or whether he had heard something detrimental to the characters of his entertainers, it would be difficult to say; but of a certainty such kindness and unexampled liberality had not been anticipated.

"With your leave, I'll put off my gaiters and boots," said Mr. Bags, "for they're precious wet."

"By all means," said Boskey. "I shall be glad to assist you, sir."

"Couldn't think of giving you so much trouble."

"I think nothing of trouble," said Mr. Boskey, seizing hold of the gentleman's legs, and drawing off the gaiters and boots; after rendering Mr. Bags which service, he ran down stairs for a pair of slippers.

As soon as Mr. Boskey had left the room, Mr. Bags rose from his seat, cast his eyes several times round the room, looked into each of the closets, and then placed the poker on the side of the fire nearest to where he sat. He next walked on tiptoe to the stair-head, and extending his head over the banisters, endeavoured, by eaves-dropping, to ascertain what they were talking about below. Having occupied himself in this way for a second or two, he re-entered the room, and, walking to the window, appeared to contemplate for a moment the possibility of reaching the pavement underneath, without any personal damage to himself. There could be little doubt but that something of an extraordinary nature was agitating his mind at the moment. There were certainly some silver spoons lying on the sideboard, but it did not appear that they were the occasion of his uneasiness. He retired from the window and seated himself again upon the chair, merely observing, half aloud and half to himself:—

"Blessed, if I don't think he's mad."

Whilst the illustrious Mr. Bags was thus occupied, Mr. and Mrs. Boskey were canvassing his merits in the back parlour.

"Very fine fellow, eh Mrs. B.?" said Boskey, rubbing his hands.

"He appears a pleasant person."

"So confoundedly agreeable, eh?" added Boskey.

"A little too quiet, don't you think?"

"It's always the way, my dear, with these fellows—they never say much at first."

"He feels fatigued, perhaps," observed Mr. Boskey.

"Perhaps he may. What will the Noakeses say? How precious vexed they will be to be sure! ha! ha! ha!"

"They'll never forget it—you may depend upon it."

"Ha! ha! ha! But I say, did you observe his forehead when he took off his hat!"

"I didn't pay much attention to it."

"It's just like Mungo Park's—the same form precisely."

"His eyes are rather fine."

"Beautiful," exclaimed Mr. Boskey. "So bright, so intelligent, so piercing, evidently the eyes of a genius."

"He must be very clever," said Mr. Boskey.

"I believe you. We must put him in the best bed."

"Decidedly."

"It's a great thing to please people of this kind. Who knows but he may publish a book about it when he gets back to America."

"Its exceedingly probable, my dear. But had you not better return to him? It's not good manners to leave him so long alone."

"I will," said Boskey. "But I say, Mrs. B., don't forget to put brandy into one of the bottles; it looks genteel; and be sure that every thing is clean and neat. I will now go and join our distinguished guest."

We must interrupt the narrative for a moment to say a few words with reference to the Boskeys and their rivals — the Noakeses. Mr. Boskey had acquired a little independency by dealing in buttons, pins, needles, &c. He occupied a shabby, insignificant little shop for many years in Holborn, which he was in the habit of dignifying with the title of "Mint," and where, as he was fond of observing, he had actually coined his money. It must not, however, be supposed that by using the term "coined," that he meant to imply that he had infringed upon the just and indefeasible prerogative of the government of his country. It was merely a hyperbolical mode of expression, his meaning simply being that he had made money so fast that it was more like coining it than anything else. A year or two had elapsed since he sold the good-will of the "Mint," and retired from the button trade to enjoy in domestic privacy what he had scraped together in a public capacity. Mrs. Boskey's maiden name was Noakes, and she was related by ties of blood to the Noakeses, to whom reference has been made, Mr. Noakes being Mrs. Boskey's own brother. The Boskeys and the Noakeses had formerly been good friends—now it was otherwise. The past had been forgotten; old friendships, old associations had completely been lost sight of, and now they were the most implacable enemies.

Mr. Noakes had also been successful in his business engagements. Old rags and bones, or, more politely speaking, marine stores, had been sufficiently remunerative. He had retired from the profession with the soothing consolation upon his mind that he was a better man by £2000 than on the day in which he embarked in it. Noakes being as good as Boskey, rivalry, animosity, and a great deal of ostentation were the consequences. Noakes being as proud as Boskey, a reconciliation was out of the question. Each being desirous of eclipsing the other in importance, the distinguished traveller (whose advent was that day expected) was to be the means of a signal discomfiture to one party or the other: either the Noakeses or the Boskeys must succumb. Something decisive was to be accomplished—victory was either to swell the bosom of the ambitious Noakes or to inflame with pride that of the no less aspiring Boskey. Thus matters stood when the gentleman, to whom it is meet we should now return, unwittingly assailed Mr. Boskey's door with the distinguished knock elsewhere alluded to.

When Mr. Bags heard Mr. Boskey ascending the stairs, presentiments of a very painful character took possession of his mind. He was not quite prepared to say whether it was Mr. Boskey's intention to shoot or to stab him, but he entertained little doubt but that it was the fixed determination of that gentleman to destroy him in some way or other. Agitated by these appalling fears, he flew to the window and attempted to conceal himself behind the curtains. Vain and futile attempt! Mr. Boskey at once discovered his hiding place and said,—

"Ah! just taking a little survey from the window."

"Yes, sir, yes, just taking a little survey," stammered out Mr. Bags, much mollified to find that Mr. Boskey did not carry any deadly weapons with him.

"Well come, sir, sit down."

"I'd like to see it get fair," said Mr. Bags.

"You'll be accustomed to all kinds of weather, though, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; obliged to take it as it comes."

"How do you like travelling, then, if it be a fair question?"

"It's all very well if you don't get too much of it."

"But a gentleman who takes as much delight in it as you, will never get tired; fresh faces, fresh manners and new scenes, will constantly afford you subjects for amusement and speculation."

"Not at all, sir."

"Are you positively serious, sir?"

"In course I am."

"That seems very remarkable to me."

"It aint at all to me."

"Travelling must possess great charms to those who delight in it."

"I don't delight in it—there's the difference."

"Don't delight in it!" exclaimed Mr. Boskey.

"Not a bit."

"Then why are you constantly travelling, sir? Why are you continually going from place to place?"

"Such as me makes a trade on't, sir—that's it."

"Why, I thought it was the love of the thing—the wish to gain a reputation."

"Quite a mistake sir; money's at the bottom on't."

The conversation had proceeded thus far when the maid-servant, preceded by Mrs. Boskey, entered the room. The former bore a tray in her hand the contents of which (consisting of two or three kinds of spirits, jugs of hot and cold water, glasses, &c.) she placed upon the table. Mr. Boskey pressed his distinguished guest to help himself, who complied with the invitation with the utmost alacrity. It might be that Mr. Bags on his arrival was fatigued; it might be that his various peregrinations had, for some time, debarred him from many of the enjoyments that this country afforded; or it might be the very superior quality of the liquor placed before him. The countenance of the traveller brightened up; his eyes sparkled with renewed animation, his hitherto dormant faculties seemed to be suddenly awakened. He discoursed with more volubility; he felt less constrained in the society of Mr. Boskey and his charming partner, and he drank Mr. Boskey's rum, as though he held it in the highest estimation. Mr. Boskey began to think that the ice was broken, and that his illustrious guest was gradually being drawn out. Once out, and the various countries that he had seen would pass before him like a moving panorama. Spain, Switzerland, Italy,—nay, all the countries visited by our modern tourists, would be descanted upon in language at once graphic and picturesque. The Pyramids of Egypt, St. Peter's at Rome, Mount Vesuvius, the Bay of Naples, in short, every thing that had excited the curiosity and admiration of the world, would be so faithfully delineated as quite to preclude the necessity of his paying them a visit in *propria persona.* Thus would he become enlightened, without expense and without loss of time, on some of the most interesting subjects, and receive a mass of information that he might, under other circumstances, have spent years and years in accumulating. Such were some of the pleasing anticipations formed by Mr. Boskey as he scrutinized his guest, and noted the relish and enjoyment with which he consumed hot rum and water.

"If this is the first time you have been in London," said Mrs. Boskey, addressing the traveller, "you will have much to see that will interest you."

"Bred and born in London, Ma'am."

"Oh, indeed!" said Boskey, "then it'll be no treat to you."

"Can't say that it is."

"You will not see many more wonderful places, sir," observed Mr. Boskey.

"I dare say you're right there," replied Mr. Bags, "for my health and pleasure is not particularly attended to."

The rain had now ceased, which Mr. Bags observing, he began to draw on his boots and gaiters. Having accomplished this, he raised his glass to his mouth and drained its contents, and then, addressing himself to Mr. Boskey, said,—

"I'll thank you for sixpence."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Boskey, rather astonished; "a shilling if you please."

"Sixpence is the charge," said Mr. Bags.

"The charge," repeated Mrs. Boskey.

"Yes ma'am, for that ere paper parcel I gave to the servant."

"What, what is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Boskey.

"Why, give me the money, to be sure," said Mr. Bags, "and let me be off. I've got a lot more parcels and packages to deliver yet to night, afore I go to bed."

"Eh? are you joking?" said Boskey.

"I believe not," said Mr. Bags. "I wish I was."

"Then you are not the celebrated traveller I took you for?"

"I'm not aware of my celebrity, but as for the travelling, I've rather too much of that. I am porter to the GENERAL METROPOLITAN PARCEL DELIVERY COMPANY."

"Here, sir—here's sixpence. Leave the house as soon as you please."

"No objection to do that, and much obliged for your kindness into the bargain."

The pseudo-traveller hurried down stairs, and seizing hold of the carpet bag which lay in the passage, quitted the house.

Mr. Boskey lost no time in opening the parcel left by Mr. Bags. It enclosed a letter and these were its contents,—

York, ———

"Sir.—A compulsory visit to Botany Bay will prevent my availing myself of your kind invitation and also that of Mr. Noakes.

"Should either of you be in existence after my return in fourteen years, I shall then be glad to avail myself of it.

"Yours, &c.,
"To T. Boskey, Esq. WALTER WAGS."

Mr. Boskey had just read the above epistle, when his ears were again assailed by the noise of a peculiar knock. The neighbouring door was its recipient, and it was that of his late DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

THE RUINS OF PERSEPOLIS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL,

Author of "The Traduced," etc.

Not far from Shiraz, groups of ruin stand,
In solemn desolation, calmly grand,
Which learning well may muse o'er, taste admire,
A sight that still must awe, and ne'er can tire.
We climb the rugged mountains—far away
Sweep those hill-chains, in wild and black array;

No trees adorn their sides, or corn, or flowers,
But ruined shrines of fire, and mouldered towers.
Ah! well the smile from heaven's sweet face hath gone,
And nature here put terror's garment on;
The clouds their inky pall have hung on high,
The blast comes muttering like a spirit by;
Those clouds now open—read ye vengeance' name
Writ there in fire?—or are those tongues of flame?
Down dart the lightnings blinding from heaven's height,
In zigzag lines of blue and living light;
Crash breaks on crash, and peal succeeds to peal.
The hero now might shrink, and terror feel;
For what's man's strife, though raging fierce and far,
To heaven's artillery, and dread nature's war?
The spirit owns a higher power is here,
That wings the bolt, and speaks those sounds of fear.

But where the forky lightning fiercest plays,
What shadowy columns meet the straining gaze?
Now wrapped in gloom, and now in light they stand,
As swift between them darts the fiery brand.
It seems as ruin, revelling in high mirth
O'er fallen things, the beautiful of earth,
Led to this spot the demons of the storm,
To show, and mock each lonely column's form.
Yet tower they still, though, fierce as now, the skies
Have launched their lightnings countless centuries,
Gazing upon the mountains, and on heaven,
As endless years to them were also given;
High raised above that wild and mournful plain,
Where a proud city ne'er shall shine again,
Throned on their rock, they look like kings afar,
The column'd pride of glorious Chil Minar! *
Yes, storms! sweep on! at such an hour as this,
Grand is the scene at dark Persepolis!

We leave far west the ancient city's site,
And mount by marble steps the platform's height,
Here frowns a massy door-way, such as Nile
Sees on his banks, a strange and giant pile;
And still beyond, another lifts its head,
The ground between with glittering marbles spread.
Hewn from the rock, and near that giant door,

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* Chil Minar, or the hall of the "Forty columns," for so is the principal group of ruins at Persepolis called by the Mohammedans.

A cistern see—but fountains play no more;
Gone is the jasper shining round the side,
Gone the pink bed of coral 'neath the tide,
With golden backs the fish no longer gleam,
Following young beauty's footstep round the stream,
But rank weeds fatten there, and vipers lie,
With forky tongue, and greenly-glistening eye—
That reptile tribe, man's earliest foe on earth,
And haunting to the last his ruined hearth,*

But now the column'd group before us stands,—
A once proud palace, reared by tasteful hands.
Though pictured walls have sunk beneath time's frown,
And every age hath cast some pillar down,
Enough remains to triumph, and impart
Interest and wonder to the gazer's heart.
Link between Greece and Egypt, rise the forms
Of those pale pillars battling with the storms;
The giant pedestals round which we pass,
The towering shaft's fine-cut and fluted mass;
The tombs in yonder cliffs, where darkly lay
The dust of royal lines long passed away;
While, as the storm goes down, the silence drear
That wraps the plains and mountains far and near,
May well impress the soul that mourns o'er time,
And wake the glowing heart to thought sublime.†

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* This cistern is 18 feet long, and 16 feet wide, being hollowed out of the solid marble of the platform.

† Of the 72 columns. the estimated original number belonging to this palace of the ancient Persian kings, 15 only remain entire. They are of light grey marble, 5 feet 9 inches in diameter, and, including the pedestals, 60 feet high; the capitals display grotesque figures, being the double demi-bull or unicorn. Though erected long after the Pæstan temples in Italy, and, if Professor Grotefend's data be correct, only about 50 years before the Parthenon at Athens, they belong to no distinctive order of architecture, being unique in their character.

THE MAN WHO ELOPED WITH HIS OWN WIFE.

BY LIEUT. COL. HORT,

AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK,"* ETC., ETC.

What peculiar attraction London may possess during the hot months of summer it were difficult for us to propound, yet, that it *does* hold some talismanic influence by which to concentrate all the *élite* of society is annually proved beyond a possibility of doubt, not only by the columns of the *Morning Post* teeming with lengthened accounts of the fashionable amusement in full vigour in the metropolis, but all who care to take cognizance of the fact by ocular demonstration will find small cause for doubting our assertion, should they visit what has been pleasantly designated as "The Little Village," during the hot month of June, or the more sultry period of July.

Strange, yet no less true it is, that in that most delicious of all seasons, May, when every tree puts forth its blossoms, and each floweret, struggling into life, expands its fragile fibres to gather strength from the mild influence of the invigorating breeze—truly singular and strangely unaccountable is it, that those who most fully hold the power to wander amid the never-failing varieties of endless beauty, which nature in her splendid garb lavishes on all around, that those very persons should prefer to pass a fervered existence in the close and pernicious atmosphere of hot and crowded rooms. But such is fashion, and what earthly power rules with despotic sway and exercises similar unbounded influence over its enthralled vassal, as does the great and unyielding tyrant—fashion?

If one hundredth part of the absurdities, now voluntarily committed, were enjoined as compulsory by some legislative law, the whole country would instantly rush into rebellion, fully impressed with the justness of their cause, in repelling so tyrannical an encroachment on their rights; but let the most extravagant and preposterous measure be entertained — the wildest chimerical and ridiculous proposition mooted, so that it be sent forth stamped with the ever-received passport, "fashion," it will be readily acknowledged, and not a word or question ventured, calculated to dispute the propriety of the edict.

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* "The Rock," Saunders and Otley, 1839.

What by possibility can present a less captivating appearance, than a bevy of ladies when emerging into open daylight on a bright July morning, having but that instant escaped from "the gay and festive scene?" It matters not how young nor how beautiful they may be, for neither youth nor loveliness will stand the test of that most trying hour.

Worn out, jaded, and dispirited, it would be no easy task to recognize in the shivering form—seeking shelter in the darkest recesses of her carriage, from the light of day—the sprightly figure and animated countenance which, but a few hours since, so blithely sprung from the steps of that same chariot, full of eager expectation to partake of the anticipated pleasure of the ball; how widely different is the scene—the joyous laugh, the merry jest and quick retort, are now hushed, and in place of the beautiful girl, beaming but a short time past in all the radiance of glowing loveliness, a pale figure wrapped in shawls innumerable, may be discovered trembling in the corner of the vehicle, which latter, driven by a coachman under the influence of somnolency approaching to a species of night-mare, is drawn slowly along by two horses, enjoying any thing but their first nap.

Red eyes, pallid cheeks, dishevelled hair, and ten to one the painful remembrance of some disagreeable incident having occurred during the evening, generally accompanies the lady to her rest;—the *bouquet*, perhaps the gift of——well! no matter who—more resembles a bunch of decaying pulse, so frequently exhibited in a green-grocer's window as a type of his calling, than an assortment of choice exotics, collected possibly with the greatest care, and tendered to a beloved object, with those many evanescent, but all glorious hopes, which cease to shed their dazzling beams upon our path when we have counted beyond the sober age of twenty-two.

Feverish and dispirited, the yawning beauty turns from her mirror in disgust, and while her drowsy attendant carefully endeavours to exclude the penetrating beams of the glorious sun from her lady's chamber, she feels annoyed and out of humour with half the world; and thus it is, that night succeeding night of the bright June, is passed away, and it is not until the impatient sportsman, resolved on dealing destruction amid the grouse on the following month, is enabled to tear the ladies of his household from the fascinating and fashionable escort, that London is forsaken for a brighter and more glorious scene.

Lord Byron has somewhere declared, that never but in *one* instance did he meet a lady whose surpassing loveliness defied the ordeal we have just quoted, to depreciate from her attractions: *that* individual it has not hitherto been our good fortune to encounter, for amid the very many transcendantly lovely women whom in our time we may have gazed on, we cannot call to mind one who could safely dare to meet the garish light of day, after a long night of dissipation and dancing.

The velocity with which all parties rush from the scene of their triumph, or possibly defeat, the instant they quit the house of feasting and find themselves on the cold pavement of the street, has often caused us many a fruitful subject for jest and laughter, for be it remembered that the costume of the gentlemen, after a night spent in gallopades and waltzing, offers but little ground for self congratulation, when compared with the outward and visible appearance of the ladies.

We have frequently wondered whether an instance ever occurred of a proposal being made "at that dread hour of" day —we should think not—yet 'twere hard to say either; we *have* witnessed this species of insanity all moments of the twenty-four, and, indeed, more than once have, in our own person, been somewhat similarly demented; but then it was not on the chilly pavement of Belgrave-square, at three o'clock in the morning, with sleepy horses and lethargic footmen to witness the interesting scene. No, no—such indiscretions are more commonly perpetrated amid the galaxy of innumerable tapers, the odoriferous perfume of myriads of flowers, the mazes of the dance, the captivating influence of bright eyes and honied words, and the equally intoxicating force of punch *à la Romaine*, and iced champagne. Ah! *there* lies more than half the mischief, for we are most thoroughly convinced that not one moiety of the many ill assorted and unhappy marriages that daily take place, would ever come to pass were it not for those abominable long-necked bottles. Charles Wright will have much to answer for, if he be hereafter made accountable for all the evils springing out of an indulgence of his "rich and sparkling" wine.

How many a poor wretch has woke up, after one of those nocturnal orgies, with at first a dim and shadowy recollection of having made a most egregious idiot of himself over night, till as one by one, the various links in the chain claim possession of his mind, the awful truth stands revealed in all its horrors, while a small turquoise ring on the first joint of his little finger —the bauble being far too small to fit a hand never intended by the maker to wear it—bears testimony strong as holy writ, that in that instance there is "no mistake."

But we are digressing widely from the subject we had purposed to embrace, yet as it is never too late to amend, we will forthwith descend from our Pegasus, and recount a scene in which we bore a no very pleasant part.

If our memory serve us rightly, it was the third of August in the last defunct year, that we strolled down Pall Mall; Parliament was prorogued—the last ball had been given—the faces of the principal mansions offered nothing to the view, but a charming variety of shutters—few carriages were heard in the streets, and fewer forms that one had ever seen before met the eye.

We had just passed an unhappy visaged guardsman in Saint James's-street, looking as solitary and disconsolate as the last surviving ostrich in the zoological gardens, and, as we once heard a young officer of dragoons observe, in reference to the dulness of Dorchester, "you might fire grape down the main street from morning till night, and never hit any thing, unless it was the up mail passing through."

Such was the appearance which London presented on the afternoon we treat of. The sun was awfully hot—the "shady side of Pall Mall," as Brummell was facetiously pleased to observe, was in atmosphere somewhat similar to the inside of a baker's oven; here and there a well appointed cab, like "the last rose in summer," sped rapidly along, as though *en route* to join its companions long since departed; the theatres were closed for the season—the very Pandemoniums had relieved their Cerberuses from the duty of scrutinizing the aspect of those who sought for entrance through the perforated baize door—even the shop windows, redolent with plated glass, allured not the passer by to stop and marvel at the costly goods exposed so temptingly to view; all that was most attractive had long since been disposed of, or despatched to the provinces, there to delight the eye and excite the admiration of the uninitiated, under the cognomen of the latest London fashions.

Not a lady was visible abroad; the park was forsaken, and Achilles was permitted to gaze uninterruptedly at Apsley House without danger of his attention being absorbed by the conversation of those "*elegantes*" whose wont it was, but a few days since, to congregate beneath his shield, and there, while listlessly reclining on their sleek palfreys, recount the scandal of the passing hour.

I could not help musing as I walked along, on the diversity of hopes, cares, and anticipations, which four months since had influenced the actions of all who sought to partake of the pleasures eagerly expected to emanate from the gaiety of the late months.

The speculative matron, anxious to inveigle the heir of some invalid octogenarian into a web not to be escaped from, woven by one of her portionless daughters; the girl, unhacknied in the ways and wickedness of the world, and viewing all things through the *couleur de rose* medium of her own bright fancy, bent her thoughts on her "first London season," as the acme of all that could by possibility tend to felicity on earth. The ruined spendthrift, seeking, under cover of his aristocratic name, replenishment of his exhausted coffers through the instrumentality of some *millionaire*, and ever ready, at the shortest notice, to offer up his person, and the moiety of his rank, to any unsightly denizen of the city, as an equivalent for the more solid advantages craved for;—love, avarice, and ambition, had each and all their disciples, and of the many who entered the arena strong in hope, and confident of success, bent on running the course they had marked out, how few had reached the goal they aimed at, and how fewer still were they who, even though successful, found no cause for disappointment and regret.

How long we might have continued in this moralizing strain, it were indeed hard to surmise, had we not been suddenly brought up, by inadvertently coming in contact with an equally cogitative body, at the turning of the Opera Colonnade.

"What, *you* in town?" exclaimed the figure addressing us; "by Jove, this *is* luck, for of all men on earth, *you* are the very one whom I was most anxious to meet!"

"Have then thy wish," we instantly replied, in true theatrical parlance, nevertheless reserving to ourselves the mental conviction that the delight so vehemently expatiated on by our friend Jack Seymour, was a feeling exclusively his own, since veracity compels us to acknowledge that no reciprocity of pleasure harboured in our flinty bosom, owing to the *rencontre*.

"I would not have missed you for *anything*," continued Jack, shaking me by both hands—"no that I would not," and thus saying, he gazed as affectionately on our features as though we had been a blank cheque on Coutts' bank, which his old-fashioned uncle had kindly left to the discretion of his prudent nephew to fill up.

"I was horribly afraid you had left town," continued Jack, as, placing his arm within ours, we were compelled to bear him company;—"called three times at your house this morning, without finding you at home, but however, *here* you are at last, so that's all right."

"All wrong," thought we, for well knowing the propensities of our mercurial companion, we were as perfectly convinced he wanted something *out* of us, as we were certain that all the asseverations of regard and esteem for our own particular person merited in value but the weight of the words as they escaped his lips.

"Well," we replied, "but for what particular purpose were you so extremely anxious to see us now? for of a truth we cannot call to mind that you ever once did us the honor of seeking our abode during the entire of last season."

"All a mistake, my dear fellow—all a mistake, I assure you," answered Jack; "never carry cards about me—too like a tradesman, and those servants forget; how stupid those servants are, eh! But never mind that; I'll tell you what it is, Ned; I want you to do me a very particular service."

"No doubt of that," thought we, "however, proceed," adding aloud, "what is it, Jack? and in what way can we possibly serve you?" while visions of protested bills, promissory notes, doubtful acceptances, and dishonored checks, ran through our brain with astonishing rapidity. "Another money matter, perhaps?" we added at a venture.

"No, hang it, Ned—not this time," was my friend's reply, in some measure wincing under the question—for be it known that Jack Seymour might still have dubbed himself our debtor, on account of a small pecuniary matter which it was our fate to have adjusted, somewhat to our loss, two months back.

"Not money?" we continued, somewhat relieved; "then at once disclose what you require, for unless you condescend to illuminate us on the subject, how can we attain a knowledge of your wishes."

"Guess," was Jack's laconic answer.

"As for that," we replied, "we may continue guessing through the whole summer, without being nearer the truth than now; but, if the affair has no pecuniary tendency, perhaps love may claim some share in the matter."

"Ah! there it is, my dear fellow," interupted Jack—"precious clever fellow you are—always said so; knew you could guess it in a second, eh?"

"Then it *is* a love affair, is it?" we rejoined.

"Why yes—not exactly," answered my friend—"it *is*, and yet it *aint*—it *was*, and it *isn't*."

"It is and it aint—it was and it isn't," we replied laughing; "why, what on earth do you mean? if we are to engage in the matter, surely it is worse than useless speaking in enigmas, so if you require help at our hands, you must talk like a rational being."

"So I do," said Jack, "for on my honor all I say is true—true to the word. It *is* an affair of love, or at least it *was*, but now it's something else," and putting on a most lugubrious visage, he would have made his fortune, if at that instant he had offered himself to any respectable upholsterer as a mute.

"Oh! we understand," was our immediate reply. "The course of true love never did run smooth, did it, Jack?"

But Jack responded not in words; but looking us full in the face, he nodded his entire concurrence in the supposition, somewhat after the style of the marble commandant in Don Giovanni.

"Parents don't approve, eh?" we added, catching at a probable surmise; but here the despondent looking swain forsook the affirmative gesture of the statue, and adopted the negative shake of Lord Burleigh.

"No! well then, pugnacious brother, perhaps—rival in the field—lady changed her mind? What, none of these? how on earth can we ever hope to guess, if you won't afford a clue?" was our response, tired of Jack's pantomime.

"None of these," answered our companion, sadly; "try again."

"Ward in chancery, perhaps?"

"No."

"Lady fickle?"

"No."

"Father furious?"

"Dead."

"Aunts and uncles troublesome?"

"Got none."

"In love with a cousin, perhaps?"

"Abroad with his regiment."

"No money?"

"Lots."

"Young?"

"Yes?"

"Handsome?"

"Very."

"Cares for you?"

"Horribly."

"Then what the deuce is the obstacle?" said we, getting out of all patience.

"Only one," answered Jack; "but that's a poser."

"What is it?"

"Why, she's married!"

"Married!!!"

"Aye;—married to——"

"The Devil!!!"

"No; to Lobstowe."

"Egad you're in for it," we instantaneously remarked.

"I know that," answered Jack, "and therefore I want your aid in getting out of it."

"Any thing but that, my good friend," we hastily exclaimed, "but if you *will* fall in love with married women, Jack, you must not expect help at our hands; i' faith I'll none on't."

"But *I* could not help it," said Jack, more dolorously than ever —"I could not help it, Ned."

"Of course you could not,"was our caustic reply.

"No fault of mine, I can assure you," most energetically he added.

"We never knew an instance where it was any body's fault," was our speedy rejoinder.

"But won't you go with me?" eagerly asked my acquaintance.

"Oh! and it's come to *that*, is it?" we exclaimed.

"Something very like it," said the lady-killer.

"And you're going out with the husband?"

"So runs the invitation," replied Jack.

"But where's the cause of all this turmoil?" we naturally enquired.

"I know no more than you do," responded the target for marital practice.

"Then you did not run away with her?" we asked, somewhat relieved from the dread of the friend's immorality.

"I!—not I!" answered Jack—"I wish I *had*, and then all would be right; but that cursed fool, Lobstowe, cut off with her himself, and hence this infernal dilemma."

"How do you mean? ran off with his own wife!" we exclaimed.

"True, every word of it," replied the gay Lothario, "and just because he discovered it *was* his own wife, instead of somebody's else, there's all this fuss made, and by this time to-morrow, I may be 'quivering on a daisy,' as they say in Kerry."

To us this disjointed tale was nearly incomprehensible, but having our own reasons for knowing that, however volatile and thoughtless Jack Seymour ever had been, we felt bound to acknowledge that he was the last person in the universe who would willingly lend himself to the perpetration of a vicious or dishonorable action;—thus impressed, we readily accompanied him to his rooms, where, having heard sufficient to prove beyond dispute, how absolutely essential to his well-being it was that he should enjoy the

"Balmy breeze at morning dawn"

we adjourned to arrange those preliminaries which a refined and polished state of society demands, as customary in all ceremonials, from the introduction of an acquaintance to shooting your most intimate friend.

Pistols, coffee, and post-horses— a surgeon and Wormwood-Scrubbs,—a nonchalance air and steady hand, are indispensably requisite on these occasions, and if by possibility you can discourse fluently with your second on matters foreign to the meeting, while on your way to the place of execution, your fame, whether you survive in body, or merely live in story, will indisputably suffer no detraction by relation at the clubs.

Dearly beloved reader, has it ever been your fate to wake between three and four o'clock on a cold hazy morning, in London, with a fog surrounding all objects as densely as though they were encircled in a blanket, and to find standing by your bed-side, behatted, be-coated, and buttoned to the chin, your second, or, in the accepted parlance of the day, your friend, who, to shew his anxiety to aid you in that your mortal strait, gratuitously volunteers his services in seeing you put to death according to the most approved mode in use? and then the sombre colored wood of the small case so securely tucked beneath his arm, measuring somewhere about twenty inches by eight, and containing those long-barrelled metallic conveyancers, known by so many and various designations to those who are adepts in their use.

Has it ever been your fate, gentle reader, on such occasions to listen to your "friend's" declaration, that you have only twenty minutes more at your disposal in this world, and beseeching you therefore to hasten your toilet with all imaginable despatch, for fear of putting your executioner to inconvenience by a brief delay? and then the slow and earnestly given injunction to raise the hand without extending the elbow—the cup of fragrant coffee which in all likelihood will be the last you will ever have the gratification to pay for—the frequent application to the watch—the earnest enquiry whether you have any other commands in "case of an accident occurring," and then the hurry down stairs, and the rush into the cold damp carriage, where you find a chilly surgeon half asleep, hugging another box somewhat approximating in size to the one appropriated by your friend, but containing very different utensils.

If, reader, you *have* experienced the delights of some such little interlude in life's changeful drama, all we can say is—you have experienced as miserable sensations as ever mortal felt when ushered into the high backed chair of a tooth drawer—for having tried both, we scarcely know to which the palm of wretchedness should be accorded.

The feelings of our friend, Jack Seymour, to judge from the *tout ensemble* of his visage, partook more of the dolorous than agreeable, when we made our appearance by his couch on the morning succeeding that on which the conversation detailed took place; but whatever his true sensations might have been, he studiously avoided any opportunity for our supposing that the scene in which he was about to form so prominent a part possessed attractions of no ordinary stamp, yet though his volubility was as glibly and senselessly uttered as usual, a close observer might have surmised that our friend, Jack, was playing a part, and one, moreover, not the most easy to sustain.

We care not who he is, let him be the bravest of the brave, yet will we maintain our opinion, that no man has "gone to the appointed place," as it is termed, without

"A still small voice"

convincing the owner that he could have found more congenial occupations than the one then engrossing his attention.

We speak not of those who go forth to blot out with blood the dishonour of a relation or a wife, nor of the many whose vindictive feelings gloat on the prospect of revenge, but we allude to the innumerable causes which lead to these too frequent meetings, where a hasty word or misconceived intention ends in a hostile message between two persons, who, although unconscious of bearing the slightest animosity towards each other, obstinately refuse to proffer the *amende honorable* for a supposed though inadvertent offence, through fear that such concession might be hereafter interpreted to their lasting disadvantage.

This is one great cause to which the increase of the pernicious system of duelling is to be ascribed, and many are the instances where a dozen words in explanation would instantly do away with every symbol of premeditated insult; but for the reason already given, *a satisfactory* account is seldom rendered until *satisfaction* has been granted by the process of sending one or the other of the combatants to the shades below, or, if in luck, possibly enabled to pass through the world during the rest of his existence on one leg, or to be continually reminded of his adversary's skill by the painful and dangerous shifting of the bullet securely lodged within his body.

But to our friend. As we before said, the morning was hazy, foggy, and damp, when we set out; but on reaching our destination, the sun asserted his supremacy, and all bid fair in promise of a beauteous day.

Wormwood Scrubbs, as is pretty generally known, is at no great distance from town, and on reaching the desired spot, we descried two figures pacing backwards and forwards by the side of the high arched bridge which crosses the canal: well do we recollect that bridge, and good reason have we that the remembrance thereof should never be erased from the tablets of our memory. Hereafter we may possibly enlighten our readers on the matter, but at present we must follow Jack Seymour to what a recent fashionable novel designates "the scratch."

The moment our arrival was discovered, the persons before noted turned towards us, and we were speedily made aware that we stood in the presence of Sir Henry Lobstowe and his friend, Colonel Grant, which latter person, to all appearance, attended as the Baronet's second.

To those conversant in these affairs, the preliminary arrangements are soon completed,and, in this instance, no unnecessary delay took place, for scarcely had four minutes elapsed, when the principal performers were placed at but eight paces from each other, grasping in their hands the instruments of death.

It was a case where all attempts at reconciliation without "burning powder," must have proved abortive, therefore was it judged best to proceed without circumlocution or delay,—the ground was speedily measured—the word given—the reports heard, and in less than two seconds Jack Seymour measured his full length upon the sod ; at first view of the case I certainly thought he was dead, nor was it until his repeated demands for water that I regained my self-possession sufficiently to minister to his wants.

Meanwhile the surgeon having displayed a notable collection of instruments of torture on the sward, commenced an examination of the wound; the result was an order for Jack's instant removal to some quiet retreat, where it was hoped he might, through skill and great care, eventually recover.

To do his antagonist justice, the Baronet appeared as anxious to resuscitate his opponent's fast waning strength, now that he was at the point of death, as a short time since he had evinced for totally destroying the vital spark, when his bosom beat high with youthful vigour and robust health. Man is truly a strange compound of opposite feelings and impulse; but enough of this—and to our tale.

Weeks passed on, and poor Jack yet remained in a very precarious state, and the period of his sickness might have been reckoned by months ere he was pronounced convalescent.

That hour at length arrived, and it was a sunny morning during the following spring, while Jack was seated at the window of a beautiful cottage on the banks of Windermere, that we reminded him of his oft repeated promise, that, on some future day, he would render a full and succinct account of the cause of the duel with the Baronet—our knowledge of which still continued limited to the bare outline which had been communicated at the casual meeting with our friend when our services were called into requisition.

"With all my heart," replied the convalescent, "it is a strange tale, and on my word, Ned, I hardly know what to think of it yet; however, such as it is, you shall have it, and any vacuums that may occur in the narrative must be supplied from your own fertile imagination. I can but tell you what actually passed, and must leave the *cause* to be developed by your ingenuity, while," he added, laughing and laying his hand upon the now healing wound, "I am perfectly competent to speak in person as to the ultimate *effect.*"

"True Jack, true," we replied, "but the story."

"Well, then," answered Jack, gaily, "listen with all due attention, for here commences the narrative of

"THE MAN WHO ELOPED WITH HIS OWN WIFE."

"You are fully aware," commenced Jack Seymour "of the ten thousand miseries to which a younger son is born heir to, and as it is a very generally received opinion that few animals are compelled to labour so assiduously in their vocation as are individuals of that class, it may be conjectured that my position in society was not rendered more enviable, when it was universally known that not only had I every possible right to lay claim to that blighting denomination, but that the privilege was equally shared by that most inestimable person,

'My Father the deacon before me.'

"In short, my much venerated sire had about as small a portion of the goods of this world appropriated to his use, as was the case with his amiable descendant; but that could not be alleged as any fault of his, since never having possessed much, it would have been impossible for him to do otherwise than exist on little.

"By some good chance, the reversion of a living was the gift of the family, and seeing that church preferment offered the only visible means of saving his younger son from starvation, my father was duly instructed as to the mode which it was deemed advisable he should pursue, and having in accordance with orders issued, passed a sufficient time at Oxford to enable him to drive a tandem, trot a match, and drink ale against the picked men of any six counties, he was in due time arrayed in episcopal vesture and forthwith inducted into that living where the earlier days of my existence passed.

"In course of time a change came o'er the aspect of our affairs. The elder branches of our house dropped into the 'sear and yellow leaf,' and passed away, leaving behind them that sordid dross which not one man in ten would part with, if by stretch of ingenuity he could hit upon a method of carrying it with him, when summoned on an expedition to the Styx.

"This most fortunate and toward event happened but a very few months prior to my father's death, and he, good man, having tasted of the bitters and annoyances, so systematically, and with such pertinacity heaped upon younger sons, wisely bethought him of making such provision for the junior branches of his stock, as might leave us wholly independent of our affluent elder brother.

"Intentions and action are two widely different affairs, and good as were the former, as regards my parent's wishes, the latter was most wofully the reverse, for amid the bequests duly set forth in the will, the largest portion of my patrimony was directed to be paid out of the proceeds furnishable from the sale of a certain estate, which said property proved on investigation to have been long since entailed on my elder brother, whose regard for "the family acres" was such that on no account whatever could he for an instant be prevailed on to listen to so absurd a proposal as cutting off a few branches from his already overgrown tree, though the fruit thereof was intended to be devoted to the maintenance of so near a relative as myself.

"Such being the case, I had no alternative but to growl and submit. Yet being still in possession of a few hundreds per annum, which my affectionate relative could not by any stratagem appropriate to himself, I bid adieu to the old house and its many recollections, and stept forth into the wide world unknowing and unknown.

"The amount of my pecuniary substance was at that period sufficient to satisfy my anticipations of expenditure, though experience has since taught me how wofully in error my calculations proved.

"Under the impression that no necessity existed for any extraneous exertions on my part, for the further accumulation of 'the creature comforts,' I religiously eschewed all advances made me towards entering a profession. The church I had seen enough of from my cradle to feel convinced that something was requisite beyond a black gown and bands, to constitute a good and praiseworthy parson; and, as regards the law, I possessed sufficient penetration to know that the well powdered wig was not the only furniture necessary for the adornment of a counsellor's head. The sea I detested, since my first acquaintance with those amphibious animals, the old bathing woman at Brighton; and as to the army, I would as soon have gone to the scaffold at once, as be kept in reserve all my life, like a well trained game cock, waiting for the decision of my backers, to fight a fresh main.

"Not possessing any great predilection for exertion, I became what I still am—'an idle man about town;' and between you and I, Ned, it is one of the least profitable and praiseworthy characters I chance to be acquainted with;—yet for so long a period have I continued this aimless state of existence, that I can no more change my habits, which in truth have become second nature, than I could achieve the most difficult task pointed out.

"And after all I'm not so badly off either," continued the narrator. "With two hacks at Melton, by way of apology for a stud, I always manage a mount five days out of seven. There are fifty moors where I am certain to find a ready welcome in August, and as for partridges in September, and pheasants in October, I don't believe there are a dozen preserves in England that I could not get access to with my Manton. Now all this may sound wonderfully like boasting, but such, however, is not the case, and, moreover, the riddle is readily solved. Possessed of a tolerable share of impudence, a never-failing flow of spirits, and a tongue seldom quiet, added to a small portion of knowledge of the world, I have ever found myself viewed as a necessary ingredient of a party assembled at a country house. On me devolves the supreme felicity of regulating the stables and '*cuisine*' of half my acquaintances; my opinion on agricultural affairs is, by a good moiety of would-be farmers, received as gospel; while their 'better-halves' deem my services absolutely invaluable in making their hum-drum parties 'go off.'

"But the daughters, Jack!" we exclaimed, interrupting him. How do you succeed with the daughters?"

"Don't go near *them*, Ned," was the ready reply. "That would never do, for if by accident it was to enter the slow imagination of any one of my accommodating friends, that Jack Seymour, the portionless younger brother, was endeavouring to ingratiate himself with the more juvenile branches of the families alluded to, I can pretty readily surmise which side of the street door I should speedily become best acquainted with. No! no!—that would spoil all. I never dance, except it be with a long-sashed, bread and butter infant, or peradventure, some miraculous specimen of antiquity, who, at the imminent risk of being seized with the staggers in the middle of the exhibition, goes flying down some forty couples in a country dance, as though it were necessary to go out of the world kicking, or like the last flutter of a tallow candle, making herself more disagreeable than ever at the moment when about to give up the ghost. But to the purpose:

"I have already shown how easily I can eke out amusement during the winter; the spring and most part of the summer finds me in town, and, in fact, I can carve out occupation for myself at all periods save *one*, during the year, and that is the month of July. To conquer this evil, I am compelled to have recourse to Malvern, Matlock, Harrowgate, or Buxton, and but a very brief period prior to my meeting you in town, the latter place had the distinguished honor of numbering me among its visitors.

"I detest those watering places as they are termed, and all connected with them—the half-pints of various mixtures called wine, each consumptive-looking bottle being labelled with the name of the victim destined to swallow its contents—the prying looks, the inquisitive and often rude questions invariably addressed to new arrivals, and probably ventured by some inordinate idiot, who, by virtue of long residence at that place, seems to fancy that the Hotel, and all thereto appertaining, is his own individual property. And then the conversation, the jealousies, and petty malices.—But bah!—I am sick at the very thought of their low twaddle! Yet there I was for want of a better place to go to, but neither knowing nor caring to become acquainted with any one creature in the house. Things progressed much as usual, when one day, having just returned from a long ride, I overtook a lady at the very moment she was about to enter the identical building wherein I was myself domiciled. That she possessed a most undeniable figure, together with very unexceptionable feet and ancles, could not for an instant be disputed; but when the noise, occasioned by my horse trotting, caused her involuntarily to turn round, I was most assuredly surprised at her extraordinary beauty.

"In an instant I had doffed my hat, and summoning to aid that diffidence of manner for which I learn I am somewhat noted—I sprung from my steed, and having uttered profuse apologies for the liberty I was taking, I stated the not very novel occurrence of having picked up a handkerchief at a few yards distance, and under the supposition that it *might* have been *hers*, I instantly proffered my own. Somewhat surprised, but in no degree offended, the lady, in a most musical voice, assured me of her thanks, at the same time declining to receive the addition I was so anxious of making to her wardrobe, since, as she very truly affirmed, the handkerchief in question was *not* hers. Neither was it; nor if veracity were called on, could I have laid claim to the property myself, seeing that, although nominally mine, it has not been paid for to this day.

"The ice thus broken, I essayed to get into conversation, and though my attempts were but coolly received, in due course of time, with the aid of considerable perseverance, I flattered myself I might—if future opportunity offered—claim the honor of registering the lady as an acquaintance at least.

"No sooner had the fair visitor departed, than I set earnestly to work, hoping to discover who she was; yet was the self-imposed task a matter of unexpected difficulty, since from none of the servants about the establishment could I gain wherewithal to enlighten my path.

"Do you know the lady who this moment entered the house?" I exclaimed to a fat, stupid looking animal in red plush garments, standing at the very threshold, as my beautiful incognita passed—" who is that lady?"

"Which?" replied the abominable dolt.

"What do you mean by 'which?'" I answered, somewhat hastily. "Only one lady passed into the building."

"Where?" responded the party-coloured monster, drawling forth his words as though they were valuable as guineas.

"Where—where? why *here* to be sure," I vociferated, somewhat louder than the occasion seemed to merit.

"A'w!" was the intelligent response.

"I ask you who that lady was?" cried I, now thoroughly irritated.

"Don't know," was the substance of the much coveted reply, and under the impression that *his* part in the play had been satisfactorily performed, the hander of hot water and greasy muffins returned from whence he came, viz.—to an obscure corner of his dingy pantry, where, on the strength of enjoying the appellation of a 'visitor's gentleman,' he indulged in the coveted privilege of dozing half his time amid soiled napkins and dirty knives, while the other moiety of his existence was laudably consumed in watching the not very voluntary efforts of a small urchin, whom the greater sloth compelled to perfoim that work which he was paid for *not* doing.

"Foiled in my first attempt at gaining the knowledge I resolved to acquire, I proceeded direct to the master of the establishment, from whom I learnt that a lady and gentleman had arrived two days since—that they occupied the best suite of rooms then vacant —that the lady was young and the gentleman old—and further, that they never visited the public rooms, but lived entirely by themselves.

"'As regards their names, sir,' remarked my host, 'I always make it my business to conform as much as possible to the humour of my guests, and when it is apparent that they wish to preserve an incognito, I take it as my rule never to presume to speak on the subject, much less to make the slightest inquiry in the matter;'—whereupon my most approved landlord, having perpetrated one of his best bows, proceeded in quest of the servants of the unknown, with the laudable intent of pumping the domestics to the very lowest dregs of their reservoir of information.

"Come," thought I, "one chance, at all events, is mine. There are servants here belonging to the family, and if there be but a young and pretty *soubrette*—and moreover, if good luck has it that she glories in the name of a French woman, I'll know as much as she does during the first ten minutes of our interview.

"You see, Ned," continued my companion, "I always had a good deal of confidence on occasions of this sort, and therefore was it that I felt in no degree doubtful but that I should soon be as fully acquainted with what I was so desirous to fathom, as the fat landlord, with all the advantages of dainties from cellar and cupboard, on his side. And here I may be permitted to remark, that in this description of establishment—I speak of where the food of the pieballed race is contracted for, as it is nightly, for droves of cattle, per head, when on the march to their head quarters, Smithfield—I can assure you that the offer of the 'run of the kitchen,' like that possessed by our old friend, Wamba, the son of Witless, goes a very long way towards opening the heart, when urged thereto by the other party opening the cupboard.

"But my motto has ever been,' *nil desperandum*,' so putting forth the potency of gold, versus bacon, I hied me off in quest of the domestics of the unknown. But here a fresh difficulty presented itself, for by what process was I to discover which of the harlequin tribe claimed the privilege of waiting on the beautiful creature I had just seen? It was impossible to stir a foot's length in any of the passages without encountering some of this numerous brotherhood. It was true that through long habit of gazing upon them, there were many whose features I was competent to judge on, but then again there were hosts of other lackies, to me as totally unknown as was I myself to the great Khan of Tartary. It could not be, thought I, the tall meagre figure who, clad in a dingy nondescript shade, resembles a blue bottle fly in a consumption, for he waits daily on an asthmatic old Indian, who has been at Buxton for at least a year prior to my arrival. Was it possible that the yellow covered mortal, with a black face—no imperfect representation of the yellow fever in the West Indies—could be the man? But then again, he was in constant attendance on two old maids, who were ever demanding his services, and yet momentarily finding fault with what duty he was called upon to perform. No! No! *he* would not do. Then there were gawky looking fellows, with legs like the drumsticks of a starved turkey, and short stumpy fellows without any legs at all. There are fifty other creatures of a similar stamp, whom I was in the habit of viewing long before the arrival of the strangers, and one day, by way of occupation at dinner, I attempted to count the various colours of which their garments were composed, but in vain; for not the whole of Newman's shop could furnish a tenth part of the variety of shades I saw at Buxton.

"Once, and once only, the thought crossed my mind as to the desirability of employing my own man, but the idea was rejected as soon as entertained. The fact was, he had been with me too long, and to tell the truth, we were so intimately acquainted with the proceedings of each other, that neither party was willing to give trust to the other further then he could possibly help."

"Pleasant state to be in with your own servant," was our general remark.

"Very," replied Jack, drily, "but not the less true for that. But to proceed ; Of course I never ventured a question to any of the people staying at the house, since, having no occupation of their own to attend to, the odds were greatly in favor, provided their curiosity had in any degree been excited, that they would kindly have endeavoured to interfere with mine, which was a far from desirable measure. Forsaking therefore the task of hunting for the man, I concentrated all my genius in the endeavour to find the maid, and never before, or since, did I gain such an insight into the mysteries of pins and pelerines, needles and netting cases, as I did on that eventful occasion. At last my assiduity was rewarded, and the object I had so eagerly sought was pointed out, and very well worth observing she was; but decidedly not French—that was against me, for two reasons. First and foremost, it is far easier to get into conversation with a French *soubrette* than with an English waiting maid; and secondly, in the former instance, you may hold a conversation with the damsel, with the chances ten to one in your favour, that not a soul amid the listening passers-by understands a syllable you utter.

"But the young lady in question was not French, yet it was absolutely necessary to make her acquaintance, and fortune did me the favor to forward the wish, for on the very next afternoon, while loitering in one of the corridors of the house, the identical Abigail issued from a distant apartment, and proceeded, with a letter in her hand, towards the head of the stairs where I was standing.

"Here was a chance not to be lost, but having nothing better to open the campaign with, I coolly enquired 'if the letter which she carried was for me.'

"Sir!" replied the damsel, stopping in mid career.

"I merely asked if you were bringing that letter to me," I continued.

"To you, sir?" responded the waiting maid, trying to get up a scene wherein she purposed playing the part of offended virtue, while in her own mind she had cast me for the atrocious villain.

"I desire, sir, you will let me pass," she added, looking round in the vain hope of discovering an audience before whom to exhibit, but being unable to see any one but your humble servant in box, pit, or gallery, she was compelled to repeat in a most dignified strain—

"I request, sir, I may be allowed to pass."

"Oh dear yes, certainly," I rejoined, turning on my heel: "I had not the most remote intention of delaying you, but being an old acquaintance of your master, I thought possibly that letter might have been for me, since he promised to let me hear from him this morning on most important business."

Important business.

"Well, thought I, if that does not raise the woman's curiosity, nothing will, so without further colloquy I turned to depart.

"I beg your pardon," uttered a voice in a far more agreeable tone than before. "Did you say you had important business with my *master*, sir?"

"Yes, my dear," I replied, readily chiming in with the more amiable mood, "but to tell truth, the letter expected more deeply concerns your mistress."

"Indeed, sir," answered the girl, her curiosity evidently on the stretch. "Shall I let my mistress know you are here, sir?"

"Why, no, I thank you—no," was my answer, as if in doubt what course to pursue, which, by-the-bye, Ned, was pretty much the case. "It were better not, but I can see her when out. By-the-bye," I added carelessly, "at what hour does your mistress generally walk?"

"Always about three, sir," was the ready response.

"And she takes the way to——"

"To the Spring, sir," chimed in my informant, thereby voluntarily affording the information I was so anxious to obtain.

"Now I think of it, Ellen," I resumed—

"My name is Susan, Sir," interrupted my companion.

"Ah, to be sure—Susan—so it is—pretty Susan, as you were always called in town."

"La, Sir, I never was in London; mistress hired me last week, at Worcester."

"At Worcester!" I exclaimed in astonishment, not unmixed with disappointment: "then you know nothing about the family?"

"If you're so intimate," was the arch response, "you can't want any information from me on *that* subject."

"That was a hard hit, and I suppose must have shown that it did not pass altogether without stinging, for my fair companion putting on a comical expression, and striving to suppress her laughter, asked me "what name she should give her mistress, since so old an acquaintance must necessarily be extremely anxious for an interview, especially with so beautiful a woman."

"That was the unkindest cut of all; but Susan was to be gained at all events, so placing a five-pound note in her hand during a fit of mental abstraction, I merely muttered something about new bows to her cap, which through accident, had got slightly damaged, and away I sped to watch for the lady-maid's lady.

"Miss Susan's information was correct, and at the given time out came the unknown, and bent her steps in the direction already stated. Of course I made use of the advantage offered, and to cut a long story short, the said walk was the following day repeated, and so frequently did we meet through pure accident, that ill-natured persons might have thought our *rencontres* were the effect of design, rather than attributing them to their true cause—chance.

"But the most puzzling thing was, that neither by hint or plain question could I discover the fair one's name; and on that point either Susan was equally ignorant, or, what was of tantamount consequence, most provokingly silent. But who was the master—was he the husband, father, brother, or what was he?

"It was the most puzzling business I ever had to do with: there was I in daily converse with a lovely woman, talking sentiment by the hour, but not one step further did I progress. But who was she? what was her name? what relative was the invisible being called 'master,' who was never seen? And then, to make the matter more complicated, the cursed footman was dumb! a dumb footman! was there ever such an anomaly heard of before or since? Assuredly not! and then the one wretch so gifted—or accursed, for I know not which to call it—living in the only family where I ever wished to hear a footman talk.

"It was too provoking; but what was worse than all, was his inability to read or write. Well do I remember the burst of laughter which rung through my ears, when one day occupied in the fruitless endeavour to obtain information from the nonpareil animal, and totally forgetting that, in the hurry of the moment, I had left my door ajar, a crowd of stupid faces entered, at broad grin, into my room; and yet on re-consideration of the matter, it must have been highly diverting to behold me endeavouring to extract from the thick-headed monster the information coveted, by every species of pantomime I could suggest—during the performance of which, the object of my solicitude perseveringly copied each distortion, both of face and figure, which I underwent in my abortive attempts. What the inmates of the house thought, I little knew or cared, but what they *did* annoyed me not a little. It was evident that my intimacy with the nameless beauty was no longer a matter of secrecy, for, go which way I would, it mattered not in what direction, there was I certain to encounter some two or three of my persecutors. In vain I changed the usual promenade for a contrary direction. I was always treated as before, until, at last, the nuisance became so intolerable, that I felt convinced the whole party must be told off regularly each morning by sections, having a given beat to patrol, for the sole purpose of watching my movements.

"Willingly would I have called the entire "*posse comitatus*" to account, but what right had I to interfere with any person's vocation for choosing the identical mode whereby to amuse himself that apparently found such favour in my own eyes? the thing was impossible. I would have quarrelled and fought them all with the greatest imaginable pleasure, but there was not one among the whole batch who appeared solicitous of engaging in any description of combat. In short, so pointedly urbane were they, that I began to ask myself whether there was not a precedent for calling a man out for being civil.

"Thus sped we on until the day arrived when the name of the fair lady was to be revealed, and a very considerable astonishment did the revelation occasion.

"The plot now began to thicken with a vengeance. Fast and furious were the repetition of those perambulations, till at length our excursions were prolonged by the aid of horses, and in fact scarcely an hour of day-light passed without finding me in the presence of this more than angelic creature; but neither stratagem nor entreaty could prevail on her to allow me to cross the threshold of her rooms. Over and over again, I requested permission to call upon her at the hotel, but invariably my prayer was met with a chilling negative, or pointed avoidance of the theme.

"How long this was to last, the lady might have known, but

I *did not*; for to confess the truth, I found myself after a few of these *tete a tete* walks, as much in love as ever I have been in my life.

"Ah, you may laugh Ned, and with some justice too, at a man losing his senses on account of a woman, of whose very name he was ignorant, but such was the case, and if one is destined to become infatuated with a lady, let her be black, brown, red, or white, no matter which, the game is in her own hands. So what's the good of talking on the matter; the fact was, I found myself awfully in love, and though perfectly ignorant whether the old gentleman up stairs was the *bona fide* old gentleman himself, or some connexion or relative of my fair enslaver, I ceased not to think of her for a moment. Two things were ever present to my mind, and two things only;—the one that I was irretrievably in love,—the other that I was a most infernal fool, each acknowledged truism admitting not the shadow of a question. Pretty predicament truly, Ned, but hang it, I could not help the matter. And then again the conduct of the lady was so strangely variable: sometimes she would throw out most extraordinary allusions, so as to convince me that no obstacle could, by possibility, exist to mar our happiness; while at other periods dark hints and presentiments of evil seemed for ever to forbid our union. Yet in spite of sinister forebodings, and evil anticipations, I was as securely bound to the triumphal car of my goddess, as ever were wretched prisoners lashed to the clumsy vehicles of ancient tyrants.

"For some days I had, with all the mad fervour of a lover, pressed my suit, but my only reply had been silence, accompanied by a pretty fair proportion of tears; and on the day destined for the grand denouement of my story, I had resolved to press the matter to a final issue.

"In this frame of mind I hastened to our accustomed place of meeting, where I soon discovered the fascinating object of all my hopes and fears, ready waiting at the trysting place. She was evidently unaware of my approach, and was earnestly engaged in perusing a letter.

"Now, thought I, if the letter has but a direction, and by any fair means I can gain a glimpse of the superscription, half the mystery will be solved; but how to obtain the coveted prize I could not devise,—and from the pertinacity with which all my previous efforts had been baffled, I had just reason for anticipating considerable opposition now.

"Yet how often does it happen, that when, having conjured up difficulties innumerable as likely to cross one's path when prosecuting any favorite object, we are agreeably surprised at finding all such obstacles but visions of our own fancy; and yet again reverse their picture, and how much more like reality is the opposite extreme.

"But in this instance, fortune stood my friend, and, if the assertion be true, that the blind goddess particularly favors the brave, I have good reason to know she is particularly partial to the impudent.

"No sooner was the lady apprised of my proximity, than, instead of crushing the paper, and thrusting it into that emporium of curiosities, a reticule, she advanced towards me, and in the gayest possible manner, besought my perusal of its contents.

"My dear Jack," commenced my lovely acquaintance,—for, you must know Ned, it was by my own particular desire she used the familiar term "Jack."

"And 'dear' also," we rejoined, laughingly interrupting our mercurial friend's narrative.

"Oh no!" responded the martyr to female blandishments, "no Ned, that was the lady's suggestion, but I must get on—well—

"My dear Jack!" exclaimed my new acquaintance, "here is a letter from my banker about business, and as I am so stupidly ignorant of all such matters, may I request your aid?"

"Any assistance of mine, dearest madam," was my reply, "must ever be at your disposal;" whereupon, nothing loth, I accepted the piece of Bath post proffered for elucidation, and instantly commenced a study of the contents;—and what do you suppose it was, Ned? why nothing more nor less than a communication from Coutts, to the effect that they had lodged £20,000 in the funds, to the credit of my fair incognita, in accordance with instructions received.

"But, my dear madam," I remarked, when my astonishment had somewhat subsided, "has not your husband any control over this money?"

"My husband, sir!" repeated the lady, as if considerably surprised, "my husband, sir!"

"Yes madam, your husband. Has not your husband any power over this large sum which your bankers have lodged in your name?" and turning back the epistle, I resolved to see what that name was; when to my horror, I read the superscription, which ran thus:—

"To Mrs. Dorothea Jenkins."

"Here was a name indeed; Jenkins! could any thing by possibility be more horribly plebeian; Jenkins! then this hidden monster, who never came out, was 'Mr. Jenkins! old Jenkins! Mrs. Jenkins!' Oh! 'twas horrible; and then the thought, that possibly there were little Jenkinses. In an instant I resolved to cut the affair, and so I would have done, had I not most unfortunately looked towards the cause of all my agony, whereupon —but no matter Ned; of what avail is it to confess that in that one look, all recollection of the supposed juvenile Jenkinses vanished into air, and I firmly believe if every Jenkins in the wide world had concentrated into one Jenkins, and that one Jenkins the Jenkins then before me, I would most readily have fallen down, and worshipped the object as a Deity!

"What passed, I can scarcely recollect, but, alas! the result was an engagement to depart that very night, leaving the flannel gentleman up stairs and alone.

"Such was the laudable intent with which we laid our plans, but a slight obstacle arose to mar our project, and what that was you are now to learn.

"Prior to parting with what in every sense of the word, the lady was entitled to be called, 'my captivating friend,' our final arrangements were completed, and hardly knowing to *what*, and decidedly ignorant to *whom* I was about to bind myself for life, I pledged my honour to carry her away that very night, from the loathed thraldom of 'old Jenkins' for ever.

"It may not be amiss here to observe, how quickly we are accustomed to arrive at conclusions, and picture images to our mind that possess no reality whatever; and therefore was it without the smallest right or reason, I had settled to my own satisfaction, that the dweller in obscurity was the husband of the lady, whom I was kindly determined to rid him of, and moreover that he was 'old Jenkins' to all intents and purposes, hideous in aspect, and a horrible tyrant, to boot.

"This, however, was the result of my peculiarly lively imagination, for not having seen the gentleman whom I destined to honour, and for obvious reasons, being incapable of deriving any information from his wife, I had nothing to draw upon but the ideal. Talking of drawing, by-the-bye, reminds me, that having settled all preliminaries with the fair one, I bethought me of drawing on my banker for the funds necessary for the expedition; but here again was a sudden obstacle started, and no less a one than want of money.

"The Bank at Buxton was shut, my worthy landlord had that morning paid every farthing to his tradespeople, and it was impossible to obtain a remittance from town under three days, while on that very evening, I had solemnly pledged myself to a journey of no specified number of miles, whereas I did not hold in my purse sufficient to pay a hackney coach from Piccadilly to Pall-Mall.

"What was to be done? How, and by what ingenious method funds were to be raised, puzzled me not a little. But these were trifling impediments, though impediments they certainly were; yet, to confess the truth, had want of money possessed the means of checking my career through life, I should have remained stationary from the hour of my birth.

"It was not a trifle, Ned, as you are well aware, that could leave me in such a dilemma; provided bank notes were to be procured by asking credit."

"True indeed," was our caustic reply, as a slight reminiscence of sundry bills floated before our mind's eye, and for which said bills we had *gone* security, while the acceptances were *coming* due.

"Right! right, old fellow!" continued Jack, apparently unconscious of the cause of our ruminations, "decidedly right; so what think you I fixed on? why I made up my mind to request the owner of the yellow-covered domestic, to favor me with the loan of a certain sum, in lieu whereof I purposed proffering my cheque.

"Whether my petition would have been acceded to, or, as frequently is the case elsewhere, ordered to be read that day six months—I can't say, for when on the point of proceeding on my errand, a travelling carriage and four whirled rapidly up to the door, and out stepped my old friend and companion, Sir Henry Lobstowe.

"What!" we exclaimed, "the man who shot you?"

"The same!" replied Jack, "the very same, but no fault of his, poor fellow—he could not help it."

"A truly philosophical way of viewing the result of the duel," thought we. But no matter, Jack could not help falling in love, and his dear friend could not help shooting him through the body.

"But go on Jack!" we exclaimed. "Go on."

"Of course," continued Seymour, "I at once discardedt he idea of visiting the master of the custard-coloured footman, and resolved to apply to my ancient school-fellow, totally forgetting that he had been abroad for the last three years; and moreover, there being numerous stories respecting him afloat, which, if true, must have been caused by a very considerable change of character from that which he formerly possessed.

"The fact was, though at the time unknown to me, my once worthy ally had taken to methodism and port wine,—that is to say, he was generally in that state, known by the term 'sentimentally drunk.'

"My pecuniary request was readily complied with, and in return for his kindness, as well as to satisfy a somewhat pressing curiosity, and more than all to secure a staunch friend to put my enemies on a wrong scent, in case of pursuit, I resolved to make the baronet my confidant.

"Unlucky was it for me, when first the notion crossed my brain, for no sooner had I ended what I conceived was a glowing description of the lady's perfections, sufficient to warm a statue into life, than Sir Henry Lobstowe began in a low, whimpering strain, to expatiate upon the wickedness and perfidy of man, and of the enormity of my intended exploit in particular. For the turn which the affair was thus taking, I was in no degree prepared; but a sense of annoyance got the better of my wonder, and you may well conceive my unfeigned astonishment, when my old school-fellow, drawling out his words as though they were afraid of each other, solemnly assured me, it was his firm intention to cross my views by every means in his power.

"So much for a 'friend,' thought I; and having quietly assured him that any such interference on his part would indisputably be attended with risk, we separated, in no degree raised in the good opinion of each other.

"Left to myself, I began to ruminate on the prospect which my good or evil genius thus opened before me; but like most things in this world, there was a dark as well as a bright side to gaze on. On the more pleasing face I reckoned the inimitable happiness I must enjoy when blessed with the society of my beloved, for of course, 'old Jenkins' would sue for a divorce; as to damages, that was totally out of the question, in consequence of the atrocious cruelties which indisputably would be proved against him, as having been exercised towards my suffering angel; then the £20,000 was no bad thing! *that* I was confident she *did* possess, having seen the Banker's letter. But how knew I that she was not the owner of other funds besides her acknowledged share in the three and a-half per cents? Of course she was; and then again, I reflected with what envy my acquaintance would look upon her beautiful countenance and cry, 'what a lucky dog Jack Seymour is!' Oh! that was delicious! the very notion of making wretched those, who, from pecuniary advantages, had so often treated me, to say the best of it, with disdain,—to have these very persons bowing and cringing at my table. But stop a little, Jack, thought I; not so fast, my good friend, if you please; for you must bear in mind the lady may turn out very different to what you anticipate; and as the dreadful thought crossed my mind, I sat down to cogitate, in no very pleasant mood.

"Strange fancies occupied my attention by turns, and I hardly know what might have been the result of my mental reflections, had not that weak fellow, Lobstowe, again made his appearance at my rooms. On this occasion it was but too evident he had found it necessary to fortify himself with much vinous liquid, in order to support and cherish the excess of morality and righteousness working within him, and since, for more reasons than one, I deemed it highly essential to my own advantage not to quarrel, or indeed give occasion for any disunion between us, I made up my mind to endure a lecture, inarticulate as were the sounds in which it was conveyed, and patiently to abide the issue. On reference to my watch I discovered that it wanted but half an hour of the time, when I fondly hoped I should be made the happiest of men, and thinking it far preferable that the maudlin Baronet should exercise his oratorical powers upon me, rather than expatiate on the subject uppermost in his mind in the presence of strangers, I was not at all inclined to regret his company.

"As for his threat of preventing the elopement, that I considered as not worthdwelling on, and much as I lamented my shortsightedness in having made him my confidant, I resolved that the knowledge of my intentions should travel no farther prior to their accomplishment, being determined that Sir Henry Lobstowe should not quit my apartment until I was at least ten miles from Buxton.

"While revolving these things within myself, he of the 'bloody hand' was assiduously employed in filling a huge glass with a funereal coloured mixture, which I took care to provide on his appearance — a potion which was designated by my worthy host as port wine, but which, with much more justness, might have laid claim to the title of 'Buxton brewed,'—however, it appeared to answer just as well as though imported direct from Oporto, and my bibulous acquaintance drank the poison with very considerable gusto.

"My dear Jack," stammered the Baronet, though certes he had never been so familiar in his appellations before, "my dear Jack, I have been thinking over this affair of yours for a long time," it was only an hour since it came to his knowledge—"and the whole circumstance has given me a great deal of pain—yes, a great deal of pain." Here he imbibed a huge draught of the unknown liquid, as if to allay the awful agony alluded to. "A great deal of pain, Jack, I assure you," he continued; for you see, my dear friend, nothing can be so offensive to a rational, thinking creature than the back-windings, yes, Jack, back-windings—I mean the back-slidings of the wicked. Now, Jack, I speak from experience, and I assure you solemnly, upon my word, Jack, most solemnly, that it gives me—a—great—deal of —pain"——

"*What* gives you pain, Lobstowe?" I enquired—in reality imagining he alluded to some bodily ailment;—"what gives you pain?"

"Why—I mean—your back-slidings—Jack," replied my companion, looking most lachrymosely drunk. "You are going to deprive an anxious, doating husband, of a fond and affected—I mean affec—tionate—wife; a man whom I have not the least reason to doubt, is an honor and an ornament to so—briety;—I mean so—ciety at large."

"What, old Jenkins!" I exclaimed in astonishment, thinking, from the sentimental earnestness of the Baronet, that possibly through some strange circumstance he might be acquainted with the proprietor of my adored; but I was wrong, for he immediately replied—"Hipkins—or Simkins, Jack—or whatever you call him—must be a most excellent man—a most excellent man. And oh!—I can't tell you what pain—it—gives me—when I picture to myself Whipkins's agony—when—he finds—his—bosom—finds—his bosom"——

"His what?" enquired I, interrupting him, "when he finds his what?"

"His bosom," replied the Baronet, the tears running down his cheeks, and the wine running down the corners of his mouth—"his bosom-friend—departed! Once Jack *I* was married, and a horrid—that is—beg pardon—a very black job it was, and therefore am I resolved to prevent your falling into the same fit—I mean pit;—you can't tell the—pain—I suffered, Jack—that you can't." Whereupon this honor to chivalry drew forth an embroidered cambric handkerchief, and endeavoured to assuage the velocity with which the tears fell down his face.

"Few people have suffered as *I* have done," he continued. "Ketchup'd—I mean—cajoled—tricked—and then hurried into Deu-te-ro-no-my—I mean Matrimony—never mind, 'tis all the same. Oh! Jack! and then to have the finer feelings of our nature outraged—by a tartless—I mean a heartless—creature. O! horrible—most horrible!—Isn't it, Jack?"

"I had previously mentioned that the Baronet and I had not come into collision for two or three years, and consequently I was profoundly ignorant of what his pursuit might have been during that time, save and except the information I had gathered through report; but now I was at the fountain head of knowledge, at least on that subject—and therefore I was enabled to make out that my most righteous friend had fallen desperately in love with a lady, who, whatever her charms of person might have been, could not boast greatly of the beauty of her mind; in short, the Baronet found too late that he had wedded an unprincipled woman, and moreover, become entangled with a nest of swindling relations, from whom all escape was deemed irretrievably cut off.

"As my friend's eyes opened to this appalling fact, the means of escape from the obnoxious thraldom became his constant study, but as the circumspect conduct of his wife, in as far as regarded all outward and visible signs, precluded the much longed for measure of divorce, he was evidently obliged to resign a considerable portion of his income into the fair one's keeping, with the clear understanding that she was to reside at a particular spot pointed out.

"Yet, from amid the absurd lamentations and regrets in which the Baronet incoherently indulged, it was plain to perceive that the pristine infatuation which betrayed him into the marriage was not wholly eradicated from his mind, while he did not for an instant conceal the not very gratifying fact, of being perfectly aware that to the lady he was more an object of aversion than otherwise.

"From a state of sentimental maudlin, Sir Henry had arrived at the stage yclept 'crying drunkenness,' and it wanted but one more addition to bring him to his journey's end—that addition, unfortunately, he never reached, for suddenly dropping the thread of the detail of his own sorrows, he generously devoted his time, and what small portion of intellect yet remained to him, towards a laudable interest in my affairs.

"I assure you, Jack," recommenced the orator, "I pledge you my word, Jack, you will bitterly resent— I mean repent—this act. You shan't Jack—oh you shan't. What will become of your immortal veal, Jack—I mean your immortal weal?—I mean, if you thus undress—transgress, I mean, Jack—if you thus transgress—and then to think on the orphanless mother—that is, the motherless orphans, and the wretched husband robbed of his knife—I mean of his wife; and then the babies, Jack, the babies. No you shan't—I'm resolved you shan't;" and before I could in any way anticipate his intention, he made a rush towards the door with a force like a battering ram, and in the next instant I was alone.

"Just as well as it is," thought I, "for what use can such a fellow be to me, were the whole success of the undertaking dependent upon his merely uttering two words—far better as it is; he will now go to his rooms without further annoyance, and to-morrow he may lecture till tired.

"Mine is a very perverse nature, I am bound to acknowledge, and in proof thereof, I doubt but I might have retained an unperforated skin until this moment, if that drunken Baronet had not crossed my path. It was his abominable style of admonition during our first interview, that fixed me more firmly than ever in my resolution to carry the adventure through, whatever may betide. Scarcely had my companion quitted me than the remembrance of his existence vanished from my recollection, and impatiently referring to my watch, I found it wanted but one minute of the appointed hour.

"To avoid suspicion, the carriage had been directed to wait at a given spot about an hundred yards from the back of the hotel, whither it was agreed my charmer and myself should individually repair at the same moment, and from thence commence our flight. As it was necessary I should precede the lady's arrival, I hastily threw my cloak over my arm, and securing my pistol case within its folds, I closed the door of my room, and passed rapidly along the corridor and across the threshold, and stepped onwards towards the trysting place.

"My foot had scarcely left the colonnade that surrounds the principal entrance of the house, when the sound of carriage wheels met my ear. 'Bravo,' thought I, rejoicing within myself—'just in time; but how confoundedly dark it is!—yet why does not the carriage stop? it must be near the place, now;' and as I reached the given place of rendezvous, I could just observe the glare of two huge lamps, as, turning a corner of the road, the vehicle vanished from my sight.

"Egad, I'm too early after all," was the first idea that suggested itself; "and yet it must surely be time: however, the carriage will be here directly, and I must keep a good look out for my beloved. What a pace those people were pelting along the road just now! I exclaimed, soliloquizing, and getting somewhat uneasy at the delay—adding aloud, though wholly unconscious of so doing—" I wonder whoever they were! I wonder who on earth they could have been."

"The lady and gentleman who just drove off, sir?" enquired a voice close to my elbow. What, didn't you see them, sir?"

"No!" replied I, sharply, on recognizing the tone of my officious domestic. "And pray what brings you here, sir? if I may be allowed to enquire."

"Me, sir! Oh, sir—nothing particular, sir; only as you ordered the carriage to be ready, with four post horses, I thought you might have required my services, sir?"

"If I *had* required your assistance, sir, I should have asked for it," was my angry retort; but, nothing moved, my imperturbable rascal replied—

"That's exactly what I told Sir Henry, sir, and in those very words."

"Sir Henry who?" cried I, interrupting him.

"Sir Henry Lobstowe, sir, to be sure! didn't you lend the Baronet the carriage, sir?"

"The carriage—I lend the carriage!—why, what the plague do you mean?"

"Why, sir, knowing you had ordered it, and concluding you had forgotten to command my attendance, I considered it my duty to wait until you were ready to leave the house; but when Sir Henry found me in the corridor watching for your appearance, the Baronet asked me where the carriage was; therefore, concluding you were not going yourself, but had lent it for some reason of your own, I instantly shewed Sir Henry where it stood, and having helped him in, I closed the door, and off they drove at full fifteen miles an hour."

"*They* drove—what do you mean by *they*, sirrah!"

"Oh, the lady, sir, whom nobody knows, and whom you used to walk about with so much."

"And was this, then, the end of my adventure?—to have been hoodwinked and made a fool of by my stupid servant, and that because, out of sheer duplicity myself, I did not choose to admit him to my councils. What I did, or in what words I conveyed my displeasure, I know not, but I have a lively recollection of having had to pay upwards of fifty pounds, together with costs, in order to crush an action which the rascal brought against me, under the denomination of 'assault and battery.'

"That he was most unmercifully horsewhipped during my paroxism of rage, has afforded me much lively satisfaction, but at the time, I was wholly unconscious of what I did; but this I *do* remember, that having been repeatedly told there was not a horse to be procured in all Buxton, my detested lackey kindly reminded me that I had in person bought them all up that very evening, and dispatched them at least twenty miles in the opposite direction to that which the fugitives had taken—'to prevent,' as the villain had the assurance to say, 'any pursuit after my friend and the lady.'

"What was to be done? there were my own saddle horses in the stable, it was true; but what could they avail?

"However, any thing was preferable to inactivity, in the state of excitement I was then labouring under; so, hurriedly desiring my swiftest courser to be speedily saddled, I ran up stairs to have one more brief examination of my pistols, determined that 'my friend,' as the grinning valet called him, should at least pay for the trick he was playing.

"Death, and that very quickly, was the least I intended in his favor, and I was yet undecided whether to hit him clean through the heart, or prolong his agony by lodging the ball amid some most susceptible nerve—when my room door was suddenly thrown open, and there stood the delinquent, in *propria persona* before me.

"But how changed was his demeanour now, to what it had been! Instead of being flushed with wine, his face was ashy pale from passion, and, though still far from sober, he was clearly under the influence of some more than usual irritation.

"Well, sir!" commenced the moralist, in a tone that would have reached my ears had I been twenty feet under water.

"So, sir! this is a trick you have been amusing yourself with, sir?"

"Trick, sir!" I replied, equally furious with himself. "You may well apply that term to your own conduct, and which, believe me, must be speedily atoned for. But before proceeding further, I demand to know where you have conveyed Mrs. Jenkins."

"On my word," exclaimed the Baronet, nearly choked with suppressed rage—"on my word, sir, your consummate assurance never can have been surpassed by man! Whom do you mean by 'Mrs. Jenkins?'"

"Whom should I mean but the lady you so infamously drove away with, against her wish, not a quarter of an hour since"—disgusted at his prevarication.

"The lady *I* drove off with," almost shouted the infuriated Baronet—"the lady *I* drove off with—Mrs. Jenkins, as you call her. Why, sir, that lady is—my wife!"

"*His* wife!!!—*my* Mrs. Jenkins *his* wife;—old Jenkins' helpmate—the mother of all the little Jenkinses, his wife!—Lobstowe's wife! It was very evident *that* game was up, and it was made equally plain to my comprehension, that in direct opposition to the established rule at all the patent theatres, of having the tragedy first and the farce afterwards, that on this occasion the latter had been already played, and the curtain was now about to rise for the performance of the first. But it could not be helped, and more than this, you see, Ned, how impossible it was for me to avoid going out when called, and how equally improbable was it that Lobstowe should do otherwise than exert his best to shoot me!"

"But we are still in the dark, Jack, as to the lady's motives," we remarked.

"Then to put you out of suspense," replied Seymour, "it is only necessary to say that, tired of remaining in the dull house where her husband had placed her, and not anticipating discovery, she resolved to proceed to Buxton, there to spend a few weeks, and, in short, abide by whatever chance might cast in the way, by means of which she hoped to find opportunity for throwing aside the monotonous life she was leading, and entering on amusements more congenial to her taste. 'Jenkins' was, of course, an assumed name, and 'Mr. Jenkins' a convenient sort of personage, giving countenance to her proceedings, but existing in imagination only. Her absence from the public rooms for the first two days, was dictated solely by policy, since it was necessary to discover whether any body there staying was acquainted with her, and, as our friendship ripened into something warmer, she had other and equally cogent reasons for continuing her retired mode of life. Whether the maid was enacting a part, and whether the man servant was actually dumb, or only paid for being so, I know not, but on after inquiry at Coutts', I was informed that they were unacquainted with any lady of the name of Jenkins, neither was there an entry in their books of a letter, such as I perused at Buxton."

"What then could have been her object, Jack?" we again inquired.

"Simply this," responded the wounded hero:—"the lady mistook me for my elder brother, and having heard some whispers touching his love of money—the truth whereof I can readily vouch for—she thought it no bad plan to feign possession of the sum, as an additional charm in his eyes; to obtain legal possession of which, as well for his own sake as in the opinion of the world, she was convinced he would marry her after her divorce from Lobstowe, which event she naturally looked on as certain.

"Such was my luckless adventure, but how things progressed in the carriage, and what description of scene took place on the loving pair identifying each other, of course I cannot speak; but had it not been for the Baronet's drunken officiousness in starting on such a Quixotic expedition, as hoping to persuade a lady to forego the raptures of an elopement, when actually seated in the carriage, my fate might have been worse than it is; but as the matter now stands, few of my friends will be able to understand why I should have a hole drilled through my body with a bullet, because, forsooth, a man chose to

"ELOPE WITH HIS OWN WIFE."

THE EMBLEMS OF FLOWERS.

Sweet blooming flowers of every hue
And tint which heaven bestows,
From simple white to crimson's shade,
Which gems the blushing rose:
Stars of the earth, though born of heaven,
Thy varied blossoms give
A reflex of all hopes and fears,
That in our bosoms live.

Hate, and the deadly train of thought
Its baleful powers instil;
Love, and its potent working charm
To lead us where it will;
Rage, melancholy, grief, despair,
And all that in us dwells;
Yes, and the secrets of our minds,
Thy lovely mirror tells.

Commune with thee, and we shall find
Dear images of old—
Already to my heart thou hast
A tale of memory told,
Wherein I long, long days agone
Sat neath this proud old tree,
And sought to gain a maid more dear
Than worlds beside to me;

The summer breezes gently played
So holy, calm, and cool;
The mill had ceas'd its noisy din,
Nor stirr'd the dimpled pool.
Round its old piles the waters swam,
With current eddying slow,
Like lover bidding a farewell,
So lingering loath to go.

'Twas evening, and the moonbeams fell
Upon the primrose pale;
I sought and won her trusting heart,
And told my simple tale;

Aye, on that hour how have I dwelt,
How oft it gave me joy,
When manhood moulded into form
The visions of the boy!

Fair as the lily which the lake
Wraps in its crystal folds,
Pure as the dew, her guileless soul
Its silver chalice holds;
Too fair for earth, she could not live
Till autumn's mellow prime,
The cold and heavy chill of death
Fell on her summer time.

The scent invowen violets bloom,
Screened from intrusive gaze,
Reminds me of her purity,
And simple modest ways.
Each bower her tender hands have trained,
Each flower she gazed upon,
Tells me her spirit yet pervades,
And bids me still love on.

Yes, lovely flowers, and for her sake
I'll love each fragrant bloom
That round me sheds the frankincense
Of nature's own perfume;
And from rude gales or ruthless hands
I'll guard thee, eve and morn,
And offerings that thy summer gives
Shall near my heart be worn.

W. B. A.

SPECIMENS OF AMERICAN POETRY.

NO. I.—LONGFELLOW.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,
The balance in the hand of Time,
O'er East and West its beam impended;
And day, with all its hours of light,
Was slowly sinking out of sight,
While, opposite, the scale of night
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
I saw with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,
From earth unto the fixed stars.
And through the dewy atmosphere,
Not only could I see, but hear,
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,
From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vaster and wider rings,
Where, chanting through his beard of snows,
Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And with its chorus seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east;
And, slow ascending one by one,
The kindling constellations shone.
Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion hunter of the beast!
His sword hung gleaming by his side,
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint,
Yet beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharmed with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars
That were to prove her strength, and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet, pale face
She reached the station of Orion.
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!
And suddenly from his outstretched arm
Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by Œnopion,
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
And, climbing up the mountain gorge,
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.
Then, through the silence overhead,
An angel with a trumpet said,
"For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"
And, like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,

The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
And on from sphere to sphere the words
Re-ëchoed down the burning chords,—
" For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"

THE CHANGE.

BY MRS EDWARD THOMAS.

"For now to sorrow must you tune your song,
And set your harp to notes of saddest woe."

YES! I must tune to sadness, now,
The harp of gladness late mine own;
Since thou hast falsified the vow,
Which lent it joyousness alone;
That is, if I, alas! can sing
With heart so bow'd by misery.
Oh! like a bird of weary wing,
I could sink to the earth—and *die!*

It seems a little thing to part,
To sunder old familiar bonds;
But *one* must bear a broken heart
To which *another* not responds;
Yet, ah! amid its waste of woe,
Around Love's quenchless, hallow'd Urn,
The flame divinely pure shall glow;
Thou didst inkindle *there* to burn!

Can I forget?—thy memory
Oblivion never can efface,
For it is deeply 'graven by
The hand whose everlasting trace,
Is meant for other spheres than this,
When God shall beings reconcile,
He pre-ordained for endless bliss,
Though sever'd on this globe awhile.

THE TEA TRADE.

ITS HISTORY AND PROSPECTS.

THE Roman poets, to whom we are indebted for a particularly interesting account of the manners and customs of the Golden Age, in no single instance lead us to suppose that the custom of tea-drinking, dear to all of the present times, especially to single ladies of an uncertain age, prevailed then as it does now. From their silence on the subject, we are inclined to think that the Roman Sairey Gamps and Betsey Prigs were not in the habit of dropping in upon one another, to take tea and talk scandal. To them the hissing urn, and its contents, that cheer, but not inebriate, were alike unknown. What they had for a substitute, we are utterly unable to imagine: nor were the Greeks much better off. Homer, if our memory be not treacherous, gives a full, true, and particular account of a nice little picnic party the Greeks had in the tent of Achilles, which lay at a pleasant distance from the Grecian camp, on the shore of the much sounding sea," at which the "divine Achilles roasted to perfection some respectable joints, whilst Patroclus stirred the fire, and made himself generally useful; and where "Ulysses the godlike," with a bumper foaming and full, appears to have proposed the health of the benevolent host, in a manner worthy of the late ever-to-be-lamented toast-master Toole. But not the remotest allusion do we findt o tea-drinking; and accordingly we must take the common account, and attribute its discovery and introduction to the end of the sixteenth, or the beginning of the seventeenth century. In 1660, we find an act of Parliament, imposing a duty of eightpence on every gallon of coffee, chocolate, sherbet and tea made and sold, from which we may suppose that the luxury of tea-drinking had been begun, but that the practice was far from common. The following entry appears in the diary of the far-famed Pepys, —"September 25, 1651.—I sent for a cup of tea, (a China drink,) of which I had never drunk before." In 1664, according to Macculloch, the East India Company brought two pounds two ounces of tea as a present for his majesty. In 1667, they issued their first order to import tea, directed to their agent at

Bantam, to the effect, that he should send home one hundred pounds of the best tea he could get. Since then, the consumption appears to have gone on regularly though slowly increasing; but in 1689, a change was made in the mode of collecting the duty. Instead of charging it on the decoction made from the leaves, an excise duty of five shillings per pound was laid on the tea itself. During the nine years preceding 1780, there was a great amount of smuggling, which was immediately prevented by Mr. Pitt's reducing the duty. Till 1834, the tea trade was a monopoly in the hands of the East India Company, but it is more than questionable whether they made any profit by it. It was the opinion of several gentlemen, of great knowledge and skill, who carefully inquired into the state of the Company's affairs in 1830, that they did not. In 1834, the trade was thrown open. The rate of duty was then fixed as follows:—Bohea, 1s. 6d. per pound; Congou, 2s. 2d.; Souchong, Flowery Pekoe, Hyson, etc., 3s. In 1836, this plan of collecting the duty was given up, in consequence of the complaints of the importers of tea, that the discriminating duties were not fairly assessed; and all teas have since paid an equal amount of duty. The consumption of tea, in 1833, was 38,000,000 pounds. Sellers of the article are obliged to take out a license, for which they pay 11s. a year. In 1842, their numbers were,—in England, 82,895; in Scotland, 13,368; in Ireland, 8,837,—making for the United Kingdom a grand total of 105,100.

Undoubtedly the trade might be much greater than it is. In China, the production of tea is rapidly extending. The consumption has increased more than a hundred and fifty times, and yet in all open markets the price has with a few exceptions been regularly declining, and were the duty removed, it might be sold at a price that would place it within the reach of the poorest in the land; and this is a consummation for many reasons most devoutly to be wished. A year or two since, a society was established in Liverpool, for the express purpose, but the excitement, we suppose, has died away, and the society has been suffered to drop. The middle and working classes, till lately, have had other things to think about. Yet there are many reasons why such a society should receive cordial support. Physically, tea has a most beneficial effect,—not one of us but must have felt its enlivening effects, after a heavy dinner. Our later writers on diet are very cordial and unanimous in their recommendation of tea. Nor is this the only reason why such a society should receive hearty support; that the object at which it aims would be a great public good, no one now can deny. At the price at which tea is now sold, there are many thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen that are not able to purchase it at all. A common substitute, with the poorer classes, for a comfortable cup of tea, is toast and water. A reduction of the duty, consequently, might promote its consumption among many who are now non-consumers of the article, and by this time, it is generally admitted, that the more the poor man's home is made comfortable, the more likely he is to become a sober and industrious member of society. According to Macculloch, in his "Principles of Taxation," the duty on Hyson, and the superior teas consumed by the rich, does not exceed from fifty to sixty-six per cent. *ad valorem;* that is, it does not amount to more than one-fourth to one-third of the duty paid on the teas consumed by the poor. The operative, who uses a cheap tea, which costs about eightpence a pound, pays a duty of 2s. 2¼d. per pound, and the rich man, whose tea costs 3s. or 4s. per pound, pays no more: thus the cheap-tea trade yields the enormous duty of from three hundred to four hundred per cent., a much higher duty than is imposed on any other necessary of life. We do not go so far as a weekly contemporary, and think that the poor man should pay nothing for the protection that Government affords him, in common with the proudest noble in the land; nor are we Quixotic enough to expect that our men of broad acres, and well-filled coffers, should say to the toil-worn labourer, "Brother, you have been wronged by us: hitherto you have paid more than your fair share towards the maintenance of Government,—we the strong have taken advantage of your weakness:—henceforth, we will pay for you as well as for ourselves." The sale of one horse—the dismissal of one flunkey, would permit many a one to enjoy the pure pleasure of so Christian a deed; but that, we are, as we said before, not Quixotic enough to expect: and we know that the men of hard fists and fustian jackets would take an honest pride in giving their mite to the maintenance of Old England in her glory and her power. But the discrepancy in taxations, as it exists at present, is too great. It is impolitic to suffer it much longer to exist. The interests of the working-classes require that some change be made in the duty on tea.

The circular published by the Liverpool Society stated:—"Ample experience has convinced the merchants engaged in the trade with China, as well as those engaged in the tea-trade at home, that our export trade with the Chinese is in danger, and that to preserve it, there is the most urgent necessity for a large reduction of the present high duty on tea." We have before us "a return of exports and imports from the British West India Colonies, the East Indies, Ceylon, China, etc., for each of the past five years, ending 5th January, 1845; also the number of ships that have entered and cleared for the same places during the above period," printed by order of the House of Commons. According to this return, we find the aggregate value of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported to Chinese ports, was as follows:—

In 1840, goods of the declared value of	£524,198
1841,	862,570
1842,	969,381
1843,	1,456,180
1844,	2,305,617

During the same years, the shipping employed in the trade was as follows:—

ENTERED INWARDS.

	British.	
	Ships.	Tonnage.
1841	34	20,056
1842	52	28,344
1843	73	32,818
1844	84	39,712
1845	104	45,605

CLEARED OUTWARDS.

	British.		Foreign.	
	Ships.	Tonnage.	Ships.	Tonnage.
1841	18	6,115	3	1,082
1842	38	17,056	3	1,381
1843	63	28,297	2	1,067
1844	73	32,298	3	1,690
1845	78	32,534	5	2,110

It is difficult to discover the exact population of China. We may calculate its area at 1,200,000 square miles. We have every reason to believe it contains the most dense population. A census, said, on the authority of a Chinese statistical work, to have been taken in 1812, makes the population reach the number of 360,279,897. Without pledging ourselves to the truth of this statement, we are warranted in asserting that the Chinese market might be increased to an incalculable extent—that they might be our best customers—that trade with them might employ thousands of British sailors and British operatives,—and that if the duty on tea threatens us with the loss of their market,—and the Liverpool merchants tell us it does—then it were a paltry, penny-wise, pound-foolish, unstatesmanlike, economy to continue that duty, and it were high time to reduce, if not destroy it at once.

Great rejoicing existed in England when the treaty was formed with the Emperor of China, at the close of the late hostilities. In looking at the immense population subject to his sway, our merchants fancied they saw customers who would be to them as a mine of inexhaustible wealth; they forgot for the time,—and this they have learned by bitter experience,—that the duty acts as a veto on the trade, and forbids the Chinese from buying in our markets, as they otherwise might. It was shewn in a memorial drawn up by the East India Association of Glasgow, and presented to Sir Robert Peel, that the expectations then entertained as to the increase of the British export trade with China, were certain to be disappointed. The direct trade with China, they argued, seldom exceeded £1,200,000 per annum. The annual trade from China, exclusive of what passes through the medium of America and Australia, seldom exceeds £400,000. The difference has been made good chiefly by the opium and cotton exported from British India. The former to the annual value of £300,000, and the latter of upwards of £1,000,000, while the balance of trade against China has been paid in bullion. The new arrangements, we believe, from Mr. Macgregor's returns of trade at the ports of Canton, Amoy, and Shanghai, have not reduced the supply of opium and cotton. Chinese silk, it appears at present, is being driven out of the market, by that of Italy; and tea, the great staple of China, is imported to as great an extent as it can be, considering that the consumption is limited by the high rate of duty that prevails. "It is accordingly evident," says the memorial, "that as yet there is no room for an additional export trade, to any considerable extent, because although there be such an immense territory, and such an almost boundless population in China, and admitting also the entire willingness of the Chinese to accept our productions, yet they have not produce to give, which we can take, at present, in return; as is clearly proved, by the large quantity of bullion required from China, in order to effect her balance of trade. The natural conclusion, then, is, if we can buy more tea from the Chinese, they will buy more of British manufacture. Thus, Birmingham and Manchester would feel the effect in the impulse it would give to trade, were the duty on tea altered. We must also remember, that one pound of tea generally induces along with it the consumption of three or four pounds of sugar. In that way, our trade with sugar-growing countries would be increased,—men, now standing idle, would then find work to do, and our revenue would be benefited. Were the duty on Bohea—the tea chiefly consumed by the poorer class of customers, reduced to 6d. per pound, an immense increase would immediately take place in the consumption of that article, as facts in the history of the tea-trade abundantly show. When the Company reduced its sale price from about 2s. 6d. to 1s. 10½d. per pound, (at the same time that a corresponding reduction in duty was made,) the consumption was increased from 1,873,381 pounds, in 1821—3; to 6,474,838 pounds, in 1831—2. Again, in 1836, when the quantity of tea consumed, was 40,490,667 pounds, the prices of lower Congous, the great article of consumption, were, duty paid, about 3s., and that of superior Congous 5s. per pound. In 1840, when the price of lower Congou, duty paid, was 4s., and superior Congou about 5s. 6d. per pound, the consumption fell off to no more than 32,252,628 pounds; showing clearly, as Macculloch says, "that a rise of 1s. per pound, in the price of teas most generally consumed, and of 6d. in those of the next higher class, reduced the consumption about 20 per cent." In the same way, when, in 1842, there was a reduction of about twelve and a half per cent., the consumption increased to about 38,000,000 pounds.

There can be no doubt then, that a low rate of duty would most powerfully stimulate the consumption of tea. This would create an additional demand for sugar—consequently, the countries producing sugar and tea, would be in a position to become better customers to us than they are now, and thus our working man, without emigrating, would have food to eat and raiment to wear.

Mr. Porter, who in his "Progress of the Nation," enters at full length into the subject, gives abundant examples to shew that consumption is materially affected by alterations in the rate of duties. In 1784, the duty was 1s. per pound, and sixty seven per cent. on the value, and the quantity consumed was 4,948,983 pounds. In the following year, the rate was reduced to twelve and a half per cent. on the value, and the consumption in that and the following years was as under,—

1785	10,856,578 pounds.
1786	12,539,380 „
1787	17,047,054 „

In 1746 there was a reduction in the duty, of about 3s. per pound, which caused an increase in the consumption of the following year, of three times the quantity, used the year preceding. In 1768 an abatement of 1s. per pound, on black tea, caused the consumption to increase, immediately, thirty per cent. In 1778, when the shilling duty was re-imposed, the consumption immediately fell back to its former scale. As a matter of revenue then, alone, there can be no doubt whatever, as to the result. Lower the duty, and you get a larger consumption, and in consequence an ultimate increase of revenue. A high duty is now absurd and suicidal in the extreme. The converse is now as clear and unmistakeable as the light of the sun at noonday.

Success then attend the efforts of the Liverpool League, if it be still in being; or if it be, which we partly suspect, that the love of its members have become cold, that their enthusiasm is gone,—that their fire has burnt out,—that the League is now reckoned with the things that were; then let the agitation be again commenced by other heads, and in other spheres; let the ship-owner and manufacturer take it up on selfish grounds, if they will. The philanthropist can advocate it on social and moral ground. The Teetotallers, our old friends, tell us that they are many and powerful; let them put their shoulders to the wheel, and lend us their potent aid. To them it is a vital question. We summon them from every coffee-house, from every soda-water stand, from every ginger-beer shop, from every pump throughout broad England. We invoke them to make common cause with us, under the common banner of cheap tea. A session has been concluded, the dreariest session ever known, and for the people of England nothing has been done. We ask, for them, the reduction of the duty on tea, as the social, moral, and commercial results of such a step, would be of the most inestimable character. The Whigs, we know, are bad financiers, but they cannot last for ever; time, that witnesses so many changes, may see a divorce effected between Dow street and them. And then, it may be that the agitation for the purpose we recommend may be successfully carried on. A Chancellor of Exchequer may arise, able not merely to plan but to carry such a reform; who may not only have the power to perceive the true interests of the nation, but may have the courage boldly and fearlessly to adopt that course by which they will be best promoted. Such men are rare, but occasionally we know that such men do arise. Such men we may have yet.

'There's a good time coming, boys!
Wait a little longer.'

The course we advocate is one that must be successful. It could create but few enemies—it could arouse but little opposition. Tea employs no native industry to raise it or prepare it for the market, and the strictest and sturdiest Protectionist will find it a difficult task, granting he should be so disposed, to make out a case for the continuance of the present impolitic, unfair, and preposterous rate of duty. We may refer to the statistics of the coffee trade, to shew that a lower duty yields a greater revenue than a higher one. Previous to 1824, the duty on coffee was—

West India	1s.	0d.	per lb.
East India	1s.	6d.	„
Foreign	2s.	6d.	„

In 1825, Mr. Huskisson reduced the duties thus—

West India to	0s.	6d.
East India	0s.	9d.
Foreign	1s.	3d.

In 1835, the duty on East India was reduced to 6d., and a law was afterwards enacted, that any coffee, of whatever growth, if imported from a British possession, eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, or from that place, should be admitted at 9d. duty. So that, practically, the alterations made the duty thus:—

West India	6d.
East India	6d.
Foreign.	9d.

And 1d. per extra freight.

Therefore—

In 1824, our total imports of Coffee were	50,674,249 lbs.
In 1840	70,250,766 „

In 1824, of the total quantity imported, we consumed—

Of West India, at the duty of 1s. per lb.	7,947,890 lbs.
Of East India, at the duty of 1s. 6d. lb.	313,513 „
Of Foreign, at the duty of 2s. 6d. lb.	1,540 „
	8,262.943 lbs.

In 1840 of the total quantity imported, we consumed—

Of West and East India, at the duty of 6d. per lb.	14,443,399 lbs.
Of Foreign, at the duty of 9d. per lb., and additional charge of 1d. for freight —say 10d.	14,143,433 „
Foreign Direct, at 1s. 3d.	77,804 „
	28,664,336 „

In 1824, the amount of Revenue, at the high rates of duty, was	£420,988
In 1840, at the low rates	£921,551

The result of this alteration may be said to be an increased import of 20,423,000 lbs., and increased consumption to that extent; whilst, with the former lowest duty, reduced to one half, and the differential duties comparatively abandoned, *the revenue more than doubled.* It is the same in the history of the wool trade. In 1820, with a duty of 6d. per lb., the revenue yielded was £181,035. In 1836, after the tax had been reduced to one penny per pound on all wools of value about one shilling per pound, and one halfpenny on wools under that value, the sum raised was £189,524. And we may reasonably conclude, that what took place with respect to coffee and wool would be realised in the case of tea. Nor is the revenue alone beneficially affected by these changes. The manufacturer, the farmer, the shipowner, the sailor, and the operative, are alike benefited. More goods are required abroad, and consequently more workmen are required at home. The time has come to give industry, and energy fair scope. Commerce, the mother of all the arts that humanize and bless mankind, may be now no longer—

> "Cribbed, cabined, and confined."

Already, much has been done by our legislators. The monopoly of the East India Company has been destroyed; China, with its teeming millions, is opened for the reception of British manufactures; a golden region for enterprise is stretched out in the distance. All that is wanted to complete the realization of the hopes our merchants have held, is simply the abolition of the veto on all increase of trade, for such the duty undoubtedly is. Then, and not till then, will our Chinese war have effected its legitimate results; then, and not till then, shall we reap the advantages of the treaty, for which we freely lavished British treasure and British blood.

This is a poor man's question; it will make his home happy; it will save him from the dram shop; it will raise him in the scale of being. We plead for the reduction of the duty on tea most warmly on this ground. Cheap tea is infinitely better than cheap gin, and by all means we would place the former within the poor man's reach. Not that we are humanity mongers, or maudlin philanthropists. A rich man we do not consider as necessarily a rogue; we do not think that all the virtue in the land is confined to the poor. With us, that a man is unwashed, or in rags; that he lives in a kennel, and picks up the refuse of the streets,—is no indication that he possesses the moral heroism of a martyr, or the purity of a saint. Purple and fine linen often are found on men of bad heads, and worse hearts; but so, alas! are seedy coats and tattered inexpressibles. Vice can tread barefoot through the mud, as well as bravely flaunt amidst the fashion and loveliness of May Fair. It is not our aim to set class against class; to excite the poor to rise up against the rich. But we do ask those who have influence—the senators of our land, the hereditary possessors of rich domains and illustrious names,—we do ask such to come forward to the help of the distressed,—we do ask such men to see to it, that the fire-side comforts, that not only make men happy, but moral, contented, loyal, as well, may be placed within the reach of the poorest peasant in the land.

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXXIX.*

With his mind, feeble and sluggish as it was, still running upon the impressions it had been occupied with for the last few hours, the old man had suffered himself to be undressed and put to bed, with all the helplessness of a child. His old servant, who had grown grey in his service, remembered afterwards that he had been more than usually silent and nervous on this occasion; and that on his retiring, he had directed him to leave the chamber light burning in the fire-place, instead of taking it with him, as was his usual custom. At the time, this was set down to a childish whim, but after events proved it to have had a deeper meaning in it. The old butler himself, into whose room a bell from Mr. Hutton's bedchamber rang, went to bed shortly after, and the whole house was then apparently wrapped in slumber.

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* Continued from page 85, vol. liii.

There was one being, however, who neither slumbered nor slept on that eventful night. Sitting alone in his darkened room, and brooding over the crime he was at last about to commit, this man never relaxed his vigilance for a moment, as was evident from the number of times he crept to the door to listen if a foot fell without: all was, however, as silent as the grave, and he ever and anon returned to brood, and plot, and scheme, for his own dark and guilty ends.

It seemed strange, even to himself, at such a time, that he had thoughts for anything but the scheme he had in hand; and yet his mind, at this hour, insensibly dwelt upon the events of the night when he had first come thither, the guest of the man he was now about to ——! A cold sweat burst over every limb, as he stopped at the word that was about to finish the sentence; then, with an involuntary shudder, he started from his seat, and crept to the door once more.

At last the moment had come!

The very silence that seemed to hang around his footsteps, as he crept along the passage, brought a terror with it that he had never known before. The stairs, as they bent and creaked beneath his weight, seemed to become tell-tale witnesses against him, as if they were eager that the crime should be found out. He was afraid of the darkness, and would have been yet more afraid of the light,—if that could have been possible, when all was fear and terror in his soul.

And yet no one stirred. The very house itself seemed to have sunk to slumber, so dead and noiseless was everything about him. There was not even a breath of wind to rattle the window-frames, for the storm had now completely passed away, and a deadly calm had succeeded, which made his crime appear yet more terrible to commit.

He reached the door at last, with all the torments of hell already warring within him; and yet he did not even turn aside for one moment, but laid his cold, clammy fingers on the handle of the door, without hesitating for a moment. The rushlight was still burning in the grate, and its feeble light cast a grotesque and ghostly glimmer about the room, chequering the grim old furniture and pictures with fantastic lights and shades.

The man—we cannot call him by his name any longer—the man felt staggered for a moment, on seeing this; but, reassured by the calm and regular breathing of the old man, that his victim was asleep, he stole noiselessly into the room. The curtains next the door were partly withdrawn, and he had even the hardihood to gaze for several moments at the unconscious wretch, as he lay stretched in forgetfulness before him. He had, apparently, only recently fallen asleep, for the clothes were very much disordered, as if he had tossed about in a waking state; and one thin, withered arm lay partially uncovered upon the coverlid; the thin, grey hair scattered over the wrinkled brow; the sharp nose, and projecting cheek-bones, and fallen chin, looked absolutely hideous upon the white pillow; and the wretch shuddered involuntarily as he crept away, and extinguished the light.

Then a smothered cry, half buried in the clothes, followed closely by a deep curse; a convulsive struggling and gurgling, as if some one were being strangled, and was vainly striving to cry for help, and which would have made a strong man faint away only to hear; another curse, and yet another cry, shrill and feeble, as the old man shook him off for a moment, and snatched at the bell-rope over head; then another curse, followed by a deep moan, as he sprang upon the bed, and pressed with both knees upon the old man's chest; and then all was over, and old Marmaduke Hutton was dead!

Hastily gathering the clothes about the still quivering limbs, and cautiously avoiding touching the now inanimate face, he crept to the door, to find his worst fears confirmed. The old man, in his death struggle, had managed to ring the bell which communicated with the butler's bed-room, and the murderer, as he listened crouching beside the door, heard some one hurriedly approaching.

To go forward was to meet his fate in the face, and it was equally certain to find him, if he remained where he was. He knew accurately, by this time, every room and passage in the house; and so hastily creeping down a staircase which led from the dead man's room to the offices below, he gained at length his own bedroom, and hastily undressing himself, double-locked the door, and threw himself upon the bed, awaiting the summons which he rightly conjectured would not be long in coming.

The old butler, in the meanwhile, half-dressed, and more than half asleep, was hurrying along the passage, afraid that his old master had been taken suddenly ill. The candle he carried, showed his pale face, with its uneasy expression, whilst the hurried toilet he had made, and in which he had quite forgotten to divest himself of his red-tasselled night cap, gave a painfully ludicrous aspect to his appearance.

He was thunderstruck to perceive the door wide open as he approached, and still more astonished to perceive a figure in white drapery leaning over the bed, and which, until he touched it, did not seem to be aware of his vicinity.

"What is the matter with my poor master," was old Robert's first exclamation, as he pulled the intruder by the skirts; "you surely aren't murdering the poor old creature?"

"Murdered or not murdered, Robert, he is dead," said the stranger, looking round. "Look here, does that feel like life?" and he placed the old man's warm hand on the cold cheek.

"A lord a massey!" stammered the old butler, starting back, as a cold shiver ran through his frame. "Is my poor old master really dead, sir? Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Mr. Hutton is certainly dead, Robert. I should say he has been murdered," said Mr. Mordaunt, emphatically, as he took the candle from the old man's hands, and held it up to the face of the corpse, which had scarcely altered from the pinched and blue appearance it had worn in life. "I think the noise I heard ——"

"Did you hear a noise, sir?" stammered the butler.

"Yes, most certainly. But what aroused you?"

"The bell. It was rung very sharply, and so I huddled on a few clothes, and came away. And so you heard a scuffle-like?"

"Yes, it awoke me. I was very tired when I went to bed, and was awoke from a sound sleep by hearing a scuffle in Mr. Hutton's room; and I once or twice caught the tones of a voice, but they were so inaudible, that I could not distinguish anything. I had no light either, and until you came, almost could have believed that the old man was asleep. But we must arouse the house. This is a terrible crime, and committed as it has been in the middle of the night, it is incumbent upon us to make it known as widely and promptly as possible, so that the miscreant who perpetrated it may be discovered as soon as possible."

"Deary, deary me! my poor old master dead!" sobbed the old man, wringing his hands, and patting the cold, insensible cheeks alternately, as he gazed with a bewildered air on the bed, with its load of dull mortality; "oh, what a villain he must have been! oh, my poor old master! who could have borne you such a spite? Oh! oh! oh!"

"We must ring up the grooms, Robert, and send them off to scour the neighbourhood," said Mordaunt, calmly; "the wretch, if not concealed within the house, must be lurking somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood. Will you send the men out?"

"Oh dear, sir, poor Mr. Hutton was so near like, of late, that we hadn't a single groom about the place," said the old man in faltering accents; "there's the old gardener and the stable boy, and that's all."

"There's my post-boy and man, at any rate," said Mr. Mordaunt, with the same quiet composure; "I will go and call them," and lighting his own candle, he quitted the room.

Left by himself, the old butler proceeded to lay the corpse decently in the bed, and then covering it with a sheet, sat down at the head, and burying his face in his hands, began to cry bitterly. Presently, Mr. Mordaunt came back, having called up the two men, and then the pair began to determine what should be done next: Mr. Mordaunt suggesting nearly everything that passed; for the old man was too much overwhelmed with grief and astonishment, to be any effectual assistance to him.

"There is the person I found with Mr. Hutton on arriving last night," cried he at last, as a suspicion of Pestlepolge flashed like a gleam of lightning across his mind. "Where does he sleep, pray?"

"Quite at the other side of the house: he cannot have heard anything where he was," said the old man.

"Nevertheless we must rouse him up, and make him assist us," cried Mr. Mordaunt, who displayed astonishing activity, in comparison with his emaciated frame, "guilty or not guilty, Robert."

"Guilty, sir! that rascal, Pestlepolge, to do such a thing!" exclaimed old Robert.

"All the more likely, if he is a rascal, Robert," said the other, rapidly; "but come with me, and we will tell him of what has happened."

"I would rather watch here, beside old master," said Robert, drawing back.

"No, you shall go with me," persisted the West Indian, firmly; and taking the old man by the arm, they passed out from the chamber of the dead, and went to arouse Mr. Pestlepolge.

They had to knock longer than even old Robert considered necessary, but at last a drowsy voice was heard inquiring, "Who was there?"

"It's me, sir," was Robert's reply; "please to get up, and let me in."

"Can't you wait till the morning, Robert?" said Pestlepolge, in a lazy tone; "I have not been long a-bed."

"No, sir; you must let me in now," said the old butler, who could not understand the variations his companion's countenance underwent; "there's something very terrible the matter."

Mr. Pestlepolge's door was opened in a moment, and his lean yellow face thrust out.

"Something the matter, Robert?" he echoed, with well-feigned surprise; "is Mr. Hutton ill?"

"You had better come with us, sir," said Mr. Mordaunt, taking hold of his arm. "As a friend of Mr. Hutton, you ought to be apprised first of all with what has happened."

"You really alarm me very much," said the other, quailing beneath his searching glance: "pray, pray, tell me what has happened."

"You will know soon enough, sir,—that is to say, if you do not know already," added the other, significantly.

These words, and the tone in which they were uttered, made the man tremble, in spite of himself; but conscious that every gesture was watched, he did not betray the slightest emotion, but suffered them to lead him to the room where the dead body lay.

To say that it was torture to pass the door once more would give but a very faint idea of the sufferings he endured, but when they conducted him in silence to the bed, and withdrawing the curtain, showed him the corpse, all stiff and senseless, bringing before his eyes so vividly his own deed and handiwork, it required all his fortitude to prevent his crying out that he was the murderer, and bringing down instant vengeance upon himself.

"Is Mr. Hutton dead?" he exclaimed, at last, terrified with nothing more than with the ominous silence his companions observed.

"He is dead, sir," rejoined Mordaunt, eyeing him narrowly; "foully, cruelly murdered, in cold blood."

"He may have died in a fit—he seems to have been dead some time," the man urged, as he felt that he trembled beneath the glance the other fixed upon him.

"He did not die in a fit, sir. I repeat it, that poor, weak old man has been cruelly, infamously murdered. I heard the struggle he made with his murderer. I even fancied I could recognize the voice of the latter;" and again his keen glittering eye was fixed upon the man, as if it would search him through and through.

Again, with a terrible effort, the murderer refrained from crying out, and Mr. Mordaunt went on.

"I have sent people out in different directions, in the hope that the foul assassin, if he has escaped from the scene of his crime, may be discovered, and brought to immediate punishment. In my own mind, however, I believe him still to be in this house, and until we receive some clue to fix the crime upon some particular person, Robert, here, shall be enjoined to keep a strict watch upon all the means of egress. You can now retire, sir, to your chamber;" and with a silent bow, he turned away, and took up his position near the bed.

His auditor mechanically turned to leave the room. He was so stunned by what he had heard from the lips of a man, of whose existence, until that night, he had never heard, and who yet seemed to usurp his authority with such a quiet decision, that he felt perfectly powerless, and unable to utter a word. When he reached his own chamber again, and had double-locked the door behind him, he threw himself upon the bed, half dressed, as he was, to think.

The future! what a terrible idea did it now seem to him, with the unpublished and undiscovered guilt of a revolting crime weighing upon his soul! He fancied he felt the cold clammy hands of the dead man about his throat, and heard that one wild cry ringing in his ears; and then muttering a fearful oath, he sprang up, with a a cold sweat oozing out of every pore, to feel a new terror, with every rustle of the clothes about him, as he felt it still before him, gazing at him, with its lack lustre eyes, and gibing jaws, in revolting neighbourhood to his own.

Through all that terrible and fearful night, whenever he sank for a few moments into a fitful and broken slumber, he would start up again with a smothered cry, as he fancied it was lying beside him, on the pillow. Then he would crouch down amongst the clothes again, shivering at every noise; at the mice gnawing behind the wainscot, or the very drawers as they creaked around him; and then falling again into a troubled doze, he would relapse into insensibility again, only to be aroused by the same terrible spectre, haunting him with its fearful eyes.

Could he have been buried many a deep rood down in the bowels of the earth, there to slumber away in a blessed forgetfulness—to have been lying many a fathom deep in old ocean, with the dark seaweed twining around his mouldering limbs,—he would gladly have adopted the alternative, in preference to the torments he now endured; death itself, he knew, was far more desirable than such a state of miserable torture, and yet he felt more terrified at the thought of death, than at all the rest beside; for how could he dare to meet the frown of the Almighty, with the blood of his benefactor upon his hands.

Then he would wring the bed-clothes in his hands, and gnash his teeth, as he thought over the events of the night; and at one moment striving to collect his troubled thoughts, so far as to mutter a long-forgotten prayer, and at the next, breaking off with a frightful oath, he would fall into his dreamy state once more, only to be aroused from it again by the frightful vision, that would most surely haunt him to his dying day.

It was some relief, or rather, it altered the aspect of his sufferings, when the early dawn, stealing into the room, put to flight his ideal horrors, and brought in their stead his actual ones. Then he lay, stretched out upon the bed, running over in his mind all that they would do that day: the inquest, the examinations, the suspicions that would be excited, and how he would have to ward off any shadow of guilt from himself,—until he felt sick, and weary, and terrified, with all the dangers that beset him; and again the thoughts of the deep sea-grave came over him, and he felt how utterly fallen and miserable he had become in one short hour, and for all eternity.

It was something, however, to get up at last, and to dress, although, when he stole a look at himself in the glass, and remarked how wild and ill he looked, it required all his hardihood to issue forth, and mix amongst the silent and terrified domestics he encountered on the stairs.

CHAPTER XL.

He breakfasted by himself that morning, for Mr. Mordaunt kept his own room, and had he had leisure to do so, he might have reflected most bitterly upon the cold looks and dogged contempt with which he was served. He was, however, far too deeply engaged, for one thought alone possessed his mind, to the exclusion of every other emotion, and that was, how to provide for his own safety. The will would have to be produced in the course of the day, or the crime he had committed, with its attendant guilt, would have been incurred in vain. He was very gloomy and abstracted, although he strove not to appear so to the single domestic, who watched his every movement with evident fear; but all his acting was of no avail, now, and he knew it.

How the time ever did get away, was more than he could conceive, for he endured an age of torture and fear with every minute. But it was noon at last, and with the noon there came the coroner, accompanied by several of the neighbouring gentry, some of whom had been guests at the wedding dinner, the day before. His hang-dog look and dogged bearing seemed to mark him out as the guilty person, even to himself, and the condolences they were about to offer him died upon their lips, and one by one they stole away, and kept aloof in a group by themselves, near the coroner.

This gentleman, after a short delay, opened his court, and as there were more than sufficient gentlemen present to constitute a jury, they at once proceeded upstairs to view the body. Neither Mr. Mordaunt, nor yet himself formed a part of it, as their evidence would be necessary in the course of the inquiry, and so they accidentally came in contact as they went upstairs. It sent another thrill through every limb, to notice how the former seemed to avoid the slightest contact with him, at this moment, as if he loathed the very touch of his garments.

There was little to remark in the appearance of the murdered man, for he had been sufficiently deathlike, in his later years, to leave but little room for much alteration when the spirit had actually deserted its earthly tenement; there were, however, evident marks of violence upon the throat, which showed the poor old man to have been strangled; and then they all came down stairs again, to resume the inquiry touching at whose hand Marmaduke Hutton had met his death.

As they were all flocking into the dining-room again, with that muffled and silent tread men move about with, in the dwelling of the dead, a slight noise was heard in the passage. The man himself trembled, why, he scarcely knew, for he dreaded the slightest accident now. Looking hurriedly and covertly around, he caught more than one eye fixed upon him, and amongst the rest, was the gaze of Mr. Mordaunt, which seemed, as it ever did, to pierce him through and through. There seemed to be more than the usual delay in bringing in the party who had arrived; but at length the door was flung open, and two or three men appeared, surrounding and pushing forward. He gave an involuntary start, but recovered himself instantly, as his eye fell upon the short, squat figure, and sinister visage of his old confederate in guilt, Abednego, the Jew.

"Whom have we here, pray?" inquired the coroner, looking over his spectacles with evident curiosity at the new arrival. "Is that the reported murderer, my men?"

An icy chill crept over his frame as the words fell upon his ears, but he did not move a muscle, nor appear to recognize Abednego, who was pushed, rather than moved himself, forward, until he reached the table, at which the jury were sitting.

"Who is that man?" again inquired the coroner, impatiently. "Can none of you speak?"

"He mayn't be the murderer, please your honour," quoth one of the men, bluntly; "but he be much like un."

The Jew's keen hawk-eyes flashed fire upon the speaker at such an uncomplimentary outburst, but he did not attempt to speak.

"What do you bring him here for then?" inquired the other, angrily.

"Why, your honour, Mr. Mordaunt, there, ordered us to arrest any suspicious persons we came across, and as this ere gentleman was late in the house here overnight, with Mr. Pestlepolge there, we caught him at Hereford, and brought him back wi' us, to give an account of what he was doing here, you see."

"You're a very sensible fellow," said the coroner, with professional gravity, "and shall be rewarded; you hear what the man says, sir," turning to Abednego, "and will perhaps favour the court with an explanation of your errand to Mr. Hutton's house last night. I need scarcely tell you, as you probably know already, that that gentleman was found dead in bed this morning, with every appearance of being strangled, and this is a court empanneled to inquire into the cause of that gentleman's death."

"Mr. Hutton is dead, is he?" said the Jew; "poor man! poor man!"

"He is dead, sir."

"Had he been long dead, sir," he demanded abruptly, "before he was discovered?"

"He was scarcely cold, I believe."

"Was any person found in his room with him?" he asked, as his keen eye glittered for a moment beneath his shaggy brow.

Mordaunt, who was watching the proceedings with great interest, gave an involuntary start as the question was put, but immediately stepping forward, said; I was the first person that discovered Mr. Hutton, as I happened to sleep in the adjoining room, and heard him struggling with his assailant—his own servant found me there."

An almost inaudible murmur ran round the room at this moment. Mr. Mordaunt was unknown even by the oldest of Mr. Hutton's friends there, and the tide of suspicion at the moment set in against him.

The noise gave the man himself courage sufficient to look up, and for a moment the eyes of the confederates met. He breathed more freely, as the Jew met his gaze with a significant gesture, which, however, no one else observed, as the attention of the whole room was now entirely directed to Mr. Mordaunt. The latter, however, after the first shock of surprise, looked calmly, and even defyingly, around upon the suspicious countenances he saw around him, and exclaimed in a loud voice, with honest indignation—

"I, for one, can honestly say, I did not do the deed!"

A sneer overspread the yellow features of the Jew as he said, turning his back on that part of the room where his ally stood, and facing Mr. Mordaunt, a movement which the spectators mistook simply to achieve the latter—"Will that shentlemen be good enough to tell this honourable court who he is, and what brought him here last night?"

The look of honest indignation with which Mr. Mordaunt received this inquiry, prepossessed almost every one in his favour.

"Has that man a right," he demanded, "to question one of the nearest surviving connections of the deceased, as to their business at his house at any time?"

"Most certainly not, Mr. Mordaunt," returned the coroner; "and yet I think it would be better for you to answer it."

"As to who I am, it is sufficient to say that I married the only daughter of Mr. Hutton. I have just returned to England, after many years absence in India, and came thither to inquire after the fate of a very dear son, whom I left to the care of the deceased."

"It ish very odd that Mishter Hutton should die the very night of the shentleman's arrival," said the Jew, with his hateful croak; "very, very odd it ish."

"It is odd, and yet it is equally odd, that he should die the very night the Jew came here," retorted Mr. Mordaunt, quickly.

"He was alive when I left," answered the Jew, with triumphant malice; "he was alive when I left; perhaps the good shentleman would tell us also on what terms Mishter Hutton and Mishter Mordaunt were, when they met again."

"I confess we were not on good terms," rejoined Mr. Mordaunt, proudly; "he had done me a shameful wrong; he had poisoned the very source of all my worldly happiness; his hard-heartedness had consigned to a premature grave the being the most dear in all the world to me.—No," he continued, with one of those lofty and commanding looks, which those around him had already felt awed by more than once already; "I scorn to conceal one atom of the truth; the wretched old man lying dead in that room was my bitterest enemy, I am a broken-down, wretched being in health, and what is dearer than health—in hope—and that man, I proclaim it again, was my worst foe. I had become rich in that pestilential clime, rich even amongst the Nabobs and the Begums of the East, and I came back to spend the little remnant of my existence in my native land, with the full assurance of having my last hours solaced by the society and love of one whom many amongst you know and love — Walter Mordaunt. I am the elder Mordaunt, gentlemen," he continued, with a firmer voice; "and as there is a God in heaven above us, I am innocent of this atrocious crime."

"His bitterest foe!" murmured the Jew, grasping the heavy stick he always carried, as he leaned upon it; "His bitterest foe!"

"Mr. Mordaunt!" said the coroner, speaking with evident pain and concern, as the latter words, which in the hissing whisper with which they were uttered, were perfectly audible in the dead silence of the room: "I need scarcely point out to you that you stand in a peculiarly painful position; you come to your relative's house, with whom you had confessedly been on bad terms for many years, and against whom, perhaps, a just indignation was rankling in your breast, on a day devoted, as I understand, to festivity and joy; you find your son turned adrift upon the world; your relative—already an old man—is murdered in the very room adjoining yours, and you are discovered hanging over him, by the first person who arrives."

"That is perfectly true," said Mr. Mordaunt, calmly; "I had just rushed in, when his own man arrived."

"Did you see no one?" inquired the coroner, with evident anxiety in his voice and look.

"No one—I heard the miscreant, whoever he might be, make his escape, and that was all; the bed-clothes were disordered,—I even fancied Mr. Hutton breathed heavily as I hung over him, but it might only be fancy."

"I am afraid, sir, from the dark complexion of the evidence against you," said the coroner, amidst the most breathless silence, and with evident pain in his voice, "that it will be my unpleasant duty to commit you to his Majesty's Jail of Hereford, on my warrant, on the charge of Wilful Murder, committed upon Marmaduke Hutton; the evidence, I regret to say, is so clear, that I am left no alternative."

The man himself at this moment leaned eagerly forward, as Mr. Mordaunt said,—

"Will you be good enough to ask that man," pointing to the Jew, "what brought him here last night?"

How he hung upon every word, as if it sounded the death-knell to all his guilty hopes! the room swam round with him, as the Jew said, with evident caution, "I had bishness with Mishter Pestlepolge."

"Had that business any reference to Mr. Hutton?" inquired the coroner, his face brightening for a moment.

"I decline answering that question," he said, doggedly.

The man breathed more freely, and even dared to look up, as a movement was made around Mordaunt.

"We cannot force you, sir, to answer the question," said the coroner, in a disappointed tone; "only we warn you that should anything occur, as from my heart I sincerely hope there will, to clear Mr. Mordaunt of the suspicions that now unfortunately attach to him, this refusal will direct inquiry towards yourself."

"I will run the hazard," said the Jew, doggedly.

"Then I must make you enter into your own recognizances to appear when called upon."

"I will do that willingly;" and the Jew was bound over.

"Mr. Mordaunt, I hope that you will soon be freed from the unpleasant constraint I feel it to be my duty to subject you to," said the coroner, with very heartfelt concern; "you had, perhaps, better return to your own room, until a chaise is ready to take you to Hereford."

Never for one moment did the bright look of conscious innocence, that had lighted up that pale and wasted face, desert it for a moment: never did his eye quail, nor his bearing droop, before the half-awkward, half-constrained manner, of those with whom, during the few succeeding moments, he came in contact; and when at last he did move away from the room, after saying a few words, in a low tone, to the coroner, his carriage was still as lofty and as firm as it had ever been, throughout the whole of that eventful day.

In a few minutes, the room was cleared of its occupants. The coroner had adjourned to a cold lunch, the jury to their respective homes, the prisoner, under proper surveillance, to his bedroom, and Pestlepolge and the Jew were left alone, the latter having contrived to loiter behind, without exciting the attention of the servants, all of whom were much too bewildered and harrassed to take much notice of any one just then.

Neither of the two men spoke for several minutes; each was, in fact, too much engaged with his own thoughts at the time; at length the Jew looked up, and fixed his eyes upon his companion. The latter was conscious that he was observed, and yet he did not stir nor speak, although his ally made several ineffectual attempts to engage his attention, by sundry coughs and hems.

"Did he struggle moch, my dear!" he demanded at length, in a whisper.

The murderer started and shuddered.

"Old men always do, my dear," continued the other, darting an eagle glance at his companion. "Did he shriek, Humphrey? —no! no! you crept in upon him, when he was asleep, and then,—ah! you pressed his troat so!" and he fixed his own yellow claws, with a fiendish leer, in his own neck.

"Peace, fiend," cried his companion in guilt, convulsively; "one word more, and I'll send that guilty soul of yours ——."

"Hush! hush, Humphrey," whispered the Jew, with a chuckling laugh; "old men like me aren't to be frightened with such words as these; but we will talk of someting else, my dear."

"Go on!" muttered the other, with dogged fierceness.

"Ah, now we will understand each other, Humphrey," said the old wretch, eyeing him furtively, as he sate far back in the shadow of the solitary window the chamber could boast; "and as we have put them upon the wrong scent, my dear, and so drawn away suspicion from ourselves, what do you propose to do next? dere is de will, Humphrey—de will, my dear!"

"Ay, and if we produce that now, you black villain," growled Pestlepolge, gnashing his teeth, and clenching his hands, in his passion; "if we produce that, we are ruined! undone! caught in our own trap! they suspect us already,—I could see it, even when the tide of suspicion ran strongest against that Mordaunt, and the moment we bring that will forward, we are dead men!"

"What a pity it is that the old man is dead," muttered the Jew, in a loud tone; "dear, dear, all our labour is in vain"!

"All our horrible guilt, rather," retorted the other, starting up, as if stung by some new terror, and then falling back again into his seat. "How can we dare to bring forward that will now?" he demanded, fiercely, turning upon his confederate.

"Gently, gently, my dear," rejoined the other, with a short, grating laugh, that jarred upon every nerve in his frame; "there is always ways and means to creep out of a danger, even when you have the very halter about your neck."

"There again!" cried the man, with a fearful oath; "nothing but deaths and halters,—confound you, can you talk of nothing else?"

"Well, well, my dear," returned the other, in a soothing tone, "we will talk of all this at another time. In the mean while, you had better give the will into my keeping, for your own safety, as well as mine."

"I'll see you at Jericho first," retorted the other, scowling upon him, as he sprang from his seat; "no, no, master Abednego, I will keep that document, at any rate," and he laughed uneasily, as he said it.

"Very well, my dear, then you may keep it," returned the Jew, smiling; "I will see you again in a day or two—ha! there is Mishter Mordaunt, on his way to Hereford jail," he added, with one of his hateful laughs, as they saw from the window the chaise, containing the unfortunate man, move down the carriage sweep; "a pleasant journey to you, sar, and a tardy return," and he laughed again.

It made the other man feel sick and ill, even to see his second victim thus carried to his doom; but his terror was all of a selfish kind, for it recalled him to the possibility of himself being placed, at some day or other — he trembled to think how soon—in the same position. The Jew, however, had no such fears, and so he laughed and rejoiced over the downfall of his enemy, until he had even satiated his malicious heart, and then, with many a caution as to his conduct, until they met again, at last slunk away, and left him to his own terrible reflections.

The cold, deathly, frowning face, as stern and bitter as it had ever been in life, still haunted him throughout that weary and miserable day; whenever he closed his eyes for a moment, the wild, startled shriek, the only one the miserable old man had uttered, still rang in his ears, making his flesh creep, and his blood to curdle in his veins. Then he would start up, and pace wildly to and fro the little apartment, wondering to himself what they were doing about the house, and whether any one had been set to watch him, lest he should attempt to escape; and so the sluggish hours crept on, and it was night once more.

THE STORM AND THE CONFLICT.

A TALE OF THE FIRST REBELLION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

CHAPTER II.*

The close of the year 1715 witnessed a defeat of the followers of the Chevalier St. George, at Preston, in Lancashire, that for many years put a stop to all further efforts for the restoration of the house of Stuart to the British throne. Lords Kenmore and Nithisdale, the Earl of Derwentwater, Charles Radcliffe, the brother of the latter, and many others of rank and note, were on that occasion made prisoners; and perhaps, amongst those who escaped the pursuit of justice, were many who, during banishment in foreign lands, or whilst less securely skulking about their own country, suffered more through the privations of poverty, the painful reminiscences of their individual ruin, and the haunting dread of detection, than did those who, by paying at once the forfeit of their lives, escaped all further consequences of their rebellion. The 28th of November, exactly a fortnight after the surrender of the rebels, was in proud Preston and its vicinity, a cold, stormy day. Driving showers, half sleet, half snow, found ready lodgement on every gable roof, door-porch, and window sill, in the old town; and the wind seemed to blow from all points of the compass, as it came eddying onward over the bleak neighbouring uplands. By four of the clock on that day every shop was closed, and the streets wore a singularly deserted and sombre appearance, in the gathering darkness. The blackened remains of the houses that had been fired by the king's troops, the earnest converse in which every one seemed to be engaged, as they hurried in companies of two or more along the streets, and the occasional appearance of one of Willis's dragoons, alone bore witness to the recent struggle in the place, and to the anxiety with which men's minds were yet filled, respecting the final issue of the scenes that had been enacted around them.

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* Continued from page 33, vol. liii.

One of the dingiest of the very dismal-looking houses, situated in the narrow lane called the Church Wynd, bore, at the time of which we are treating, over its projecting shop-window, the following announcement:—"Ephraim Oates, Dealer in Worsted, and Hosier." Hanks and balls of the material chiefly dealt in, heaps of woollen yarn, stockings, and other articles of hosiery, pretty well filled the window, whose panes of coarse, greenish glass, exhibited little of housewifely care. The black paint on the door was cracked and blistered with age, and the upper windows, that had never been opened for many a year, wore an appearance of gloom and mystery. This quiet locality retained its original air of undisturbed repose; but perhaps no household had suffered more from the intrusions of the rebel enemy, than had that of Ephraim Oates. Himself a rigid anabaptist, and from political as well as religious principle, opposed to the restoration of the Stuarts, it was a great grief to him that he had been compelled to give temporary shelter to several of Macintosh's dragoons. This grief was further heightened by the evident satisfaction which the arrival of the insurgents had given to his only son, the veritable Laithwaye, who had been somewhat celebrated as a "London 'prentice," and by the alacrity with which, in minor matters, he had devoted himself to their service. This trouble was further enhanced by other circumstances of the old man's household. His wife, who was much younger than himself, had been for many years labouring under a strange kind of mental prostration, that without altogether destroying the health of either mind or body, exercised so visibly destructive an influence on both, as to affect the comfort and well-being of the home over which she presided. Naturally morose, and inclined to fanaticism, Ephraim Oates had, nevertheless, seldom lost sight of the main chance in this world; and as years passed on, increasing the indifference of his wife to all sublunary matters, and developing yet more strongly the unstable character of his son, he began to derive less and less of satisfaction from the mixed nature of the piety to which he had more than pretended, including, as he was well aware it had done, the worship of God and Mammon; and to apprehend, that the failure of the human aid in which he had trusted, gave him a clearer view of his spiritual backslidings, than his spiritual pride would have allowed him to acknowledge, before the few fellow mortals to whom, as a teacher, he occasionally held forth. These disappointments and mortifications, unhappily, did not improve either his piety or his temper; for it is quite possible to resign hope after hope in this world, without increasing our care for the next; and considering all things, it was little to be wondered at, that the volatile and light-hearted son of the old hosier found few attractions to bind him to the domicile in the Church Wynd. In truth, he was seldom to be found there, and his presence had latterly brought more of annoyance to the old man than his absence had been wont to do. Involving himself in the troubles and dangers of others formed no part of Ephraim's creed, and, owing to the reckless generosity of his son, he had found it difficult to keep clear of suspicion. The latter would willingly have made a hiding-place of his father's house, for more than one of the rebels whom he especially favoured, and it was to this zeal that the hosier owed the present, and to him desirable absence of his son.

On the afternoon to which we have especially referred, Ephraim sat moodily brooding over these and other matters, in a corner of his dark shop. His business, if he had ever possessed one, was fallen into decay, and his thoughts were evidently unconnected with the petty details of the small retail stock surrounding him. The air of sullen acquiescence in, rather than of quiet resignation to, the decrees of providence, that was habitual to his countenance, was now lighted up by a gleam of satisfaction; and after a prolonged reckoning, carried on in dumb show upon his fingers, he arose and walked several times to and fro in the narrow confines of his shop, rubbing his palms together the while, with symptoms of irrepressible glee. This unusual manifestation was involuntary and short-lived; for, as if suddenly recollecting himself, the old man resumed more than his ordinary sternness of demeanour, and his small, keen eyes peered cautiously into the gloom surrounding him, as if fearful of having been observed. This caution was not wholly unnecessary; the shop door was opened and closed again suddenly; the figures of two men, one of whom was muffled up in a large cloak, passed rapidly forward, and the latter placed a heavy, determined hand on the shoulder of the shrinking hosier.

"Are you alone?" he asked, in an unmistakeable tone of command.

"How came you here, and what do you want with me?" demanded the other, with white lips.

"Answer my question," said the first speaker, fiercely.

"Yes."

"Then pass forward."

The hosier opened a door, that led into a sitting-room at the back of the house, and there made a dead stand. A fire of Kendal coal burned brightly in the grate, near which, turning a wheel, her constant occupation, when not engaged in household matters, sat the mistress of the house, familiarly known by the name of Betty Oates. She was about forty-five years of age, and her face, deeply marked with the small-pox, was of an unwholesome paleness. Her rather stout figure was decently attired in the sober garments suited to her station, and the mental malady of which we have spoken was sufficiently apparent; she pursued her employment, as if wholly unconscious of the presence of the intruders. Her husband, meanwhile, had assumed an attitude peculiar only to bad and cowardly men, when held at bay. His hands, that hung helplessly down on either side, twitched nervously, and his bent head brought his face into such an angle with his body, that the upturned glance of his strained eyeballs would have been sufficiently disagreeable, had their expression betrayed less of malevolence.

"This is not the place in which you formerly received me; we must pass on," said the visitor. The old man doggedly kept his position.

"Woe! woe! woe!" muttered the hosier's wife, without lifting her head, or relaxing in her employment; and there was such a heaviness of sorrow in her tone, that the peremptory personage who had spoken last, turned to observe her.

"This is my mother's way," whispered his companion; "don't waste time;" and the speaker, Laithwaye Oates himself, sat down in a chair opposite his mother, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on her face.

"For the sake of old times," said the first speaker, still looking at the woman, "I would gladly have been spared all this. Here," he continued, taking from the table a small pamphlet, entitled, "A new Salve for Old Sores," and contemptuously tossing it down again, "here is the trash that has effected all this ruin; that has made a maniac of your wife, and of yourself." The severe eye of the speaker expressed far more of reprobation than any words could have done.

"Say nothing against the godly books!" exclaimed the woman; "they first brought me to a sense of sin."

"Say rather to an annihilation of all sense," replied the visitor. "This is idle," he continued, sternly, confronting the master of the house, "you knew at what disadvantage you held me, or you had not, yesternight, dared refuse my just demand. I come here with the determination to act, and that promptly; —I am not more in your power than you are in mine; therefore choose your course at once, for *my* time is precious."

"I don't know," commenced the hosier.

"Don't know what?" impatiently demanded the other; "you speak falsely, you know."

"I know that I have a rebel in my house, whose life and estates are forfeited, and that at a signal from me the place would, in five minutes, be surrounded by the king's troops."

"You are a false knave, and capable of any villainy, but this you dare not do. What! don't you know that within the last two months' Sir Thomas Greystock placed in your hands five hundred pieces of gold, with the understanding that in any case of necessity, it should be forthcoming to supply his daughter's need or his own, and under the belief that your honesty was sterling as the metal he gave into your charge? Don't you know that a great portion of his family plate was conveyed hither within that time, and on the same terms, and that it now lies buried in a vault beneath us? truly, I am myself minded to be the first to summon the German's troops; the discovery of the rebel's secreted goods would aid materially in developing the character of the conscientious Master Ephraim Oates."

"You speak in fables," whined Ephraim, with a still more skulking look.

"He speaks of facts!" exclaimed the woman, suddenly starting from her wheel, and standing erect before them all; "he speaks of facts, and he must be righted! Woe! woe! woe for the house of Greystock; woe, woe for ourselves! Give him his gold, and let him depart; he has suffered wrong enough at our hands—give him his gold, and let him depart!"

"Ha! mistress!" exclaimed the old man, grasping his wife's arm, and gazing in her face, with the malignity of a fiend; "ha! you can see, and speak, and understand when it suits your purpose, can you? you can ——.'

"She can understand that you are a villain," exclaimed Sir Thomas Greystock, for it was he; and releasing the woman from her husband's grasp, with one sweep of his muscular arm, he sent the latter, reeling, to the farthest corner of the apartment.

"It does not signify talking, father," said Laithwaye, rising, and interfering for the first time, during this scene; "Sir Thomas only wants his own, and he must have it."

"And who told you that I held Sir Thomas Greystock's money?"

"You told me yourself—at least, I saw you receive, and heard you acknowledge the obligations under which you retained it," said Laithwaye, in the same firm, quiet tone, in which he had first spoken. The old man bit his white lips.

"Furthermore," continued Laithwaye, resolutely, "I know where the money is stowed, and Sir Thomas's time don't serve for waiting."

"Why, you unnatural hound!" cried Ephraim, trembling.

"Fair and softly, father, fair and softly," said Laithwaye. "Beg your pardon, Sir Thomas, but there's not a minute to lose; we shall have Nehemiah Snufflegrace here, in less than no time, and then, as my father well knows, it will all be up." Whilst speaking, Laithwaye had taken from the pocket of his sailor-looking jacket, sundry manacles, which he fastened upon the wrists and ancles of his venerable parent, in what the Americans call, "the twinkling of a bed-post;"—he then handed to Sir Thomas, a ponderous key, with few, significant words:

"In yon room, sir, if you please; you know the desk in which the money was placed—it lies there still; the old man shall not say *I've* robbed him, and *you* only take your own."

Sir Thomas took the key, but he hesitated for a moment, and the proud blood mounted up, heightening his naturally ruddy complexion to a purple tint.

"Oates!" he exclaimed, sternly looking in the face of the passion-overpowered man, "I could have forgiven your premeditated dishonesty, your utter want of the common good faith that should exist betwixt man and man; but I will never forgive you for forcing me to so unworthy an expedient as this!"

The frantic rage of Ephraim Oates could find no vent in words, and his white lips were covered with foam. His wife had relapsed into her usual state of apparent unconsciousness; and when Sir Thomas returned from the inner room, bearing with him his own packet, containing the sum he had named, he merely exchanged a significant glance with Laithwaye, and the two instantly departed, leaving the hosier to his solitary reflections; and with no apparent hope of being released from thraldom, until the arrival of the expected Nehemiah Snufflegrace.

CHAPTER III.

At an early hour in the afternoon of the day mentioned in the last chapter, namely, the twenty-eighth of November, 1715, two officers wearing the British uniform, stood engaged in earnest converse beside one of the low doorways of the old parish church, the pews of which had so recently, and so irreverently, been converted into stables by the rebel army. The younger of the two was a tall, and strikingly handsome man, of about four and twenty, the mild, almost melancholy, expression of whose countenance, joined to the gentle suavity of his manner, seemed singularly at variance with his profession, and the position in which, with regard to it, he was then placed. The other, a hard-featured, stern-looking veteran of sixty, presented a strong contrast to his companion, in the vehemence of his action, and the rapid flow of his words, during the delivery of which, he frequently directed the attention of the young officer to a printed bill, posted on the church door, and the contents of which ran thus:—

"Whereas, it having been stated on the testimony of some to whom their persons are known, that Thomas Greystock, commonly called Sir Thomas Greystock, late of Darren Court, and Richard Talbot, late of Brockholes, in this county, have been seen lurking in the township of Dilworth, in disguise: Notice is hereby given, that any person or persons convicted of harbouring, or in any way abetting the aforesaid rebels, Thomas Greystock, and Richard Talbot, will incur the penalty of death, by the same; and to any who shall give such information, as shall lead to the apprehension of the aforesaid rebels, either alive or dead, a reward of five hundred pounds is offered by the Government Authorities.

Signed,
General Willis.
Colonel Stanhope.

Frequently, during the course of the conversation, the countenance of the younger officer was expressive of strong, but suppressed emotion; once he drew back with an air of indignant surprise, and a crimson flush passed over his usually pale face; but the other, deprecating his anger, with a good-humoured smile, and, it might be, satisfactory words, the transient storm seemed to pass over, and when they at length separated, it was with an appearance of amicable feeling on both sides.

It is our intention to follow the steps of the younger officer, who, hastily passing out of the churchyard, crossed the street and entered the court of an inn, whence in less than five minutes he emerged, mounted on a spirited horse, which he urged forward to its utmost speed, and a shower of fiery sparks tracked every footfall as it dashed furiously through the ill-paved streets. It was not until the young horseman had left the town at a considerable distance behind, not, indeed, until the increasing darkness and the badness of the roads compelled him, that he drew in the reins, and for the first time began to apprehend that he should find his purposed journey rather difficult to accomplish, being already doubtful of having wandered out of the track. Changing his course, as nearly as he could guess in the right direction, the horseman pursued his dubious way, sometimes urging on the now subdued animal he bestrode, and sometimes dismounting as the road became perilous; when suddenly his attention was arrested by the confused murmur of voices, so near to him that he could distinguish the various tones, some of which seemed familiar to him. Calling out at the top of his voice, perhaps with more prompt courage than prudence, considering the perilousness of the times, he desired the persons, whoever they were, to stand in the name of King George; but receiving no reply, and finding that the voices had altogether ceased, he was about to repeat his command, when suddenly the two first stanzas of one of the doggrel and equivocal songs delighted in by the disaffected of the times, was roared out by a lusty voice, apparently close beside him.

"King George he is a gentleman
Of honour and renown,
We help'd him up the hill, and he
Declares he'll help us down.
Derry down!

"Old England's sons, a witless race,
Were all unfit to rule,
And so the German lent his aid,
And sooth he's not the fool.
Derry down!"

"Laithwaye Oates!" exclaimed the horseman, "I would I were close enough to lay this whip across thy graceless shoulders; what brings you here, and whom have you in discourse?—thou art not alone, knave."

"Master Arthur Breck chooses to be merry," replied the personage addressed; "truly, I am not alone, since falling in with such good company. Perhaps we are journeying the same way, and if so, I shall be glad to give you the benefit of my guidance, for you have lighted on bad roads, and long, if you are bound to any christian community."

"I shall certainly thank you to set me right," said Lieutenant Breck, as we must now call the young officer; "but I give you my honest word, Laithwaye, that I will have this conduct of yours looked into. It is not for any good purpose that men skulk about the country at all hours and seasons as you do; and it is really a marvel to me how such reputable and godly people as Ephraim and Betty Oates came possessed of so reckless a reprobate for a son as thou art."

"I am a plain man, Master Arthur," replied Laithwaye, "and never presume to set the example of interfering in matters that don't concern me. I don't see why there should be any differences betwixt you and me, especially at a time like this; and for the matter of my business here, I don't see but what I have as fair a reason to put the question as yourself. However, I wish to bear no ill will, and if you advise me of the way you purpose journeying, I may render you some service, for few are better acquainted with these wild parts than I am."

"Thou hast, indeed, a reputation for being able to scour the country like a wild cat, at all hours and seasons," replied the other; and familiar as I myself am with the road I should have journeyed, it is beyond all question that I have wandered from the right track. I wish to reach Darren Court at some seasonable hour, and if, with thy help, I accomplish this, it may be I shall overlook the treasonable burden of thy ditty just now, to say nothing of the voices I heard, and respecting which thou hast not explained."

"Never fear for me, Master Arthur," returned Laithwaye, evasively; "it was well observed by some wise man of old, that a good name is better than much gold, and I can bear witness that the good names of Ephraim and Betty Oates, have helped me out of many a scrape, and will, I trust, yet help me out of many more. But, Darren Court! you can never dream of proceeding to-night; why, the old house is further to reach than when you first started from Preston, and the roads are all but impassable. If I might offer my humble advice, Master Arthur, you would take the blessed daylight for your journey."

"Rascal! thou art trifling with me," exclaimed the lieutenant; "at all events I must reach Darren Court to-night. Stand aside," he continued, aiming with his heavy riding-whip at Laithwaye, and, at the same time, urging his horse to make a blind plunge into the darkness, the animal slipped, ploughing up the clayey soil to a considerable distance with his knees, and depositing his rider with some violence upon the levelled trunk of a patriarchal tree.

"Fair words go a long way, Master Arthur Breck," said Laithwaye, advancing in the darkness and assisting the lieutenant to rise; "and a great pity it is they don't form an article in every body's creed. Had that same piece of whipcord come in contact with my shoulders, as doubtless you intended it should, you might have lighted on a worse handling than even this. It is astonishing to me how soon you devout folks are put out of all patience with trifles, whilst it is considered as no merit in reckless rascals like myself, that we meet all sorts of ups and downs with the most imperturbable good humour."

"Thy rebuke is just," said the lieutenant, who, beyond a severe shaking, had fortunately received no hurt. "But I pray thee spare thy advice, good Laithwaye, and rather lend thy aid to speed me on my journey, for on I must proceed. By communicating with Mistress Alice to-night, I may spare her much unpleasantness, of which she has had, and is likely to have, enough; and I think that even thou would'st do somewhat in furtherance of such an object."

"Would I not!" exclaimed Laithwaye, enthusiastically; "sweet Mistress Alice! pretty Mistress Alice! Why there is not a heart on all this country side, that would not shed the last drop of its blood for her; and the more readily, Lieutenant, that I believe your's to be one of them, I will help you on to Darren Court, since the case stands as you say. Are you fairly mounted?—All right.—King George and old England for ever! Hurrah!"

Leading the horse forward at a rapid pace, and at the same time singing, with apparently hearty good will, a ditty, the burden of which was sufficiently loyal to suit the taste of his present company, Laithwaye Oates plunged fearlessly into the darkness, nor paused until Lieutenant Breck found himself before the principal entrance to Darren Court.

CLARENDON;

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXIII.*

HERBERT ran on, turning now to the right, and now to the left, whenever a bye street, that promised concealment, presented itself, alive only to the hope of escaping from the ferocious gang he had fallen amongst, as long as his boyish strength permitted; until, at last, hungry, footsore, and completely exhausted, he gradually slackened his pace, until it subsided into a walk. Long ere this, the city, with its sights and sounds, had disappeared behind him; he had now gained the brow of a hill, and heated and breathless with running, and, yielding to his boyish terror, he crept behind a hedge to rest himself, and began to cry.

It was still very dark, although a red streak in the east gave promise of the dawn. With a forethought beyond his years, he presently made up his mind to resume his journey at once, as he ran less chance of being retaken as long as the night continued, and murmuring the Lord's Prayer to himself as he stole out of his lair, he once more struck out upon the high road, and, with little sense of weariness or fatigue, continued his flight.

He had not walked above a mile, when a light, gleaming through the darkness, attracted his attention, and which, as he advanced, gradually brightened and increased, until a broad stream of light, accompanied by a roaring noise, flashed upon him, and he presently discovered the outline of a hut, something resembling the Fungus, standing a little aside from the road, and sheltered by a few lofty trees, which made the little hut seem still more picturesque.

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* Continued from p. 431, vol. lii.

He had by this time almost forgotten the terror that had haunted him in his flight, but it was not without a beating heart that he stole up to the door, which, standing wide open, enabled him to perceive that the sole occupant of the forge was a brawny, athletic-looking fellow, whose manly figure, as he flitted to and fro before the boy's dazzled gaze, looked perfectly herculean in the glowing light in which he stood.

His trousers were tucked up to the knees, displaying a pair of sinewy limbs, which had their counterparts in the naked arms that wielded the huge shining bars on which he was at work; his broad brawny chest was laid bare to the fire, and was covered with black curling hair, almost as thick and matted as that upon his head; his sunburnt face was streaming with perspiration, and had yet a kindly expression about it, notwithstanding the dark, strongly-marked features, owing principally to the playful gleam of the dark eyes, that flashed from beneath the swart and shaggy brows;—the whole scene was so unexpected, and so like enchantment in that lonely place, that the boy stood and gazed for several minutes at it and its solitary actor, until the latter chancing to turn round, discovered Herbert standing, pale and trembling, in the narrow doorway of his workshop.

"Good heavens! what a fright thou'st given me!" ejaculated this good natured giant, letting fall his metal bar as he started back a pace or two; is't alive, my little fellow, or not?" advancing a step to reconnoitre, and then reassured by his scrutiny, he took two or three huge strides towards the poor little fellow.

Herbert's first impulse was to run away, but reassured by the sonorous, yet kindly tones with which the smith's ejaculations were uttered, that he had nothing to fear, he, in his turn, came forward, and in a tremulous whisper, said, "I have lost my way, sir, if you please."

"If I please, my little gentleman!" rejoined the smith, extending his hairy arms, and lifting the poor little fellow as if he had been a doll, on a level with his own streaming face, "ha! ha! ha! that's a good'un now:" and his huge jaws distended with a loud laugh as his gigantic frame shook with suppressed mirth; "and how far, pray, may you have come, little'un?" he added kindly, as he took off Herbert's cap, and patted him on the head; "those little legs of thine don't seem very able to carry thee far, and yet thy trousers are all torn, and those bits of shoes worn into holes, I see;" examining, with laughable curiosity and wonder, Herbert's travel-worn and tattered habiliments.

"Oh, a long, long way, sir," said the boy, with a weary sigh;

"if you please, I've been two days and nights away from home, but I won't go back, because they whip me;" and he began to cry bitterly.

"Heart alive! now don't cry, my little darling," said the man, sitting down carefully on a huge block of wood, and patting Herbert's cheeks gently with his huge brawny hands, throwing into his face at the same time a ludicrous expression of pity and astonishment. "If they whipped thee, thou shan't go back, my little hero, if Natty Gyde can help it; but if thou'st been on tramp all this time, I'll warrant that weasand of thine aint over well stocked, eh?"

"If you please, sir, I don't understand," stammered Herbert.

"Thy belly," rejoined the giant, laconically.

"Oh! I'm dreadfully hungry," said the boy, eagerly; "I've not eat anything for a long time, sir."

"Poor little fellow," muttered the smith, pityingly, starting up with him in his arms again, and going to a rude closet, which, however, was better furnished than its outward appearance could have promised; "thou shalt fill it, then, my hearty, and then lie down in that corner and sleep off thy troubles."

Then, drawing out a still ruder table, he quickly placed a loaf of blackish bread, a bottle of ale, and a huge pipkin, about half filled with some kind of stew, upon it, and drawing his seat towards it, filled a trencher with some of the hash, and motioned Herbert to commence. Herbert was far too hungry to be fastidious, and the mess, which was in reality very good, tasted quite delicious in his present famished state: his entertainer watched him clear the platter with right good will, and having poured him out a mug of ale, finished the bottle himself, and then set about making him a sort of rude couch in one corner, to lie down upon.

"If you please, will you shut the door?" said the boy, who had cast many an anxious glance at this object of his terrors during his meal.

"Shut the door, my little fellow?" echoed the smith, with a puzzled air.

"Yes, if you please, sir," said the boy, artlessly.

"No, no, Natty Gyde never works with his door shut," rejoined the other, in a gruff tone; and then looking into the boy's fair open countenance, something in the wild terrified expression he descried there, made him change his tone, as he added, "now tell me, my little'un, why you want the door shut?"

"Oh! I was only afraid those naughty men might be coming this way, sir," said Herbert, reassured by his altered manner; "and the light of that place, sir, might bring them in, and then they would—Oh! I'm sure they would,—take me away from you again," he cried, beginning to sob bitterly.

His evident terror and distress seemed to affect the good-natured giant, for after rubbing the back of his hard hand once or twice, hurriedly across his eyes, he patted the boy carressingly on the head, and then closing the door, he threw a heavy oaken beam across it, and returned to his fire, saying, "There now, my little springald, it would take a regiment of dragoons to get in, if I did'nt give them leave; and now lay thy ways down, and fall asleep on Natty's bed, and get a good sleep before morning, little'un."

Herbert looked at the couch, which, rude and strange as it was, being principally formed of old clothes, and a couple of ragged blankets, with a heavy counterpane for a quilt, was yet by far the best he had occupied since leaving Jasper Vernon's, and being far too weary to take off any portion of his dress, laid down just as he was, and closed his eyes.

Many times before the morning, in his broken slumbers (for he was too tired to enjoy untroubled sleep), did he see, through his half-closed eyes, his gigantic protector flitting to and fro in his dusky smithy, the strokes of his huge hammer wringing in his ears, even in his sleep. At times, too, when half lulled in forgetfulness, he fancied that a huge, indistinct form, hung over his rude couch, and he more than once imagined that he felt the touch of that rough, hard hand passing gently over his heated brow; this might, however, be only fancy, but whether it was so or not, it lulled him to sleep again, and he did not awake until the morning sun was streaming merrily into the hut, the floor of which, with the broken bits of metal, glittered like diamonds in the beams.

He had lain watching his new friend with dreamy interest, as he sat with one hand supporting his shaggy head, eyeing him keenly through the reeking volume of smoke that arose from a short blackened pipe, for some time, without thinking of rising, when a light step was heard on the road without, and the next minute a girl, a little younger than himself, tripped blithely into the hut, setting down an open basket on the floor, and then went straight up to the giant.

"Thou'st early this morning, Nan," said the latter, taking his pipe from his mouth, and lifting her up in his arms.

"Mother is away to the town, father, earlier than usual, and so I came off with your breakfast," said the little lass, kissing him as she spoke, and then nestling her head on his brawny chest; presently, her quick glances, running round the blackened hut, discovered Herbert, sitting up on his pallet, and she turned an inquisitive look upon her father again, but without speaking.

"Company, Nan," the latter answered, laconically, as he shook the ashes out of his pipe. "Come forward, master, and give my little lass a kiss, will you?" he added, good-naturedly.

Herbert blushed, but complied, with a smile, that made Nan exclaim, "Oh, what a pretty boy, father! and is he going to live with us? I'm sure I'll like you,—but is he going to live with us?" she reiterated, turning to her father, who was watching with gruff complacency this little scene.

"Don't know, lass,—musn't ask questions," he muttered, lifting up the basket.

"Oh, father, you must let me get it for you," cried the little lass, snatching it from his hand, and bustling about with a laughable air of importance; now pulling out the table from its nook, adjusting the coarse, clean towel, that did duty for a tablecloth, and setting three mugs upon it, which, flanked with the loaf already mentioned, and a smoking biggin of coffee, was the breakfast. "Mother always says I'm to be handy, and save you trouble, and so you must sit still, and look on, until we're quite ready."

She was a little round thing, almost as broad as long, with a neat, plump figure, oddly dressed, in a frock that had evidently been once a respectable bed-curtain, which, with its huge, staring patterns, gave her a grotesque, yet not unbecoming appearance. She had rosy, shining cheeks, dark hair, neatly braided over a fair forehead, a nice little nose, small, dimpling mouth, a merry twinkle in her dark eyes, and a fair skin, which really made one fancy, that when double her age, she would be as pretty a lass as ever you clapped eyes upon, or made your heart beat pit-a-pat against your ribs. At any rate, Herbert, as he watched her flitting to and fro before him, thought her by far the prettiest little girl he had ever seen; but then, anything neat and clean looked pretty in that black old den.

"Will there be plenty, father, for all?" she whispered, stealing up to the smith, as soon as her arrangements were concluded; "because, if there should not, you know,——" and the rest of the sentence was inaudible.

"Quite enough, Nan, for all," he muttered, giving her another kiss, as he patted her rosy cheeks; "but thou'rt a good girl, nevertheless, for wishing to deprive thyself of a meal for the youngster; go to the cupboard, lass, and bring the stew out as well."

Nan bustled up to the cupboard, and climbing up on a log of wood, brought down the brown pipkin, which she presently placed on the table, exclaiming, as she peered into it, "Why, father, it's not half finished yet!"

"To be sure, lass, and yet, the youngster, there, and I, made a hearty supper off it, for all that," rejoined the smith, smiling at her look of astonishment; "but it will eke out the breakfast nicely,—holloa, there, my little fellow, are you ready?"

"Breakfast is ready, if you please," said Nan, dropping a curtsey, as she turned to Herbert, which made him think her ten times prettier than before.

"And I'm sure I'm quite ready for it," rejoined the boy, smiling, as he took his seat beside Nan, who blushed and smiled in her turn.

"Help him first, father," said the little girl, as she placed a slice of bread beside her new companion; "you know I can wait."

"You are far too self-denying, my lass," said the burly smith, good-naturedly, as he handed Herbert his mug. "Now fall to, my little fellow," turning to the boy, "and make a hearty meal, will you; od's, how it goes to my heart to see you looking so starved, and it's not what you've been used to, or my eyes belie me sadly."

"Were you always poor?" demanded Nan, eagerly; "you have such a pretty, soft skin, and white hands, that I think you can't always have been used to tramping about the country in this way."

"Oh no; my papa was a rich man, and kept a great many servants," said Herbert, as the tears brimmed up to his eyes.

"A rich man!" ejaculated his entertainer, letting fall his knife and fork; "with houses, and land, and money?"

"Yes, he had all these, and kept hunters and hounds, and always had a houseful of company—oh, such gaily dressed people used to visit us!" continued the boy, eagerly; "and Cecil and I had ponies a-piece to ride on, and a yacht as well."

"What is that?" demanded Nan, as her large dark eyes distended with wonder, at the narration of all this grandeur, which, until this moment, she had never dreamed the whole world contained; "is it something to eat?"

Herbert burst into a loud laugh, but instantly checked himself, and said, "A yacht is a pleasure-boat."

"Oh, indeed!" said Nan, pursing up her little mouth at this explanation; "and where did you sail with it?"

"Oh, we had a lake in the park," said the boy, who could talk for ever about his home, when he found ready listeners, as at present; "and Cecil and I used to sail up and down the lake, under the shadow of the trees, amongst the swans, all day long, at times; and Cecil used to play on the flute, and Nell sang to it."

"Oh, how pretty!" cried Nan, clapping her hands with delight, as her round, rosy face crumpled into smiles, as she listened to the boy's narrative; "and why, pray, did you leave the pretty lake, and the trees, and swans?" she asked, with a curious look.

The boy burst into tears, but did not speak.

"Have I hurt you?" cried Nan, running up to him, and laying a little chubby hand on his shoulder.

The smith had all this while been watching and listening to the pair, being more intent on what was passing before him, than attentive to his breakfast, which was rapidly growing cold. The boy's passionate burst of tears, however, aroused him, and he cried, in a gruff tone, "Be done, Nan, and come to thy seat again, lass; can't you let the poor little fellow alone, you hussey?"

A cloud darkened the little round face for a moment, but it was over almost before it could have had time to settle on it, and Nan presently busied herself with her breakfast, her father following her example in silence, and neither troubling Herbert with any more questions. In a few minutes, he, too, dried his tears, and began to eat again with more composure, a heavy sob, from time to time, escaping his weary heart.

By the time the meal was concluded, both the smith and Nan had recovered their tongues, but the latter still regarded Herbert with some reserve, which she evidently made no effort to conquer, as she several times rejected his offers of assistance in stowing away the remains of the repast, and tidying up the hut, her father sitting by, and watching her movements in silence.

"Now, I'm quite ready," she cried, standing with her sturdy little arms stuck akimbo, like a buxom old woman, as soon as she had finished; "shall I run on, father, and get everything nice at home, before you come?" tying a tatterdemallion old bonnet on, as she spoke.

"No, thou can go with us, lass," rejoined the smith, good-humouredly, patting her on the head; "unless the youngster here, should be ashamed to walk with thee."

"Oh no," cried Herbert, extending his hand.

"Oh, I can easily walk by myself!" retorted Nan, pushing it back, with a scornful frown.

"Take his hand, Nan," cried the smith, gruffly.

"But, father ——."

"Silence," growled the man, as a sudden change of the expression of his countenance made the strong, dark features absolutely terrific for a moment; "be a good lass, now, and take the younker's hand," he added more gently, as Herbert stood, trembling, before him.

Nan pouted and frowned, but did not venture to disobey, and the smith, closing the shutter, locked the door and followed the boy and girl, with his usual enormous strides, which quickly brought him up to them. Nan then looked back, and reassured by the playful gleam she detected in her father's eyes, dropped Herbert's hand, and took his instead.

"Here! my little fellow," said the smith, extending a brawny fist; "if my little lass won't have thee, I will," and clasping Herbert's delicate hand in his, with a rough tenderness, that many a gentler being might have imitated, the trio went on at a rapid pace, Nan jumping and singing, and laughing merrily at every step, whilst poor Herbert, who had become weary and dis-spirited once more, trudged on in silence by his side.

"There's our house!" cried Nan, in an exulting tone, as a turn of the road brought one of the most beautiful scenes in the world before their eyes! "look, father, there's the ducks in the mill-race, and the clucking hen, with all her chickens about her," and with a loud scream of joy, she sprang forward to salute her favourites.

The smith paused for a moment, still holding Herbert by the hand, as his quick eye took in at a glance every familiar point of the landscape, with which he had been familiar from boyhood—the rippling stream, gleaming in the morning sun, the black old mill-wheel, and the mill itself, garlanded with ivy and roses—the meadows stretching far and wide, on every side, with the haymakers at work amongst them, the sharp, blue outlines of the distant hill, the short, round figure of Nan, as she stood amongst her feathered pets; and then with a contented sigh, he squeezed Herbert's hand, unconsciously, in his own, and in another moment was sitting in his own easy chair, with a woman's arms, the very counterpart of Nan, except that she was some thirty years older, round his neck.

FOR MUSIC.

THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Hark! to the sadly solemn beat
Of the muffled drum!
Slowly along the crowded street
They come, they come:
Peace to the gallant soldier's shade!
No more he'll wield,
In freedom's cause, the battle-blade;
His eyes are seal'd!

Hark! how the thrilling dead-march speaks
To hearts not cold,
While tears bedew the furrowed cheeks
Of veterans old:
The dauntless victor in the fight,
A captive fast;
The mountain eagle, from his height
Brought down at last.

The bugle, at the dawn of day,
In vain shall pour
For him its 'larum loud and gay;
He'll wake no more:
No more the glittering sword shall grace
His manly side,
Or friends look on his gallant face
With loving pride.

Slowly and sad the death-bell tolls;
His comrades brave,
With arms revers'd, and sadden'd souls,
Surround his grave:
Deep, deep, within that sabbath ground,
They see descend,
In winding-sheet, and coffin bound,
The warrior friend.

Nor tomb, nor epitaph he'll need
To tell his name;
'Tis writ in many a glorious deed,
For England's fame;
And fonder lips his name shall breathe,
Than fame supplies;
And dearer hands love's garland wreathe,
That never dies.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Defects in the Practice of Life Assurance, and Suggestions for their Remedy; with Observations on the Uses and Advantages of Life Assurance, and the Constitution of Offices. London: Orr and Co.

THE advantages of Life Assurance are so great to individuals and society at large, that we hail with pleasure the appearance of any work in which the subject is clearly discussed, and the defects or merits of the practice of existing companies expounded for the benefit of the uninitiated.

The pamphlet now before us we strongly recommend to our readers: it merits a careful perusal; the subject is all important.

"The purpose to which Life Assurance is most frequently and beneficially applied is, to make provisions for a wife, children, or other relatives; an obligation felt by all well regulated minds, and the fulfilment of which is attended with grateful satisfaction.

"A person possessed of a life estate, or of a professional income, which will cease with his own existence, feels anxious that those for whose present comforts and welfare he can now provide, should not be wholly dependent for the continuation of those comforts, upon the precarious tenure of his life; that his death should not reduce them to dependence and penury; and he will, therefore, endeavour to raise a fund to meet that event.

"A person, aged forty, desirous of leaving £1,000 to his family, can attain that object, if he lives twenty-eight years; by investing an annual sum of £24., and regularly accumulating the progressive amounts, with compound interest.

"But the difficulties which encompass the resolution to make annual savings and interest accumulations, and the temptations to encroach upon funds set apart for what is too often looked upon as a distant event, are so great, that little reliance can be placed upon the benevolent design. In the second place, owing to the uncertainty of life, the anxiety of the Father or Husband is continued during the whole process of accumulation; for the object for which his soul yearns, the welfare and future comfort of his family, cannot be attained by individual accumulations, until the lapse of many years: and, in the third place, all such individual projects are mere speculations upon the continuance of an individual life, than which nothing can be more uncertain. How different is the position of the person who joins a Life Assurance Society! His annual saving becomes a portion of a general fund, sufficient at all times to realize the intentions of every contributor. At the moment he makes his first contribution, his object is attained. His payment of £30. thus represents £1,000.; and, should he die immediately after payment of the first premium his widow and children will receive that sum.

"By the application of a portion of annual income, jointures for widows,—sums of money, or annuities, for children, or dependents,—and marriage portions, may be secured. The young may make provisions for themselves, in declining years; endowments may be created for children, payable at any stipulated age, to be applied to the purposes of education, as an apprentice fee, or as an outfit for any occupation or profession; and the possessor of an entailed, or any life estate, may make provisions for younger children.

"Not the least of the advantages attending Life Assurance, is a serenity of mind on a bed of sickness, and in contemplation of death—unlike that painful anxiety for the future welfare of a family, which adds poignancy to bodily suffering, and retards or defeats the power of medicine. Burns, in writing to a friend within a few days of his death, says, 'Still, still the victim of affliction. Alas! Clarke, I begin to feel the worst. Burns's poor widow, and half-a-dozen of his dear little ones, helpless orphans;—there, I am weak as a woman's tear.—Enough of this,—'*Tis half my disease.*'"

Our author carefully exposes the risks of vexatious delays in the settlement of claims, disputes, and lawsuits, to which the assured are exposed, by the present mode of conducting Life Assurance business; and proposes a remedy. This part of the work is ably written. We extract the following:—

"Let Life Companies to be formed, insert in their Deeds of Settlement, a clause prohibiting them from disputing any Policy they have granted,—a clause to that effect has already been approved bythe registrar of Joint Stock Companies,—and let the existing companies make sufficient inquiry before granting an assurance, abolish the warranty clause, and grant unrestricted policies. The principle of the indisputability of policies is indeed the only one deserving the name of Assurance. Wherever there must be a reliance upon the honour, or generosity, or sense of interest of others—there is uncertainty and risk. No one can tell what other feelings may come into play to prevent these from operating. A claim which cannot be set aside or even disputed, is the only result to which a wise man can look forward with any satisfaction, as the end of the transaction on which he enters when he assures his life."

WE recommend to the notice of our fair readers a new writing fluid, prepared for their especial use. From its beautiful colour, it has been named by the inventor, "ENCRE A LA VIOLETTE." No fashionable writing-desk will be complete without it.

ANSELME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SWISSIANA."

CHAPTER I.

The Isère, a stream which rises among the Alps of Dauphiné, flows rapidly through the ancient town of Grenoble, dividing it into two unequal parts, and, uniting with the waters of the Romanche and Drac, takes a northward course as far as Voreppe. Here it enters a romantic valley, celebrated to the pedestrian tourist as that of Grésivaudan.

It is one of the richest valleys in the south of France. The grateful soil, yielding to the plough of its industrious sons, is productive of a variety of crops, and fertile to exuberance. The summits of the mountains which encompass it are clothed with dense forests of pine, and the vine and hemp curl thenceward to the river below, whose shores are lined with mulberry and chestnut trees, or, where this does not happen, are carpeted with luxuriant meadows. Descending from Moirons, the valley wears nothing but the appearance of a mass of foliage and verdure, except when the disposition of the road gives one a peep of the "*belle Isère,*" glittering in its bed, and rushing southwards to bear company with the Rhone in its course to the sea. Continuing our descent from this side, we discover the valley, so peaceful from the heights, to be more and more a scene of busy industry. By-paths, little torrents crossed by bridges, arrest our steps, and for the moment puzzle us with regard to the right course; the former generally conducting to a corn, flax, or silk mill, while the latter serve to keep the works in motion.

The month of October, 1685, was alike an evil one to the hitherto brilliant career of Louis XVI., and to the peace of southern France. It was then that this monarch, lending a too ready ear to the suggestions of his chancellor, Tellier, undid by the revocation of the edict of Nantes—an edict which more than anything had contributed to raise Henri IV. to the title of Great—all chance of his name being associated in after ages with that of his Béarnese predecessor, either as a military champion, a champion of the liberties and welfare of his subjects, a champion of the persecuted for conscience' sake, or lastly, which is the germ of the whole, a champion of the impulses of a generous heart, raised by the eloquence of the widow's tears, and the cries of her orphan babes. Such cries were echoed among the valleys of the Vivarais, such tears bedewed the mountains of the Dauphiné—they appealed to men's hearts, they appealed to that of Louis, by all he held dear in his own family, by all the ties of sympathetic nature in a parent's breast, by the endearments of his wife; but they appealed in vain. In vain! The royal sensualist in his court heard them not; *maugre* the wise Colbert, he had given his commands, "L'état c'est moi," and, casting off Montespan, he turned to Madame de Maintenon!

The inhabitants of the valley of Grésivaudan in those days had their share of the bitter cup. Strong in the faith of their forefathers, which with pride they dated from the age of Charlemagne, when Claude declaimed against the intolerable abuses of the church of Rome, they loudly protested against this invasion of their rights and privileges of conscience by the revocation of the edict of the Nantes, and declared their resolution to resist it to the utmost. The king was inflexible. He kept his word; they kept theirs. Their heroic valour, their sufferings and privations, their loss of property, homes, and kindred, have become a matter of history, connected as they are with that of the Albigenses, Vaudois, and other persecuted Protestants of the south of France. Thousands of them escaped; some into the neighbouring countries, others beyond sea; carrying into other lands their knowledge of the industrial arts, and enriching other nations with their results, when they were no longer permitted to confine them to their own fatherland. Yet into the hearts of some despair never entered. Without compromising the faith of their fathers, they still lingered around their own valleys, to which old age saw them again restored. Peace and prosperity reigned once more, made doubly sweet by the recollection of past woes, and happiness smiled on the banks of the Isère. Again the heavy wheel of the mill is heard, turned by the mountain torrent; the grateful soil yields to the plough of the peasant, and is fertile to exuberance; the vines, instead of trailing the ground, are ranged by the careful husbandman in festoons from tree to tree, colouring the slopes with green and purple; and the rosy-lipped, dark-eyed girl trips cheerily to the meadow, and resumes in confidence her daily occupations. The sound of industry is only interrupted by the singing of the birds, or the murmur of the Isère as it slumbers along the valley. Such was this valley once: such it is again. Happy spot! where the snares of the world have not yet entered; sweet resting place for a tired and wounded spirit!

Anselme Belmont was an inhabitant of this valley in these its happier days. His father was the pastor of the village immediately at the foot of the Col which you traverse on entering, and his house, or, " Le Presbytère," as the parishioners chose to call it, stood upon a gentle eminence to the right, and from its tidy and unpretending appearance seldom failed to please an eye alive to the impressions of the picturesque. Although in position the nearest of any habitation to the mouth of the valley, from which it was only retired some hundred yards, yet no view at all could be obtained of it from the road, but one must needs cross the village and emerge on the other side first. This was owing to the abrupt nature of the eminence already mentioned, and a row of mulberry trees, whose umbrageous foliage just before the harvest time completely shut out all vision at that point. The house itself had nothing to boast of, other than situation, as an approach to it evidently betokened, and the whitewashed walls, the neatly trimmed flower plots, the velvet lawn—such as one might only see in England—but ill diminished the poverty which industry and refinement thus sought to conceal. It was a plain building of one story, and could only boast of two windows, in front, commanding a view of the village, the church raising its gilded head in the midst, and the valley in its whole extent. A lovely sight! 'twas only pity the means of its enjoyment were so few; this from no fault either of the builder or the owner, the squares for windows being plentiful enough, but now closed up, and the pastor, honest man, in a land where daylight is not taxed, would gladly have had his habitation "all eyes." Glass, however, was a luxury but little indulged in at Grésivaudan; it had to be brought from Lyons, and was consequently expensive, far too much so for a poor curé. Besides, Mr. Belmont required every stiver of his scanty income to defray his current expenses, and provide for the necessaries of life, and never had he greater need of economy than at present, for Anselme was about to leave him, and had consequently to be equipped and launched forth.

Anselme was just then entering manhood. Since his birth, he had never quitted this valley for any distance, confining his excursions to the surrounding mountains, and once to the Grande Chartreuse, which was the longest he had ever made. He had early lost his mother, a German lady, whom the curé had become acquainted with in Alsace, when pursuing his studies at the Strasburg university, and where a few short months saw them man and wife. Anselme inherited the good looks of his mother, with the mental qualities of his father; a fair skin, fair hair, blue eyes; with benevolence, perseverance, and ability.

From his retirement in this valley, the learning which he acquired under his parent's eye was more that derived from books than from practical acquaintance with the world; a knowledge the more valuable, as it can only be learned in the school of experience. M. Belmont, however, bestowed every attention upon the education of his son, who became a proficient in Latin, Greek, and theology, was a tolerable botanist (a recreation for which the vicinity afforded an ample and interesting scope), could superintend the cultivation and dressing of flax, the expense and labour of which he materially lessened by the application of a slight knowledge of agricultural chemistry. His was a retiring disposition, which required to be encouraged and drawn out before it gave evidence of the true powers of his mind; and, forasmuch as he had read of other countries, their history, their topography, their cities, where the arts and sciences flourished, their colleges for the advancement of learning, and the imposing spectacle of their wealth and military armaments, he envied none of them. He had no desire to travel; he was content to hear and read of them all. He would not leave his native valley: it was sufficient for him, and he was happy. This attachment grew stronger as he advanced in years. He began to experience more and more the delight of his father's society, and understand his kindness; and, as he became better acquainted with the peasantry, he appreciated their simplicity and honest worth, and felt himself bound to them "heart in heart." They returned his attentions, and, while offering up a prayer for their good pastor, who attended to their spiritual wants, they added one for his son, the gentle Anselme.

Such a disposition in a young man is apt to be censured by the world, which only views things through its own medium, and believes happiness to consist only in the pleasures obtainable by wealth, or the honours attendant upon fame. The lad who quits his parent's roof without a tear or an indication of sorrow, who laughs at life's trials before he has encountered them, is applauded by the world as a "man of spirit;" while the affectionate one, who utters a regret, is jeered and laughed at. To one of sensibility, this creates incalculable mischief, as it deadens the heart-strings, teaches him to regard man with hatred, fear, and effeetually crushes his spirit, if he has any. Young Belmont, then, was one of the latter; and the quality of his disposition is open to both views.

M. Belmont's charge extended over the whole valley of Grésivaudan; and his yearly income, which, according to calvinistic usage, was entirely dependant on the caprices of his parishioners, and fluctuated accordingly, averaged about thirty louis, a small allowance, and, as he had the ungracious task of collecting it himself, appeared doubly earned.

CHAPTER II.

On the day on which our story commences, Anselme had been for the first time entrusted with this commission. It was his twenty-first birthday, which the curé was desirous of thus celebrating, both in illustration of the responsibility his son would henceforth have to bear, and the consideration it would procure for him in the eyes of the world. For this purpose, young Belmont was to proceed up the valley as far as Chapareillan, make some necessary purchases there, and commence his new office of "collector" on his road home. This would occupy the whole morning, and as a village fête was fixed for the afternoon in celebration of his birthday, he was to delay his rounds in the immediate neighbourhood till the day following.

He was returning about midday, lightly laden with his "rentes," though, thanks to his kind looks and kind disposition, more heavily so than his father used commonly to find himself after a similar excursion, and was descending from the high road to shape his course along the meadows, and with that of the Isère, when his steps were arrested by the sound of voices seemingly in altercation, a movement which a cluster of walnut trees enabled him to perform without being perceived. He was no listener, nor had he any desire to enter into the disputes of others, yet he could not avoid catching the following discourse: it was between a man and woman whom he knew perfectly well.

The woman. "Ah! M. Claparède, do you really insist on immediate payment of the rent? You see I have got nothing. My children are my whole wealth, and it is not for myself, but for them that I beseech your indulgence. Once upon a time we always paid you regularly and in full; that was when Paul and my brave boy were with us; and God alone knows the struggle we have had since their departure. From no indolence on my part have things come to this pass, for I have toiled early and late at the wheel to procure bread for my little ones."

M. Claparède. "I have no wish to be hard upon you, nor am I unaware of your poverty, and the exertions you have made to prevent it. Yet I must have payment of your rent, or in default I seize your furniture. The poor I always compassionate, when a train of misfortune has reduced them; but I neither pity nor have I any indulgence for those poor whom obstinacy and ingratitude have brought to that state. It is but the just consequences of such conduct. Such conduct has been yours, Dame Audian, and therefore I shall not forbear. Had you listened to the proposals which I made you last year at this time, when you had the same difficulty about the rent, you would now have been in possession of a comfortable income which, while it would have sustained your children and yourself, would have enabled you to meet me to-day with looks of a cheerful and honest pride, instead of those of a confused debtor. But your obstinacy alone is to blame, and since you choose to follow its suggestions rather than mine, you must take the consequences."

Dame Audian. "It is hard, sir, that while you persecute me for povertv, you should punish me by detailing its origin, and that it arose from not following your advice. This cancels my obligation to you, however. Since you are inexorable, then, there remains but one course to take, to complete the sum of my wretchedness. It is to seize upon the little furniture I possess, to turn me from the roof which has sheltered our family for so many years, and to send me forth with my children to wander upon the earth, exposed to the elements, and dependant for *our bread* upon *strangers*, whom haply we may find more charitable than those we deemed our friends. Do this, sir, and you complete my cup of wretchedness."

M. Claparède. "You are unnecessarily severe, Dame Audian, and you judge too harshly of me. I want nothing but my due, and even this I consent once more to waive, on consideration of your accepting my old proposals, namely, that you give up that tedious and unprofitable flax-spinning at home, and come with your children to my mill, instead. You cannot call this severe. No! believe me, I wish rather to be generous. Should you again reject my offers, then I must allow the law to take its course. I give you an hour for reflection, at the end of which I shall return, and hope, earnestly hope, for your children's sake as well as for your own, a favourable answer."

M. Claparède then walked away towards the village.

Anselme, when he heard this conversation, scarcely knew what to make of it. When M. Claparède had stated that he would insist upon payment of the rent, he felt inclined to show himself, and upbraid the latter for his harshness. But a sentiment of respect for the man, whom a moment before he would scarcely have deemed capable of such expressions, restrained him—which he regarded as fortunate when he learnt the motives. He considered them just, nay generous, yet as dame Audian, who was the party most to be benefited by them, did not accept, but, from her tone, seemed to regard him as hard, he judged there must be other reasons yet to be heard. He determined to learn them; so, stepping forward, he told dame Audian that he had heard the whole conversation, and asked an explanation.

She explained her reasons for not accepting the proposals for employment in his mill, made by M. Claparède. Her husband and their eldest boy, it appeared, had been pressed into the army of Napoleon, and had assisted at its victories, till the check at Moscow by famine, cold and the Russians, had turned the scale. Since the retreat, dame Audian had not heard a syllable from either of them. Their last letter had been dated from Smolensko, and their fate since its receipt—now a few years—had never appeared. It was but too probable they had perished like thousands of their countrymen on the plains of Russia. And yet a hope, a slender hope 'tis true, that they would return again, would light up the sorrowing countenance of the poor mother, and teach her never to despair. This it was which had reduced her to her present state, and had moved her in her conduct towards M. Claparède. Before her husband and son had been torn away to the wars, they had supported the family in comfort by the cultivation and dressing of flax. Dame Audian and the girls used to spin a certain quantity into yarn, which they had in readiness for Dagobert Raucvoix on his monthly calls. Dagobert was the "chantre" (precentor) of Voreppe, and during the week, when he had laid aside the robes of office, he assumed those of a "colporteur," slung a pack on his shoulders, and with an ash stick in his hand trudged off on mundane affairs, acting as postman, yarn collector—and he had a store of both sorts—and general messenger to the inhabitants of the valley of Grésivaudan. He used to call at the peasants' doors for the flax spun into yarn, count it, weigh it, squint at it through his glasses, and finally strike a bargain. The yarn so collected he would carry in his pack to Grenoble, where he sold it "for a consideration" to the weavers, and received their orders for more. No sight was more welcome to the Grésivaudans than that of worthy old Dagobert Raucvoix, blowing up the hill, halting ever and anon "to admire the prospect," as he said, though he had admired it before times without number—and staggering like the Pilgrim under his burden. For "Le vieil Dagge" always bore some news. If not a letter, he had always a newspaper with him. At his approach, the men would leave their "*serans*," the women their wheels, the children their gambols—even the village dogs would run along the road, dart between his legs, catch at his pack, and hang upon his shoes, to the no small peril of Monsieur le Chantre, who, unmindful of his cloth, would exclaim: "Pestè soient les maudites bêtes." He would then dispense his news, bargain for yarns, and return home.

But the establishment of a factory in which the slow process of dressing, spinning, and weaving flax by hand, was superseded by a quicker one, combining the three stages, seemed likely to interfere with the importance of Dagobert Raucvoix, who consequently viewed with alarm the progress of the new establishment. M. Claparède, its proprietor, was a man of enterprise, who hoped much good to the inhabitants of Grésivaudan, as well as to himself from its establishment, and saw the advantages it might derive, could he entirely put down the old method. For this purpose he had invited all the flax dressers to enter his employ, which he succeeded in effecting to a considerable extent. The dame Audian, however, had resisted all his overtures, declaring that she preferred the old method as pursued by her forefathers, and that, were her husband present, he would approve her conduct. This annoyed M. Claparède. As the cottage which she inhabited belonged to him, he took the opportunity of calling one day himself, for the rent, and found that she had not the means of paying it. Whereupon, he repeated his request that she should enter his service, but to no avail. He threatened her; she appealed to his generosity. This took effect, and he pardoned for that year. Such was the statement which dame Audian laid before Anselme.

"But your rent cannot amount to much?" said he.

"Indeed it does, sir. This cottage, which you see, has a garden, beside the cowshed and rope-house. Then it is roomy and well built, not like the village ones, half stone and half wood. It costs me no less than five louis-d'ors a year, and now I am in arrear for two."

"It is indeed, as you say, a snug cottage, and apart from the comfort which belongs to it, I can understand other ties which bind you to it.—Strong and dear remembrances. I appreciate your motives for refusing M. Claparède's offer. He shall have no farther claim upon you or annoy you longer with his conditions. The rent you say is five louis, and for two years—that makes ten. Here are twelve," continued Anselme, as he threw the collections he had been making for his father upon the table, "they will reassure your bargaining landlord, and buy you material to spin before Dagobert comes round again."

"Ah! M. Belmont, you are too kind," said the dame, trembling for joy. "I could not hope for this. May Heaven bless you for assisting the widow and her orphan children in the time of their distress. But——so large a sum! You are quite sure you can spare this money?" inquired she in a low tone, and approaching Anselme.

"To assist a worthy woman, I can."

"I do not ask upon what motives, but whether you can really afford so large a sum——in short," stammered forth Dame Audian, "whether your father, whether M. le Curé would approve of this."

"Approve of it? my father teaches charity!"

The woman glanced expressively at the little bag intended for the "rentes," and which now hung loosely at his belt. Anselme caught her glance, and while admiring its delicacy, its full meaning struck upon his mind. A blush mantled his countenance. A false pride for the moment took possession of his breast. "I will not retract now," thought he.

"Yes: it is as I thought, dear young sir," said Dame Audian, "the recital of my misfortunes has moved your compassionate heart in defiance of your better judgment. Take back the gold which I see you require, and still depart with the blessings which a poor woman showered upon you, not for the sake of the glittering metal, but for the sake of its possessor."

"This is folly!" rejoined he, in a peevish tone, "accept the money. You stand in need of it. Look at your starved and shivering children; think that an hour may see them expelled from this cottage—then you may rue the hour in which you spurned my alms, and which I can so well spare."

Anselme pretended hurt pride, yet he would fain have recalled his gift.

Dame Audran replied:—

"Excellent young man! May the day arrive in which I can return you fourfold. Oh! my dear husband, were you but present to add your blessings also. Image of my first born Raoul, who was all heart like yourself!

"Your son in the army? Ha! he will return soon and comfort you."

"The chance is that he will not. He was with his brave father, and both were in Napoleon's army. Years have passed without news of them. Time sufficient to change the aspect of Europe, and to see the cruel usurper, the selfish, blood-stained man, whom half the world call *hero*, because he gained battles with the lives of poor peasants, in imprisonment on an island in the far off sea. My husband and my boy must have perished in the snows of Russia. Alas! I can now scarcely think it otherwise."

"Poor woman! The Almighty maker and disposer of all things sees your distress. To him let your prayers be directed. He that giveth, taketh away. He can also restore. Despair not, good woman, if only for your children's sake. Thy husband and thy son may yet be restored to thee. Farewell!"

CHAPTER III.

When Anselme reached the parsonage he went straight to his father's study, anxious to relieve his mind of the load, which his injudicious generosity had pressed upon it, by a confession of the whole circumstances. But his parent, he found, had gone out; called, as the house damsel said, a few minutes before, by a note from the village. He therefore immediately returned to seek him in that direction, and had scarcely left the door when, lifting up his eyes, he beheld a personage ascending the hill whom of all others he desired most to see. The figure was too well known to cause him a moment's hesitation; he sprang forward and clasped the hand of Marie Claparède.

There are seasons in life when the presence of those you love is rendered doubly dear by misfortune, sorrow, or anxiety; and never did Marie appear so welcome, so priceless, so beautiful, to young Belmont, as she did just then. Before, he had regarded her more as a companion than as one from whom absence would be death—now, his love was deep, intense, and his surcharged heart longed to rest itself upon the tender consolation of her love.

"Marie," said he, anxiously, "I seek my father."

"Then I can assist you to find him," replied she. "But first let us enter the house, and I will explain how."

An explanation! Well, but of what? Of love? No. An explanation of the letter which had drawn the pastor from his study. Yet it was mighty long! The shade had marked an hour on the sun-dial before the parlour window, and the lovers still explained. Another hour. No change! Their conversation was unabated, and would doubtless long have continued so, had not the step of M. Belmont aroused them.

He called his son to him, and they both entered his study. His fine, benignant countenance wore a severe expression, to-day, at least so thought Anselme, as he was desired in a grave tone to close the door. There was then a pause, while the pastor seated himself in his arm-chair, and told his son to do likewise. The latter did so mechanically, so fully occupied were his thoughts to discover what was passing in those of his father. Could he have heard of his gift to the poor woman? At any rate he would anticipate conversation on that point, so, breaking silence, he related the events of the morning, exactly as they happened, and as we have already described them.

M. Belmont heard them without interruption, and with his eyes fixed upon his son with an encouraging look, while his features relaxed not a muscle of their sternness. At the conclusion both held silence for a moment, when M. Belmont said in the same serious tone:—"you have done wrong, Anselme. This being your twenty-first birthday, I had wished to show how great was my confidence in you. I entrusted you with an important commission—that of collecting my *rentes;* you have betrayed my trust and have disposed of property not your own. My confidence in you has been shaken."

"But it was in a work of charity, my father."

"Justice before generosity, so please you, sir. Had you but considered a moment, you would have remembered how ill I can spare so large a sum. My income is fully absorbed by the expenses of our maintenance. Your gift of this morning had well-nigh plunged us into poverty—for this year at least. It is well, therefore, that I have already recovered the sum which you so hastily disposed of."

"What!" cried Anselme blushing, "you, my father, you have demanded back this money from Dame Audian?"

"Content yourself on that score," returned M. Belmont; "thank heaven that your father had not to stoop so low as that, though necessity had almost compelled him. M. Claparède heard from the lips of Dame Audian herself how you had assisted her. Shamed by your generosity, without inquiring how it had been effected, he forgave the woman the debt, received back the money you had given her, placed it in my hand, and desired me to convey to you his admiration of your conduct and to tell you how it had been a lesson to him."

"The money, then, after all, has been turned to good. You will forgive me now, father? you see it has not only assisted poor Dame Audian, but has also taught a good lesson to the heart of M. Claparède."

The pastor answered:—

"A good motive and a good result will not justify a misdeed, my son. But we will forget all this. I have now another weighty subject upon which to enter with you. You are aware that I had intended you for the ministry; and I have educated you in a manner suitable for that high office. I hoped, too, to have had you settled near me—in fact at Chapareillan—but this cure, I have only this morning heard, has been promised to another party. In this extremity, and as I am no longer able to make sufficient to keep you with me here, I applied to M. Claparède, and fortunately not in vain. A gentleman, an intimate friend of his, is expected at his house this afternoon, on a visit. Like M. Claparède, he is a mill owner, and has extensive works in Germany. He is now on his return home, having visited this country to engage two young men who can bring practical knowledge with education to bear on that branch of industry, as his assistants. One he has already secured. He travels with him. The other, M. Claparède has promised, shall be you; in which case, if you are willing, he wished you to sup at his house this evening, when he will introduce you to your future master, with whom you can arrange the terms and the date of your departure. How unwillingly I part with you, my dear Anselme, it is needless to say: but there is a stronger will which moves me—that of necessity!"

Anselme returned gloomily to the apartment in which he had left Marie, and related to her the conversation with his father. It was a moment of grief to both. So soon to part, so soon to lose the dear companion of their youth, went like an arrow to the heart of each, and struck their minds with a confused sense of separation. Separation! the word was strange. Poor Anselme! poor Marie! you had only tasted the sweets of life; now were to come the trials. They embraced; they wept; they talked of bygone days; they talked of days to come—a happy future.

"Ah, Marie! I shall not be long away. But little will content me, and then I shall return to spend the remainder of my days in this dear valley, and beside her I love so dearly."

A kiss, pure as the heart and thought which prompted it, sealed his words upon the brow of the fair Marie.

"But, Anselme," said the weeping girl, "you will travel much. You will see other countries, fairer, perhaps, than your own valley; you will see other maidens, fairer than her who now leans upon your breast. These will take possession of your heart, and wean your love."

"Fairer countries I may see; yet none so dear to me as this, my native land. Fairer maidens I cannot see, nor one whose heart is dearer to me. Love me, then, Marie, and rest for ever mine!"

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW weeks after the events above narrated, Anselme Belmont found himself installed in the factory of M. Sigismund Tonnerre, situate on the confines of Hungary, and many hundreds of leagues from the valley of Grésivaudan. Within that short space of time had passed an epoch in his life, which would ever remain fixed upon his memory: that which saw him "torn away"—such was the expression of his heart—from his birthplace, that beloved spot where he had passed so many a blissful hour, to which he had become attached both by kindred and association, and from the two personages whom he held dearest on earth, his father and Marie. It was in obedience to the commands of the former that he had entered his present office, for, had he consulted his own inclinations alone, when he heard that all chance of becoming a minister for the present was shut to him, he would gladly have contributed to the paternal board by the "sweat of his brow," and worked in the fields in company with that peasantry who were so dear to him, than wander from home in search of affluence in a foreign land. Anselme was a patriot. Not a patriot in the common acceptation of the word; not a patriot who would only stay by his country in the hour of danger, when she was menaced by foreign powers, and her independence hung upon the swords of her sons; but a patriot in its original patriarchal signification. He needed not the excitement of danger to root him to his fatherland; he loved it with a lasting, admiring love; he was a son of its soil: it claimed him for its own, and he was attached to it by every tie. Ah! how he loved to meditate upon the days of his boyhood in that happy valley! how he loved to dream over the scenes which had occurred there; to trace in his mind the features of his beloved Marie, her joyous smile, her welcome at his approach! and a shudder would run through him as he remembered the hour of parting. Ah! how he treasured in his heart the words of attachment which had fallen from the lips of Marie on that eventful day! he would repeat them in his sleep, wake up with a start, and ask himself if he should ever see her again. He lingered upon the parting admonition of his father, and determined to profit by it to the remainder of his life.

The evening prior to his departure, his father had called him. They had strolled forth, to visit for the last time the haunts he loved. It was a lovely evening; the sun was just sinking behind the hills in the direction of Arles, when the twain stood upon the eminence which fronts the parsonage, and looked upon the village at their feet, over which the gloom of night was fast spreading. Quitting his son's arm, and retiring to a walnut tree, the pastor found a rustic bench, upon which they had seated themselves, when that "word of advice," the sole gift—and, crowned with a father's blessing, it was a happy one—of M. Belmont to his son, was delivered.

Although distant from his fatherland by so wide a space, Anselme was in spirit ever present. His new master did not at all please him. M. Sigismund Tonnerre's manner was *brusque*, and his calculating, enterprising spirit could not sympathise in the least with that of the contented and retiring Anselme. Cast upon the world at an early age, dependent entirely upon his own wits for a livelihood, the bright hopes of youth had never dawned upon his mind; the realities of the world had taken too great a hold upon it for that. It was thus that he learnt to regard mankind with a cold and suspicious eye, and, fully alive to its deceits, he had no compassion for its failings.

Anselme and the other young man lived with him; he was a bachelor. Their hours of labour were long, what spare time they had was but sufficient for a hasty meal, and a book was a sight that never was permitted them. M. Tonnerre was a *practical* man. What cared he for books? They were well enough for a parcel of nuns and priests!—In justice, however, to M. Tonnerre, we must state that he shared in the labour of his servants, and that when they pleased him by aptness or diligence he was kind, in his own way. But ever that sharp tone, and unceasing work, work, work! This sickened Anselme; it was so different to his former life. He became morose and gloomy, and desperate thoughts would flash across his brain.

He had been in M. Tonnerre's employment for about a year, when one morning in spring at early dawn he found himself upon the banks of one of those broad rapid streams so common in Hungary. It was a tributary of the Danube, and rose among the mountains whose snow-capt peaks are to be seen from the dwelling of M. Tonnerre. The water was swollen and muddy from the melted snows which the increasing heat of the sun had caused to drift upon its bosom. The shores were barren and abrupt. Bare mountains of granite towered in dismal array at a slight distance from them on both sides. Not a vestige of pasture, spring flowers, or pine trees was upon them, far less cultivation, as is seen upon the hill slopes in the south of France. All was savage, gloomy, heart-despairing.

Poor Anselme! as he gazed on the scene around him, he could not help contrasting it with his own sweet valley of the Dauphiné, so laughing, so rich; though peaceful, yet so happy. Tears started from his eyes at the thoughts of his fatherland and Marie and all his dear friends. Ah! what would he then have given to be amongst them, nay, even for a moment, to pour out the fulness of his suffering heart before them. Ah! for their company, for the sweet, consoling company of Marie! This solitude would then appear a paradise. And to conceal from his father his longings after home! To falsify his pen, and make it trace other than the sentiments of his heart! Prompted by duty, under the knowledge that his father would grieve to see him return without substantial cause, and that he could not support him were he to do so, he had concealed his grief, and had even expressed that he was happy with M. Tonnerre. But there was no end to this. Every day was the same: the same work, work, work! A horrid thought flashed across his brain. The tempter took possession of his heart for a moment, appealed to his reason, and pointing to the dark, deep current at his feet, asked him if all could not soon be forgotten there.

The fiend was about to triumph; and Anselme, quick as thought, sprung forward to meet the cold embrace of the waters, when a nervous grasp was laid upon his arm, arresting him in the act, and hurling him backwards to the ground.

He lay stunned for a moment; then looking up, he saw a young girl kneeling beside him, and supporting his head, and a tall man resting with both hands upon a staff, and gazing with a frowning air upon him. Anselme felt abashed at that stern look of reproof, and ashamed at the anxious care bestowed upon him by the girl, and which he felt he did not deserve for his late wicked intentions, so, raising himself with his arms, he endeavoured to stand up, when, overpowered with mental anguish, he fell back upon the ground, and fainted.

CHAPTER V.

When Anselme awoke to consciousness, he found himself upon a bed in a darkened room, and with the two persons who had appeared so suddenly before him on the shores of the gloomy river. The girl, whom he now remembered to have seen elsewhere, was seated nearest to where he lay, her head resting upon one arm, and her gaze directed with a vacant expression to the floor. Her companion was engaged in reading. He was seated before a small table, upon which lay writing materials, a watch, a flask, a capacious skin bag and a cap of the same material, long shaped in a cone-like form. His dress was strange and uncouth. It was made of common, dark material—probably a sort of coarse serge—and furred at various points, such as at the neck, wrists, waist. He had passed the prime of life, at least to judge from his countenance, upon which—manly, generous, expressive—either time or care had been at work, for furrows streaked deeply across it, marking the inroads of one or both. At his feet was a large dog crouched beneath the table, the mouth kissing the forepaws, and the eyes closed, as if in sleep. Near the door, suspended from two nails, were a soiled military cloak and a tattered old havresac. All was silence; and Anselme on awaking did not stir, preferring to follow these objects with his eyes, and desirous to continue the general quiet, that he might have leisure to reflect upon his present situation and new companions.

He pursued in imagination the events that had transpired immediately before his attempt at self-destruction, and, saddening at the recollection of that horrid moment, he thanked the Almighty from his heart for his gracious interposition through the instrumentality of the tall, rough man. The more he reflected upon the goodness of Providence and the shield which it seemed to bear around him, the more he felt how deep was his sin and ingratitude in repining at his present position, even though away from his native land where he had been accustomed to happier days. He turned on his pillow and wept aloud.

His sobs broke the silence of the scene. The girl, starting up, directed an inquiring glance at the tall, rough man, who in his turn laid down the book, looked at the bed upon which Anselme lay, and exclaimed:— "Poor lad!" All was about to sink again into its previous silence, when the dog, darting from beneath the table, sprang forward to the side of Anselme, wagging his tail in the most joyful manner, and testifying all the delight of meeting with an old and valued friend.

"Zach! Zach!" cried the tall, rough man. The hound paid no attention to the cries of his master, but continued leaping around the sick young man as before. The tall, rough man then arose from his seat to enforce obedience with blows, when Anselme, perceiving his design, raised himself up and requested him to leave the dog alone, for that his gambols, instead of being an annoyance, were a pleasure to him—so welcome was kindness of any sort in this strange land. He then asked where he was, to whose friendly arm he was indebted for life and the prevention of a horrid crime, how long he had remained in a state of insensibility, and all the questions which surprise dictated to him. The tall, rough man pointed to the young girl, who with abashed looks and blushing cheeks now stood at a little distance from the bed side, whence she had retired at the first sound of Anselme's voice, and answered:——

"I am a traveller from a far-off country. Passing the village, two nights ago, I espied an inn suited from its appearance to one of my humble rank," and he glanced at his clothes, "which as it was growing fast dark I entered. There I slept. I arose at day-break to pursue my journey on foot, and had already traversed the village and entered the high road, when I perceived this young maiden making hastily towards me. I halted. She came up to me, uttering, 'Haste! Haste!' and some other ejaculatory sentences in a confused voice, and she caught me by the arm, led me into a by-path which brought us to the gloomy river, upon whose banks I found myself ere I had time for consideration, so speedy was our flight. There I saw you. She pointed significantly. You stood upon the water's edge, and heard us not, although we were close behind you. I comprehended at once. I saw your hesitation, your resolve, your muscles bend to take the fatal leap—I sprang forward, and you know the result. We took you up unconscious, bore you to this peasant's dwelling, who Samaritan-like has given up his best room to you. You have been ill, very ill; and your delirium ran so high at one time that I thought that, though you had been spared a watery grave, there was one ready dug for you upon earth. You raved incoherently—you spoke much of a country, nay even of a spot and people, well known to me; and all this struck me with pity and knit my heart nearer to thee. Say, are you not a Frenchman?"

Anselme nodded affirmatively.

"From the Dauphiné?"

"Yes."

"From near Grenoble?"

"Yes."

"Following the course of the Isère you come to Vorceppe?"

"Exactly."

"And crossing the hills, you discover a peaceful valley at your feet?"

"True, true."

"That of Grésivaudan?"

"None other."

"Then you are my compatriot," cried the tall, rough man;

and falling upon the neck of Anselme, he embraced him and wept like a child.

"I am Paul Audian, once a cultivator of flax, then a soldier, and now a released captive, journeying homewards once more to behold my wife and children, and then to lay my bones beside those of my forefathers, who were peaceful men, in the valley of my birth. You, young man—you, I think I should know, from your likeness to a friend who was very kind to me; you are, if I mistake not, the son of M. Belmont?"

Here was joy for Anselme; here was new hope infused within his heart; he had found a fellow countryman, a friend of his father, here in this dismal, wild Hungary. He laid his whole position before the soldier, who listened with deep attention, and who was rejoiced to learn that his wife and children, if poor, were at least alive and well.

When Anselme had ended, he demanded a recital of the other's adventures, who immediately related them.

It was a sad story. The sufferings Audian and his son had endured from hunger, cold, sickness and fatigue, in the disastrous retreat from Moscow, caused a thrill of pity to cross the compassionate heart of Anselme, and caused it to vibrate with sorrow. They were taken prisoners, and were sent with many other fellow soldiers, of nearly every European nation, to a hard imprisonment amid the wilds and snows of Siberia. There they had to work like slaves. Sickness or no sickness, they had to hew the wood as usual, and be exposed to all the perils of the chase after bears and otters, without any of the comforts of good food and clothing, which alone render it exciting, pleasurable, or invigorating. His poor boy, Raoul, had sunk under the fatigues, and died of a broken heart. Ah! how touching was his end! how it thrilled to the heart's core of Anselme! he never forgot it.

"Poor Raoul! he died of a broken heart," faltered forth the father; "you see he was continually dreaming about home, and asking whether I thought we should ever return to it. So he pined on, and grew weaker and weaker. It was not consumption that brought him to his grave—no: his lungs were as sound as mine—but a lingering of the body and mind, and his thoughts constantly directed towards home wasted away the flesh. It was a pitiable disease, whatever it was, and many of the men died of it. Poor Raoul!"

Anselme could not help perceiving a similitude between the feelings of Raoul in Siberia and his own in Hungary—was their fate to be the same?

The soldier Audian made him compose himself, and lie down and sleep, if possible; for excitement had already quickened his pulse, and the fever had not wholly deserted him.

The room was kept dark. The occupants of it resumed their positions as before, and all was again silence.

But Anselme could not sleep; he tossed about. Ever the story of Raoul's end would rise before his mind, and he would view it, meditate upon it, examine it, like a picture of the eye.

This haunted him. And yet something would whisper that he should revisit his native valley, his father, Marie, and all his dear friends. This at last composed him, and he fell into a sound sleep.

The young girl watched beside him.

When it grew dark, the soldier Audian dismissed her for the night, and closed the door.

Before he returned to his chair for the night, he could not help glancing occasionally at Anselme and exclaiming:—"So it was with Raoul—just dreams like these. *I know his disease.*"

CHAPTER VI.

The next day Anselme was so far recovered as to be able to sit up in bed and converse with his two kind friends. The soldier Audian now declared his intention of proceeding forthwith on his journey home again, and earnestly besought him to be his companion. This, he endeavoured to show, would in no wise compromise the character of Anselme; and the beneficial effects which such a change would have upon his general health, he said would be incalculable. Anselme then learnt that M. Sigismund Tonnerre, on hearing of his illness, had sent down repeatedly to the house where he was lodging, to inquire after him; and this, coupled with the grief which he knew his return without any substantial cause would occasion to his father, determined him to decline the soldier's invitation, to return to his duty as soon as his health would allow, and endeavour once again to get reconciled to his life in Hungary. Audian pressed him, however, urging how much he required change of air; but

Anselme remained inflexible. The good soldier thereupon sighed, and the poor maiden, who could not understand their conversation, it being carried on in the French tongue, thought something sorrowful to Anselme must be the cause of this, and sighed also.

"But you can oblige me in one particular," said young Belmont to the soldier.

"And it is?"

"To be the bearer of a letter to my friends in the valley."

"I shall be rejoiced, and will also be the bearer of any verbal message you may have to give me," returned Audian.

"Such I shall not require," continued Anselme; "but please give me paper and a pen, and I will write the letter."

"They are here," said the other, bringing them from the table to the bedside. But there is no ink. Ah! I remember, it was carried down stairs, last night."

He made a sign to the young girl, who instantly left the room.

"Agathe shall fetch it," added he.

"Meantime I will write one letter," rejoined Anselme.

"Without ink?"

"A letter which I beseech you to take the greatest care of, and to deliver only into the hands of the person to whom it is addressed."

"Agathe will return immediately with the ink."

"It is not necessary. See! I have it here. Fine colour, is it not? One which is truly fit to trace the emotions of the heart," said Anselme.

He took a small penknife, stretched forth his left arm, laid aside an inch of the skin, and dipped his pen in the red fountain which gushed out from thence. With much emotion he leaned forward, and traced hurriedly a few lines upon the paper. The soldier gazed at him with astonishment, and feared the worst for his mind from such an incident.

"Anselme Belmont," cried he, "what do you?"

"The affections and longings of my heart I write in characters of blood," returned the other, passionately.

"Need they such a symbol? If they be pure, why give anguish to the minds of those to whom you address them, by rendering them horrible and revolting?"

"See! I seal them with my tears."

And a hot drop fell from his eye upon the paper.

The young girl now entered the apartment.

"This is folly," said the soldier. "But here is the ink, if you have more to write."

Young Belmont took it, and was engaged for some minutes with a letter to his father. When he had finished, he said to Audian, "These two letters are now folded. If I direct them both in black ink, you cannot distinguish them?"

"I cannot."

"What are the two great affections of the soul in this world?"

"The love of one's kindred and one's country."

"These are the principal?"

"Yes; I judge them so."

"The love of one's kindred. To whom does that chiefly apply?"

"To one's parents, brothers, sisters. To one's family."

"By family, you mean children. And the mother, your wife?"

"When I mention the offspring, of course I imply the mother."

"Take a young girl, for instance, when she is married. At the altar, beside her future husband, she vows obedience to him, so far as is consistent with her duty towards her Maker, and promises to forsake father, mother, and kin, to cling only to him, if need be. Her affections then suffer change. Tell me, are they not deepest for her husband?"

"Without doubt. Such a change is so ordered by the great Disposer of all things. His written word declares that a young maiden shall leave kindred, father, and mother, to cling unto her husband."

"And the husband, does not the same duty apply to him?"

"It ought to do so."

"It shall do so with me. Mark: I have two letters here, each for two different personages. I am devotedly attached to both. One is written, as you are aware, in letters of blood, the other in the ordinary way. Which should be for my father, and which for my betrothed?"

"There is no choice; the question is absurd."

"At first sight, and in an ordinary case. But it is apposite in mine. The letter in ink—here it is. It is the symbol of my first affections. Give it to my father."

"To the pastor Belmont?"

"The letter in blood, whose outward appearance is the same, contains within it the symbol of later, deeper, yet as pure, affections. You will deliver it as addressed."

The soldier took it, and read on the cover,—

"Claparède! I know not the name."

"Your wife will direct you."

"Good!"

"You will take care, however, to see it delivered yourself?"

"Into the hands of the young lady?"

"Yes! to Marie."

Marie! was there magic in the name? The young girl started, and turned as pale as the sick man beside her. Young Belmont observed it. She turned away her head, and a deep crimson succeeded to her pallor, and spread over her face, quick as a gust of wind over a sea, tranquil and smooth.

Marie! there *is* something magic in the name. As pronounced with us there is not, for how plain is *Maria!* But to continental ears, it is quite the reverse. Here the vowels, being differently pronounced, blend so deliciously with the consonants, that you can never tire of the sound; and if there be any thing in a name, though we have the highest authority for believing that there is not, then surely, whenever we hear the French *Marie*, or the German *Maria*—and the latter is particularly bewitching, ask Schiller—pronounced, we immediately associate in our minds the person of a pretty girl. Maria! yes; black eyes, ruby lips, and all the concomitants of such treasures.

However bewitching, then, is the name, Marie! yet let it not be implied that it was such which caused the embarrassment of the girl Agathe. It was a very different cause.

This young maiden, it appears, had been caught fast in the toils of that cruel and persevering urchin, love. His shafts had pierced her heart the very first time she saw Anselme, at the residence of M. Tonnerre, when she was the *Magd*—a sort of house-help—and since then his meshes had grown tighter and tighter around her.

We have already seen how she was the means of saving Anselme's life. She had on that account quitted M. Tonnerre's service, to be at hand to watch over him and minister to his wants. It was under her parent's roof that he now lay. They had seen the affection of their daughter for him, and judged that it would be useless to thwart it. They were poor Hungarian peasants, and yet they had learnt the truth of what *Julia* expresses so prettily about thwarted love, in the *"Two Gentlemen of Verona."* Fathers and mothers of this enlightened country, take a lesson from these humble peasants, and thwart not the loves of your children, as they be pure and honourable!

In his delirium, when the fever was at its height, Anselme had spoken much about home, and especially about Marie. Then it was that Agathe had heard the name, whose possessor, she did not take long to divine, lay nearest to the heart of Anselme. This had struck her with sorrow; and when she again heard it from the lips of the sick youth, who was now conscious, she no longer doubted of its truth. No wonder, then, that she started and grew pale.

"The green-eyed monster" had shot across her soul.

She immediately left Anselme and the soldier, and retired to her own apartment. There she strove to dispel the idea, which had just been strengthened by the last few words of Anselme. It was in vain. The demon would not hence. It completely mastered her soul for the time. She gnashed with her teeth, tore her hair, vowed vengeance against her rival, and delivered herself up with passion to the fury that tormented her. At last she found relief in a flood of tears. Like a copious rain upon the parched-up earth, which has long sighed for nourishment, came these tears to the soul of poor Agathe, and filled it with a calm, refreshed spirit. She felt relieved. She determined to pray for help to withstand for the future all like ebullitions of wrath and jealousy, and, falling on her knees, she addressed herself in pious, contrite heart-words to her heavenly Maker.

CONCLUSION.

Paul Audian, the soldier, quitted the cottage of the Hungarian peasants early the following morning. He carried with him Anselme's two letters, and his best wishes for a speedy and safe journey.

"Poor lad!" exclaimed he mentally, as he crossed the threshold. "So like to Raoul!"

With the departure of his friend, young Belmont felt that another link of the hope-chain which bound him to his fatherland had gone. He soon sunk back into his gloomy fits again, and had another severe attack of fever. This reduced his strength terribly.

One evening he was seated at the window of his room, enjoying the fine summer breeze which came wafted over the mountains. Agathe was beside him. She had watched him during the whole of his last illness, and he felt a growing attachment for this young girl. They were in earnest conversation. The theme was his country; indeed this was his constant topic. He was describing to her for about the hundredth time the valley of Grésivaudan, and how pleasant and fertile it was, contrasted with the black, gloomy Hungary. She listened with attention, and drank in the words of his lips. The blood mounted to his pale, faded cheek as he eloquently talked of the days of his youth, and his eye shot forth true poetry. It was a pretty scene, and the two were so wrapt up in it that they thought of nothing else, Anselme of his country, and Agathe of her Anselme, till some repeated and loud knocks at the door told them that some one clamoured for admission.

It was another blow for Anselme. He opened the letter which a servant handed to him, and read as follows:—

"Sir.—It is with deep pain that I now address you. In consequence of your protracted illness and absence from my establishment, I have been constrained to give your post to another. I shall therefore not require your services any longer. You remember the saying, "No work, &c." Enclosed I hand you a small sum, which I am hopeful will assist you to return home. I have acquainted M. Belmont with my proceedings, and I remain,

Sigismund Tonnerre.

Anselme's determination was made in a moment.

"Agathe," said he, "I quit this, to-morrow. I return home."

The silver-gilt car of Aurora had just entered the heavens, chasing at its approach Night and Sleep, and the goddess had scarce opened with her roseate fingers the gates of the East, and shed dew upon the earth, when Anselme stood at the cottage door with a staff in his hand, equipped for his journey. A spark of colour came to his pale cheeks, as he breathed the morning air, and he was about to step joyfully forth, when he heard a light step behind him, and Agathe stood at his side. He glanced at her apparel, and saw that it was her best, and suited for travel.

"Agathe, what do you here?"

She was silent.

"You have come to bid a last farewell; this is kind."

Still no answer.

"Dear girl, I shall never forget you. Adieu!"

He pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her with a pure lip. The kiss was fire to her. She fell at his feet, and cast an imploring look upon him, but said not a word. Her eyes spoke eloquence.

Ah! could the sick youth forget the tender care of the peasant-girl in the strange country, where all else was cold and dreary?

He raised her up, and again embraced her.

"My Agathe," said he.

* * * * * * *

Upon a carpet of rich turf at the foot of a cascade, whose clear waters fell with a murmur from one of the rocks among the mountains of the Dauphiné, reclined two persons. They were of different sexes. The girl supported the head of her companion, who lay stretched out at full length upon the ground, and in her hands she held a guitar with which she accompanied some verses, which she sang in a fine contralto. When she had ended, she laid down the instrument, and gazed fondly at her companion, whose pale face lighted up with a smile, and whose sunk eyes beamed with love and gratitude, as he met her gaze.

"Anselme," said the maiden, "do you feel rested now?"

"I am better," returned he.

"Shall we resume our journey? See, we are among the mountains of your native land, and a few short hours will bring you to your father and to—Marie."

"But you, dear Agathe, you are weary and should take repose. Lie down and I will watch."

"No, Anselme, no: the peasant girl in Hungary is early accustomed to fatigue, and she murmurs not. The sight of your dear home will revive you, as it will me to see you happy."

"Dear girl."

"Shall I help you? Come! you look better and stronger. Already has the balmy air of your mountains invigorated you. Here; I'll carry the knapsack and you the guitar."

"Nay, take you the guitar. Let us not yet depart; this is such a lovely spot, and the gentle murmur of that fall sends peace to my soul. Sing to me again, dear Agathe; I am in the mood for sweet sounds."

"What shall it be?"

"I care not. Choose the subject yourself."

"One of my Hungarian melodies?"

"Ay, like the last. The poetry was beautiful."

"It was not a national song."

"It was German then. Who wrote the words?"

"Carl Theodor Körner of Dresden."

"Ha! my favorite poet. Sing me another of his pieces."

"Name one, then, Anselme, as you seem to be acquainted with him."

"*Treuer Tod.*" *

Agathe complied, and resumed her guitar. Anselme rose up in a sitting posture, and fixed his eyes passionately upon her. She struck a few martial chords, and sang:—

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* "Der Ritter muss zum blat'gen Kampf hinaus," &c.

"Off to the bloody field must speed the knight,
For freedom, fame, and fatherland to fight;
Yet once more to his love's abode draws near,
To give a last adieu, a parting tear.
'Oh, weep not, sweet, thy little eye so red:
Nor hope nor consolation yet have fled.
Faithful ever will I prove
To my fatherland and love.'

'The farewell past, with hasty step he sprung
Back to the patriot band, and ranked among
The leal defenders of his emperor's might.
He views the hostile ranks with brave delight:
'I care not though a corpse I should remain
Upon this field, so we the victory gain!
Ever to the death I'll rove,
For my fatherland and love!'

"Then rushed he where the battle hottest rose,
And thousands, thousands, fall beneath his blows.
The victory by his single arm they gain;
But him, alas! they find among the slain.
'Stream forth, my blood, and flow with purple stream,
For I've revenged thee by my sword, I ween,
And by my oath faithful prove
To my fatherland and love.'

She ended. A tear dropped from the eye of Anselme, as he exclaimed:—

"Poor knight!"

"Yes; but his was a glorious end. He was faithful to the death."

"*To his fatherland and love,* so ends the verse."

Then after a pause:—

"I can proceed now, Agathe. Come!"

He was about to rise, when a hound came bounding up the meadow and sprang to his side, testifying the greatest joy at his presence and gamboling around him.

Both the young people recognised the dog. It was Zach!

"The hound so near, the master will not be far off. In fact, there he is," cried Anselme, "and with him people I should know."

A ray of joy illumined his features and mantled his pale face for a moment with a divine colour. He exerted all his strength, and rushed forward to meet them. In another moment he was in the arms of his father and Marie!

* * * * * * *

In the evening, a carriage was seen descending slowly from

Moirons into the valley of Grésivaudan. A turning of the road displayed all its treasures to the eyes of the travellers. At a sign from the sick youth the carriage was stopped. He raised himself up, and gazed doatingly upon it. The view of the Isère winding through the meadows, the gentle gurgling of its waters, struck a chord within his soul, and he sang with poetic fire:—

"'Along yon deep blue vein upon thy bosom,
Earth! I could float for ever. See it there,
Winding among its green and smiling isles,
Like charity amidst her children dear,
Or peace, rejoicing in her olive wreaths,
And gladdening, as she glides along the lands.'" *

"Look, Agathe," continued Anselme, "you see that golden spire which raises its church-head above the village. Upon the green eminence beyond it, you see a white house surrounded with trees. There I was born; it is the parsonage! Dear Marie, point it out to Agathe."

She did so. The two young girls pressed each other's hands with warm affection.

The dying youth saw it.

"Ah, Marie, Agathe, I love that. My heart, which soon must cease to beat, yearns violently for ye both. Dear maidens, when I'm gone remember this, and let it be a link to bind you to each other. Never separate, live together. So is the dying wish of your Anselme."

They wept and embraced.

"My father!" continued Anselme.

"Hush!" said the pastor, coming close beside him, "you will fatigue yourself, my son, with thus speaking. Shall we now proceed?"

"Stay! while I have life. When next the carriage moves, it will be a hearse for the dead. Father, I am dying."

"Say not so, my son. Life and death are in the hands of the Almighty. He will not pluck you thus early."

"You cannot deceive me, father, for I feel already the finger of death about me. Pray with me."

M. Belmont complied. Marie, Agathe, and the soldier knelt down also. When it was finished, Anselme said to the latter:—

"My friend! was not your son's end like min ?"

"Raoul died in Siberia."

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* Festus.

"True, and I in sight of my fatherland—that's what you mean. God be praised for it: it is a boon I scarce deserved."

He fell back into the arms of Marie and Agathe. All eyes turned towards him.

Anselme's spirit had fled.

A FAREWELL TO THE MUSES.

Farewell, ye sisters of the tuneful nine;
No more for *me* inspire the fervid line!
Ye bowers of ease, and every woodland dell,
Fair visions of my fondest dreams, farewell!

Ye feathery tribes that dwell in leafy boughs,
I call you now to witness to my vows;
Let other bards your beauteous plumage praise;
No more must *I* invoke inspiring lays.

No more the mountain torrent, grot, or rill,
With joyous ecstacy my bosom fill;
No more for me the thymy bed shall blow,
And cast its sweetness on the vales below.

The peasant, homeward as he plods his way,
Essays to sing my once inspired lay,
To memory dear, aloud will he rehearse,
And wake the vales with oft repeated verse.

But I, no more the sylvan scenes among,
Must leave the bowers of bliss and sacred song,
To other scenes my once devoted mind,
When driven, will cast a "lingering look behind."

Farewell then, sisters of the tuneful nine:
No more for me inspire the fervid line;
Sweet bowers of ease, and every woodland dell,
Fair visions of my fondest dreams, Farewell!

THE WHITE-ROSE WREATH.

BY C. A. M. W.,

AUTHORESS OF "THE FAIRY'S GIFTS," "EVANGEL, THE ARTIST," ETC., ETC.

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

> "It always appears to me, that in this world, those who have real miseries bear them well: and those who have none, invent some grievance to grumble at."

> "Come, haste with us beneath the greenwood shade,
> For we have songs to sing, and tales to tell;
> Come, haste with us through glen and silent glade,
> Where the deep brook's melodious murmurs swell:
> For we have lays of love, and grief, and fear,
> And legends old, to charm the listening ear."

In this age of advancement, we have not generally succeeded in attaching to our service and interests the counterparts of those simple domestics of former times, whose race, indeed, is apparently almost extinct. We rarely meet with old retainers now-a-days; excepting, perhaps, those belonging to the establishments of the highest orders; while many a tormented housewife in the middling class of society exclaims, when speaking of her servants,—"They are the greatest plagues of life."

One of the earliest incidents I can remember, was a visit paid to my widowed mother, by John and Letty Sanderson, whose lives had been passed in the service of our family. On the decease of the head, followed by the common-place history of reduced circumstances, they had retired to the country, where, in managing a small farm which they had purchased, they contrived to gain a comfortable livelihood, without the bane of idleness; and the greatest pride and pleasure of their lives, consisted in occasionally sending presents to their former mistress, of cheese, butter, poultry, &c. John Sanderson was a white-headed, benevolent looking man, dressed in a brown suit of the

Quaker cut, with a huge gold watch and ponderous bunch of keys attached to his costume; he made a George IV.'s bow, and I had always been accustomed to hear him pronounced "a worthy creature! the best creature in the world!" His long, untiring, garrulous tales of former days, were certainly rather tiresome, but then he possessed a fund of anecdote, and continental recollections, which assisted to enliven the recitative. Letty had been lady's maid, and a pretty, coquettish specimen in her youth, of that gossipping tribe; as years passed away, the insipid belle gradually faded into a nervous, ailing creature, who was still from long habit essential to the comfort of her gentle mistress; and when at length a marriage was brought about between the worthy John and the fair Letty, through the guileless diplomacy of that dear lady, it was arranged that the married couple were to continue in their respective situations, nor to quit their pleasant home.

But when the unexpected appearance of a little daughter had occasioned some embarrassment, *she* not having entered into the general calculations, the message of death came to that home, the inmates were dispersed, and future plans rendered abortive. Letty's nature was compounded of a strange medley; motherly kindness, fanciful ailments, and superstitious fears, forming the prominent ingredients, together with a whining flattery of speech, which proceeded more from a weak head, than from a bad or hollow heart. On this her first visit to our cottage, with her submissive husband, and bringing with them their only child, I gazed on the visitor of my own age and size, and bearing my mother's name too, with some slight misgivings of jealous apprehension. The little stranger was so white and soft, with large blue eyes and flaxen ringlets, but with a melancholy, serious expression of countenance, and withal so timid and shrinking, that romping, spirited companionship made her weep and cling to "Mother."

Speedily dissensions arose in the household, respecting "fair Rosamond," as they named Letty Sanderson's daughter; my nurse Monica being utterly scandalized at the proceedings of that respectable matron, with regard to the management and culture of youth. Monica insisted that it was no wonder Rosamond Sanderson was such a "wan, peevish thing," with such bringing up, indeed! *her* young lady would be contaminated, and learn all sorts of nonsense; *she* would undertake to make Letty's little girl healthful, both in mind and body, if she were left with us for a season, away from her mother's jurisdiction. Everlasting fond contradictions, and anxious tormenting, seemed likely to ruin the child's temper, also; with Letty it was ever "*don't* do that, my darling," or "*do* that, my heart's life," or "you must not eat *that*, my sweet," or "you *must* eat some of that, my dear," giving the victim something at dinner peculiarly obnoxious to childish taste—"it is so good for you."

But the evil stopped not here; Letty's overweening love, displayed on all opportunities, to the discomfiture of every one around, rested not on material matters; but spiritual aid, or, to speak mildly, idealism, was called in; thus, at our nursery dinner, if the poor child laid her knife with the edge upwards, or in any perilous manner, Letty would remind her that holy angels, when they walked upon the table, would wound their feet; that good people had to wait at the gates of paradise as many hours as she heedlessly scattered grains of salt. She also endeavoured to imprint a good precept on her daughter's mind, by telling her that vain persons, who gazed too much in the looking glass, would one day see an Imp of Mischief peeping over their shoulder!

Vainly did John Sanderson try to stem this torrent of unwholesome food for the mind, as well as to stay the physicking of the body, and it was only by an extraordinary exertion of authority, on his part, succeeded by hysterics, on his wife's, that he insisted on my mother's wish being complied with, of their little girl being left with hers, as playmate and companion for awhile. She promised to bring her to them with rosy cheeks and laughing mien; and this prospect of a visit from her honoured lady alone induced Letty's peaceable return to her own home, minus her daughter.

Notwithstanding the excellent management and tending, now bestowed on our young guest, and though roses did visit her pallid cheeks, and a merry, ringing laugh was sometimes, though very rarely, heard, yet it became evident to all around, that the impressions made from infancy, or, it might be, drank in with mother's milk, could not be wholly eradicated, or obliterated. Monica would often exclaim, "Bless me, there is something very odd about that child; she really makes me feel quite 'eerie' like, her ways are so dismal and unearthly;" and then Monica would add, "I hope to gracious that she won't do our young Miss any harm."

My nurse certainly had some grounds for apprehension, as the child's ways were "very odd." Nothing but playing at acting funerals satisfied her; her doll must always be sick, and then she talked to it, just as she had been used to hear her mother talk; then the doll must die, and with her tiny spade she scooped a grave out beneath the old lilac trees in the garden, swaddling the doll in a winding sheet (laced handkerchiefs being sometimes borrowed for the purpose), laying it in the grave, shovelling mould over it, and finishing the ceremonial by chanting some queer crowing ditty, by way of lamentation for the dead. After a few days, the doll was wanted again, and she would hasten to dig it up, and, though its nasty earthy smell was quite offensive, yet she seemed to like it all the better. Then again, my dismal playfellow insisted often on being laid out herself; I was to enact the mourner, to weep over her bier, and to scatter flowers as she lay; as to scattering flowers, I had no objection to that: but the crying part of the business usually produced such peals of laughter on my part, that Monica found out there was not much to fear for me!

It is an axiom but rarely admitting of exception that "the boy is father to the man." When sorrow and sickness break down youthful spirits, and after life is as the ghost of early frolic and happiness, yet even amid the gloom of dreariest December days, a ray of sunshine, bright though transient, bursts through now and then; but when, many years after our childish plays were almost forgotten, I saw Rosamond Sanderson again, it was not difficult to recognise *her;* the individual traits of infancy being fully, yet delicately, developed in her maturer years.

She had been for some time comfortably domiciled in an old English mansion, as the humble companion and attendant of a dear friend and relative of our own. This lady had gladly received Rosamond in this capacity; that which she would have filled with me, had my father lived; and after a long absence, we had come to attend this young cousin's approaching wedding, which was to take place at Christmas, in the midst of old English festivities, peculiar to the joyous season.

Miss Dormer was extremely fond of her domestic, and laughed unmercifully at all her whims and fancies; she assured me that Rosamond was an affectionate, good girl, at heart; but she had been so long nourished on sickly diet, so injudiciously treated by her over anxious, weak mother, that tears and melancholy had become as necessary and desirable an indulgence to *her*, as recreation and laughing to *us*. It appeared that "Dolorosa" (for so Miss Dormer had playfully named her handmaiden), ever since her mistress's marriage was decided on, had been imbued with a strong presentiment of approaching disaster; partly arising from a dream, dreamt by Letty, and of course duly communicated to her daughter; and partly from divers signs and omens, well known to the initiated in these matters: such as cinders, coffin-shaped, popping out of the fire, winding-sheets on the candle, &c.

The prognostication, in the present instance, involved no less than a conviction that her own (Dolorosa's) departure to another world would speedily follow her lady's change of name. "Mother had dreamt it, and mother's dreams nearly always came true," was all that the fair prophetess could be induced to admit. She might indeed have followed her lady's example; the suitor for her hand being no less a personage than Jacob Baldery, the head gamekeeper, whose weather-beaten, but kindly honest countenance, was far from being displeasing to the pretty Rosamond, notwithstanding he was many years her senior, a widower also, with three young daughters, who much needed a mother's care. But Miss Sanderson could not be brought to reason on the subject; obstinately affirming, "that she did not wish to give Mr. Baldery the pain of being a widower again so soon."

That individual assured her of his perfect willingness to risk such a catastrophe; but with direful sighs, Dolorosa would say, "Ah! Mr. Baldery, it is very well for *you* to joke, but with my heavy heart, and my solemn prospects, it is not pleasant, Mr. Baldery."

"Well my dear," retorted the hearty Jacob, "they may be very comfortable prospects, if you are so minded; my father before me, and grandfather too, both made excellent husbands, and so did I, myself; though may be I ought not to say it. I have the best of masters; a tidy cottage; and a penny saved; and my three girls are as good, affectionate, obedient children, as any in the parish. Now come, ain't *these* comfortable prospects?"

But a groan and a mysterious look, was the usual answer, and so matters went on.

Miss Dormer and myself had for some time observed that Rosamond Sanderson was secretly engaged, as she imagined, (for she appeared anxious to conceal her occupation,) in fashioning a wreath of white roses, with even more than her usual care and precision; for in the accomplishment of artificial flower making, she had become a rare proficient. No fingers like Rosamond's could fashion with marvellous delicacy and taste, these close imitations of nature, or weave the beautiful productions into choice bouquets and chaplets; the aerial shading of the gorgeous rainbow colours, were so minutely blent, that on the real flowers and the artificial being displayed side by side, it was about as difficult for the spectator to decide on which were the natural ones, and which the artificial, when placed at a little distance off, as it had been for king Solomon, when similarly puzzled by the queen of Sheba; no honey-bees being now at hand, by which means that wisest of mortals sagaciously settled the question, when his courtiers were on the verge of despair, fearing their master's reputation would be tarnished by a woman's cunning!

As the time of Miss Dormer's marriage drew nigh, so did

Rosamond's anxiety apparently increase, to finish her self-appointed task; I conjectured that it must be intended as a wedding offering to that young lady; but on our surprising the artist at her work, and questioning her, we were singularly undeceived as to its ultimate appropriation; for she informed us with much solemnity, that this was her own funereal wreath, which she desired to hold in readiness, not knowing how soon it might be required.

In the sequestered part of England where John and Letty Sanderson resided, the antique and poetical custom was still adhered to, of suspending a chaplet of white roses above the seat in church which had been occupied by a deceased maiden; many such touching memorials had Rosamond hitherto fashioned for *others*—now she was completing *her own*: it was rarely beautiful, its execution fully equalling the far-famed fabrics of the cloistered nuns.

When brought for our inspection, previously to being packed up, and sent off express to Letty, whose dream had doubtless prepared her for its reception and intended use, Miss Dormer laughingly said to her bewildered attendant, "Well, Dolorosa, I should like to wear *this*, on my marriage morn, far better than the orange-flower wreath. I hope you will not refuse to let me do so?"

"The heavens forbid that you should wear a funereal chaplet, dear lady, instead of a bridal crown. That would be a fearful omen indeed," exclaimed the horrified girl, "it will soon, very soon, be suspended above the place where I used to kneel each Sabbath day, beneath the ivied window of St. Kenwyn's mouldering church; it will look well amongst the dark ivy, won't it, dear ladies?"

"Your taste is undoubtedly good, Dolorosa," answered her mistress, "but don't you think it will look quite as well, if not better, amongst my dark hair?"

Miss Dormer held the lovely wreath in her hand, as her handmaiden with sobs and tears, entreated her to change this shocking resolution; but her lady, in an authoritative voice, and with a grave face, quietly said, "You can still make use of it for your original purpose, after I have worn it, Rosamond, if you like to do so; it will only be a transfer from an earthly bridal, as the emblem of a heavenly one; a transformation that in due time, we all hope for."

The funereal chaplet accordingly rested on the brow of the young bride, the white roses contrasting exquisitely with the ebon braids of hair; while prayers, blessings, and congratulations, from assembled rich and poor, might have satisfied one less deeply imbued with superstitious folly than the weeping Dolorosa, that the evil she had prognosticated, would thus be averted, by so sure a counter-charm.

My cousin's husband holding a diplomatic appointment abroad, they were absent from the country for some years; while Rosamond Sanderson returned to her parents. She probably half expected, half wished, that Jacob Baldery might not quite forget her, dead or alive; but that worthy man had been disheartened at last, and somewhat provoked at her pertinacity in what he justly termed "childish vagaries;" and when he thought of the dangerous experiment, such an example in a step-mother might prove to his young daughters, he determined it was best that he should cease to think of her any more. To Dolorosa's own amazement, as time fled on, her health visibly strengthened. No need for the funeral wreath! but need for strength of body, and mind too, as ruin and the dreaded workhouse appallingly stared her aged parents in the face. This ruin was brought on by a speculative spirit, foolishly indulged in by the simple John Sanderson; the railroad mania inoculated many wiser people than him with its "go-ahead" disease; and besides, Letty had a wonderful dream, which shadowed forth a railroad formed of solid gold, crossing the very spot where their peaceful, prosperous homestead stood.

The farm was sold, shares purchased which were worthless, John Sanderson ruined, and Letty a dreamer no longer!

Rosamond worked early and late, night and morning, to assist in supporting the poor old couple; aided indeed by Mr. Dormer's charitable hand; but she still worked hard to procure little comforts and luxuries, to which they had ever been accustomed. What were dreams, omens, and presentiments now? What had *they* done? These were the questions Rosamond often asked herself; and when, on the decease of her parents, she was again received into Mr. Dormer's service, it was not to remain there for long; she returned an altered creature, having lived to pronounce affliction and chastening, "good." Jacob Baldery no longer feared to make her the step-mother to his young daughters, and Rosamond Sanderson no longer feared "that he might soon have the pain of being a widower again."

Not long ago, I saw the identical funereal chaplet beneath a glass case, in the parlour of the gamekeeper's neat and pretty cottage; Mrs. Baldery herself pointed it out to our observation, with smiles and blushes; doubtless caused by certain remembrances attached thereto.

"And so the funereal chaplet was productive of no ill effects to the wearer?" my companion demurely enquired.

"Ah, ma'am! you are quizzing me now," answered the dame of the blue eyes and flaxen locks, "for you know that my dear lady is as merry and beautiful as when she wore it; and she often comes here, with all her rosy children round her, some of them taller than herself; and she makes them laugh, by telling them the story; but she loves to look upon it, for she says it reminds her of the day when she became a happy wife. As for me, this white-rose wreath conveys a solemn lecture, when I sometimes fear relapsing into my foolish ways again, if I had time for them.

"But when I say this to my lady, she shakes her head, and with her pleasant laugh, in her old winning way, gently exclaims, "Ah! Dolorosa—it is well that we should *fear our own* strength; or we can always find time enough for sin and folly!"

OCTOBER.

WRITTEN ON THE TWENTY-FIRST, THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Ye dauntless British Mariners, old England's strength and pride,
As o'er the wild and stormy seas your ships triumphant ride,
Remember in your flowing cans the sad but glorious day
When Nelson quelled the foeman's pride in grim Trafalgar's bay,
And when the solemn cup is quaffed, fill to the brim again
To the brave old Greenwich pensioner who fought with Nelson then!

Forget not the true-hearted, o'er whom the booming surge
To grateful fancy's listening ear sings an eternal dirge—
The brave of every nation, who found a noble grave,
And slept in bloody brotherhood beneath the moaning wave.
Oh! may the fiery flag of war be ne'er unfurled again,
'Gainst those who fought their country's fight with matchless Nelson then.

But should the thunder of your guns once more in anger roar,
And the sacred bird of blessed peace fly startled to the shore,
Hoist! hoist his magic signal! let it proudly flaunt in air!
'Twill mind your foes what British tars have done, and what they dare.
Trafalgar's bloody day will rise, and the stout, undaunted men
Who fought beneath the Union Jack with heroic Nelson then!

R. H.

SCENES IN SPAIN.

EL COLORADO; OR, THE RED MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK," "BEAUTY OF THE RHINE," ETC., ETC.

In this age of restlessness and travel, when those who possess at home every luxury and comfort which wealth and pre-eminent superiority can command; when those very persons so enviably situated, seized with the all-pervading mania, hasten to exchange their manifold advantages for the numerous drawbacks and inconveniences which necessarily meet the wanderer in a foreign land, it cannot be made matter of surprise that the inferior classes, always ready to imitate the foibles of the aristocracy, follow in their wake.

Thus comes it to pass, that the before unsophisticated tailor, when taking your measure for a coat, betrays the extent of his travels by a comparison between Buckingham Palace and the Kremlin; your boot-maker directs his apprentice to drop your "small account" at the *Alhambra*, in sheer forgetfulness for the *Albany*, and your cook produces a *carte* at dinner so interspersed with scraps from all the languages on earth, that nothing less than gastronomic experience can convince you of what materials the dishes are composed.

In the present day, a man who has not been down the Rhine, from Coblentz, or up the Peak, from Teneriffe—who cannot boast of having swallowed kabobs at Constantinople, or been shampooed at Alexandria, may as well write "not at home" upon his door, and rest content to pass the remainder of his days unsought for and unheeded.

Who among the rising generation ever dreams of tarrying at home, the instant the shackles of school and college are unloosed? Places may now be booked at the Black Bear in Piccadilly fr Kam tscatka itself; and at almost every hour of the twenty-four, vessels of all denominations, and descriptions, sail from the Thames, freighted with wondering Cocknies, bound in search of marvels towards every corner of the habitable globe.

Amateurs in their yachts shape their course to countries known to our forefathers by aid of the map alone; while those less fortunate aspirants for knowledge who are unable to claim any vessel as their own exclusive property, take advantage of the fortuitous circumstances of their more affluent friends, and readily enroll themselves as part of the live cargo.

France, Switzerland, and Italy have long since been over-run by my wonder-seeking countrymen; and at this epoch, Spain is undergoing an exactly similar inspection. Go where you may, from Coimbra to Barcelona, from Bilboa to Seville, at every step Englishmen may be encountered, sketch-book and pencil in hand, noting, drawing, smoking, and sputtering bad Spanish, deceived with the idea that a few lessons taken at Cadiz have fully qualified them to express their meaning in the pure Castilian tongue. Yet what can it by possibility matter, provided the tourist himself derives pleasure and amusement from his trip? Little does he heed, though hereafter it should come to light that the Spanish *Mantillas* purchased at Valencia for his friends at home, were fabricated at half the price in Spitalfields, and afterwards smuggled from Gibraltar. These are inferior annoyances. The article was bought in Spain, and, in nine cases out of ten, with much care and trouble it is brought back, possibly to within a short distance of the very frame from which it dates its origin. Moreover, what avails it if the ancient fans, *Abanicos Antiquos*, so eagerly sought for and so greatly prized, when purchased from some obscure shop in Granada, were constructed but a few weeks previously in Paris? Of what consideration are these, and many other trifles, when the momentary annoyance has passed by? None—absolutely none! Bad lodgings, scanty fare, long and tedious journeys, afford subjects for most agreeable reminiscences, when related by a warm fireside at home; the privation and misery encountered, and long since passed, gives ample scope for congratulation and mirth. Yet much as the by-gone adventures may be expatiated upon, over a cool bottle of claret, in England—the narrator averring that "never had he spent a happier time," I imagine the degree of felicity experienced during the infliction, partook not wholly of so extatic a nature, as the recapitulation would leave his friends to surmise.

An apposite instance of this assertion occurred very lately, when a party in undisputed possession of all we are accustomed to regard as Heaven's choicest gifts, suddenly bethought them that the uninterrupted flow of happiness and comfort at home required the infusion of a small portion of life's bitter and inferior annoyances, to render them more capable of appreciating the ease and good things by which they were on all sides surrounded. With this laudable intent, Spain was fixed on as the theatre for attempting the experiment, conjecturing wisely, that if not rendered sufficiently uncomfortable in the land of fleas and vineyards, guitars and tomatas, nothing would be more easy than to cross to Africa, and by prosecuting a journey to Fez, not a doubt remained on the minds of any of the party, but that the difference between the comforts to be met with in England, and the poverty and squalid filth of Barbary, would prove amply sufficient for the accomplishment of the object at which they aimed.

Thus resolved, arrangements for leaving London were soon planned and completed, and owing to circumstances, unnecessary to be here detailed, I received an invitation to proceed from Malaga to Granada with them. Three vessels of the Royal Yacht squadron conveyed the travellers to the town of wine and raisins, and so numerous were the members of the suite in attendance, that we more resembled a caravan starting for Mecca, than a party of foreign travellers setting forth on a journey of pleasure.

But to describe our mode of progress: A few lancers composed the advanced guard, followed by the guide, arrayed in his *zamarra* jacket, high crowned *sombrero*, and clad in the picturesque full costume of Andalusia. Next in rotation appeared the baggage, piled in dense masses into a covered cart of truly antediluvian construction, and drawn by five strong mules, each having, exclusive of its grotesque trappings, a bell suspended round its throat. In charge of this very important part of the procession, rode two more lancers, together with an ample compliment of boys and drivers; and the reins, traces, and in fact the whole of the useful part of the harness, was made with cord. Immediately in rear of this cumbrous machine, came a chariot, or rather juvenile omnibus, of a construction to baffle all attempts at description. This carriage, likewise, was drawn by five mules, caparisoned and adorned with tinkling music similar to those of the preceding vehicle, and to these animals was entrusted the charge of drawing the ladies-maids, two valets, and, though last in enumeration, by no means the most insignificant personage of the whole, an accomplished French Cook. Then came a large, heavy coach, painted with dingy yellow, and garnished with red wheels to match; six mules were affixed thereto, and in this conveyance the ladies, replete with good humour and high spirits, took up their abode. Delighted with the novelty which on all sides met their observation, and resolved to appear pleased with all and every thing they encountered, the fairer part of the travellers formed, not only the most ornamental, but by far the most delightful portion of our community. The rear of the column was brought up by a corporal and two more lancers, but, exclusive of the persons already enumerated, there were five gentlemen on horseback, nearly as many servants, and, moreover, two extra mules, for conveying lighter portions of the baggage, were driven in front. Altogether, including the whole party—servants, escorts, drivers, and muleteers—we amounted to thirty-four persons—a tolerable force wherewith to commence the trip.

All progressed according to our most sanguine wishes, until, when having advanced about two leagues on our way, the rain, as if to convince us that occasionally it *could* rain in Spain, descended upon our devoted heads in torrents: those only who have experienced a deluge amid the Spanish mountains, can form an adequate idea of the facility with which our joy was converted into grief. Wet to the inmost recesses of our garments—chilled with the intensely cold wind, which in fitful gusts came rushing down each deep gorge and stony valley—we had nothing but patience to resort to. Several leagues yet lay before us, and from the inexpediency of preceding the baggage, as well as from the bad and broken state of the roads, our rate of progress did not exceed three miles within the hour.

But in a measure protected from the rain, the situation of the ladies was far from exhilarating; the country was known to be infested with robbers, and, although the equestrians were all armed to the teeth, I doubt if either one of the fire arms belonging to the party would have exploded. The shadows of evening were fast closing around, and the long protracted sojourn in the rough vehicle made the ladies necessarily anxious for a termination to the day's journey. Yet the slow rate at which we moved, and the difficulty we experienced in forcing the baggage over the deep holes and wide ruts we encountered, made the hour of our desired arrival problematical indeed.

To repine, however, under these circumstances, would have proved worse than useless, and so the ladies judiciously opined; for where ninety-nine women in one hundred would have deplored over their misfortunes, without effecting any thing save an addition to their trouble, our party determined to regard all in the best light, and though to the uninitiated it might appear somewhat difficult to extract amusement from the prospect of being benighted in a heavy storm, with the agreeable additions of cold, hunger, and fatigue, the fair occupiers of the coach proved, by their good humoured merriment, that unavoidable annoyances had not the power to ruffle either the smooth brows or placid tempers of the adventurous travellers.

Thus sped we on, the wind rising, the rain falling—while the animals, floundering from side to side of the uneven, muddy road, gave visible tokens of disinclination to face the increasing storm. What occasioned most uneasiness was the rapidly approaching darkness, since, being unprovided with either lamps or torches, one false step, or a trifling mistake of the drivers, might in an instant have precipitated all three vehicles down the yawning gulf below, which, without bank or railing for our protection, was perfectly ready to receive us.

We were now about six miles from El Colminar, a small hamlet, infested by a numerous horde of *ladrones*, and situated among lofty mountains, far removed from any dwellings, excepting those appertaining to their own community. For the ladies to pass the night at that miserable village, was declared by the guide to be wholly impracticable; and as a *venta* two leagues in advance, had originally been fixed on as our halting place, it was gallantly determined to push forward. On starting, we had hoped to reach the destination thus decided on, ere dark, but not having taken into consideration the probability of the storm, together with its concomitant evils, we were wofully deceived in our calculations; and, as the people of the inn were unconscious of the honor which we purposed to bestow, it was deemed advisable to send some person in advance to announce the approach of the main body.

To effect this object, I was requested to proceed, receiving at the same time positive instructions to have fires lighted in all the rooms, plenty of hot water, together with the necessary appurtenances to a lady's toilette. Had I informed them that such a thing as a fire-place was scarcely to be met with throughout Spain, and, as regarded rooms, they need expect nothing beyond four whitewashed walls, I felt doubtful what credit might have been vouchsafed me for veracity; so leaving explanation to be made at the time of the disclosure, I thought it best to say nothing on the subject, and accordingly proceeded on my way.

Two of the party and a guide were appointed for this duty, and cold and drenched with rain as we were, the increase of pace from a slow walk to a brisk trot, was of no trifling advantage in furthering the circulation of our blood. Instead of decreasing, the storm appeared to gain fresh vigour each moment, and from small mountain rills which in the morning trickled down the sides of the lofty sierras, now gushed forth magnificent cascades in uncontrolled force, scattering the spray, as they gained the rocks below, in every direction.

At length El Colminar appeared in sight, and the account which our guide had already given of the place, was fully borne out when beheld. Our road skirted the hamlet, and at the entrance of this street of huts stood a miserable cottage, having two clumsy waggons drawn up at the door, and *that* dwelling we were told was the inn.

Little inclined to halt at so unprepossessing a house of entertainment, we put spurs to our horses, and, after one of the most uncomfortable rides I remember to have encountered, the white gable end of a long building loomed indistinctly through the mist. Here then, was our place of refuge, and meagre as was the outward sign of what comfort might internally be afforded, we soon made our arrival known by an unceremonious application of the butt end of our pistols against the barred and solid door.

From without not a vestige of a light was visible; but as any shelter was preferable to exposure on such a night among the mountains, we resolved to put up with what accommodation we could find, rather than journey onward in the dark, with the faint prospect of reaching the next inn.

After many questions uttered in a shrill tone of voice, we were eventually permitted to enter; and although security from the storm was a very considerable improvement in our case, there appeared little prospect of any accommodation beyond. Immediately on passing the gates, we entered a large court yard, surrounded by buildings and out-houses of various descriptions, and, on turning short to the right, we rode into an apartment which served for the purposes of kitchen, scullery, dining-room, and stable. This part of the dwelling was paved with rough, sharp stones, while the rafters overhead, black, and begrimed with smoke, furnished a receptacle for the undisturbed dirt and cobwebs of many a previous year. At the extreme end of the room, a few brass and copper kitchen utensils were suspended from nails driven into the wall, immediately under which, and crouching round some pieces of half-ignited wood, were four as villainous looking ruffians as the pencil of any artist might wish to portray: three women likewise were added to the group, but little did they contribute in their own persons to the well attested beauty of their dark-eyed country women, though, if darkness has a charm, they certainly possessed the various shades in perfection, but for which they were indebted rather to the daily occupations wherein they toiled, than to any captivating tints bestowed by nature.

However unprepossessing in outward appearance these gentle damsels might have been, they evinced much willingness to aid us when made acquainted with our wishes. More fuel was readily heaped on the fire—charcoal in the stoves was ignited, and two inquisitive hens, who for some time had been gazing with astonishment at such unusual evidences of activity, were caused to descend from their exalted stations, and in a few seconds formed no contemptible portion of the arrangements.

All that by ingenuity could be effected to produce an appearance of comfort, was attempted, and though when finished the *tout ensemble* of the apartments afforded but slight traces of luxury and refinement, it was out of our power to accomplish more: two *braséros* afforded the only means of communicating warmth to the bedrooms of the *venta de los Domajos*, and the smoke of the green wood fire below was so extremely dense and painful to the eyes, as to render it totally impossible for one not accustomed to its smarting influence, to partake its warmth.

In the meantime our guide unsaddled and fed the horses, and we were revolving in our minds what substitute we could adopt as raiment while our saturated garments were being dried—when between the low moaning of the wind, as it swept round the building, we distinctly heard the sound of horse's feet.

An hour only had elapsed since our arrival; it was therefore impossible we could so soon anticipate the approach of our friends; but the new comers, in reply to our challenge, having shouted "*Lanceros,*" we undid the portal, and two of our escort rode into the court.

From them we gathered, that having passed the village El Colminar, the baggage had stuck fast in the deep ruts, the mules became jaded and knocked up, the drivers weary and discontented, and, finally, so many objections were made against proceeding, that the cavalcade was unavoidably compelled to retrace its way to the identical hamlet which had been denounced as unfit for any lady to place her foot in, the appearance of which most indisputably afforded little to recommend in its favor.

Our informers accounted for their presence at the *venta* by saying that our friends at the village, finding it impracticable to join us that night, and hearing but an indifferent description of the lodging where we were housed, had, with much consideration, despatched them with orders to remain with us all night. Neither were we sorry for this addition of strength, since, to the four gentlemen of ferocious aspect already recorded, two more—from whence I know not—had silently joined their comrades, and were seated round the fire, smoking, when the soldiers arrived.

Entering the kitchen, the lancers cast a furtive glance around, and having fixed their gaze on the before-named group of worthies, the close scrutiny appeared to afford the gentlemen in question other than pleasurable sensations. Their intercourse, however, was not long confined to looks only, for, drawing one of the ruffians aside, the new comers addressed to him some words in a low tone of voice, to which the other evidently, and in no very complaisant humour, demurred. To this the men in authority paid little or no attention, for after a few striking arguments, which produced a visible effect, the peasants, or whatever they might have been, quitted the fire, and in a few seconds we heard them driving their mules through the gateway, in search of some place of shelter, where their fellow travellers might feel less dislike to their society.

"Good riddance of those fellows, Senors," exclaimed one of the lancers, stirring up a huge mess of *Baccallao* simmering on the fire. "Their absence is better than their company at all times."

"Their appearance certainly did not tend to their advantage," observed my companion, "and yet this is a horrid night to turn even a dog out."

"True, Senor, most true," responded the soldier, "but which, I pray you, is most advisable—either that those fellows should sleep one night in the rain, or that you should sleep for ever with ? "—and drawing his forefinger across his own throat, the pantomime was as legible as words.

"Indeed ! " exclaimed I, "and would those fellows actually have attempted murder?"

"They're far from being particular," drily chimed in the other soldier, who in the most unceremonious manner had divested himself of the principal portion of his wet garments, and was then tending the progress of the supper, in costume approaching to "*puris naturalibus*." "Any thing suits them, Senors, provided the smallest plunder can be gained."

"But you appeared to know them," said I, addressing the lancer who first called the bandit from the group. "Possibly you may have met them before."

"One of them I am well acquainted with,—Caballéro," was his answer. "He was a great friend of El Colorádo, but now that his companion is disposed of, this fellow has sunk into insignificance,"—and here the two soldiers exchanged looks of intelligence, evidently having reference to some exploit or adventure, the recollection of which appeared to afford them most unequivocal satisfaction.

"Who was the person you call El Colorádo?" I asked—my curiosity somewhat excited—"who was the friend of the muleteer just departed ?"

"A noted robber, Senor—one who for years had been the terror and admiration of all persons inhabiting the country, from Malaga to within a short distance of Alhama," replied my informer.

"And is he dead, did you say?" interrogated my friend.

"Why yes, Senor," replied the lancer, with a self satisfied air, "dead to all the world, now; but as you appear interested about him, possibly you may like to hear an account of the mode in which he died."

"I should like it extremely," was my answer, and my friend concurring in opinion, our military ally expressed his willingness to satisfy our curiosity.

To this offer we willingly assented, and having dispatched our frugal repast, aided and abetted in the pleasing task by our guide and escort, and wrapping ourselves up in warm blankets, we forthwith caused the wine flasks to be replenished, and composed ourselves to pay due attention to whatever our companion might relate. I think it right, however, to premise, that the reader must not consider me as advocating the cause, or defending the conduct, of either of the parties. I merely repeat the tale as I gathered it from the lancer, and those who peruse the narrative will best judge what degree of blame or otherwise should be attached to him who carried into execution the orders he received.

From enquiries I afterwards made, I found the story was essentially correct, and, as a specimen of Spanish female fidelity, and man's treachery and deceit, I think it can find few equals.

To repeat the account in the very terms in which I first heard it, would be tedious for perusal; I have therefore collected together all the leading features of the case, as detailed by our escort at the *venta de los Domajos*, and the following is the substance of his communication:

Bernardo Olente, or El Colorádo, by which latter appellation he was afterwards better known, first saw the light at the small village of Olias, near the sea coast on the southern boundary of Spain, and, following the example of his forefathers, was, in course of time, enrolled among those of his more adventurous countrymen, who, as occasion offered, adopted the trade of fishermen, or smugglers, as at the moment seemed most likely to tend to their advantage.

At the period when the young Bernardo was first initiated into the mysteries of a *contrabandista's* life, the *Carabinéros* and *Guardá Costas* had not reached by many degrees, the still yet middling activity to which at the present day they aspire; and for a cargo of illicit goods to have fallen into the hands of the revenue in by-gone times, was an affair of but very rare occurrence indeed, and one which easily may have been traced to a supineness or negligence on the part of the smugglers, in not having previously made their arrangements with the men in power.

Subsequent events have proved, that although often successful in their speculations, it requires more knowledge and daring to run a cargo now, than was requisite for the safe delivery of a dozen some fifteen years since; and differing from his prototype of old, the *contrabandista* of this generation is too frequently a reckless, daring ruffian, uniting in his own person the smuggler and robber, and, if occasion or his own safety require it, an unhesitating proneness to shed blood. Yet such was not the case when El Colorádo first launched his boat for other purposes than waging war against the finny tribe; and indeed, the measure was seldom resorted to, save when a particular sum of money was called for on some gala occasion, or when the *novio*, smitten by the bright eyes of his mistress, ventured on a trip to Gibraltar, to procure some showy article of dress to lay at the feet of his beloved. The notion that in so acting, he was guilty of crime, or chargeable with moral turpitude, never entered his imagination; and provided he could rouse his constitutional indolence to undertake the voyage, little did he trouble his mind as to the justice or otherwise of defrauding the revenue of his country.

In this way things progressed with Bernardo, sometimes adhering to his ostensible occupation at home, and at others, engaged with his companions on the more arduous and lucrative employment. But a cloud was fast gathering over the head of the smuggler, which was eventually destined to descend with all its consequences on its victim, and, by driving him from his home, step by step to force him to the brink of that precipice, from which, notwithstanding his manifold escapes, he was ultimately destined to descend.

Five years have scarcely elapsed, since the circumstance occurred that drove Bernardo Olente forth, a proscribed man—outlawed, hunted, and a bandit; and but very few months have passed away since his crimes and misfortunes found a termination in a violent death.

For a long time past, the Executive Government, such as it was, felt the necessity—without considering whether they possessed the means—of adopting measures for the prevention of smuggling with more energy than hitherto had attended their efforts; and although the now daily importations into Spain, without paying duty, plainly evince the inutility of the attempt—still, though they were unable finally to crush the system, they contrived to check it for the time being.

Among the peasantry in the vicinity of Olias, none were more remarkable than Bernardo for the frank good humour of his address, together with the handsome and comely appearance of his person. Possessed of all which an abstemious Spaniard could require, his occasional contraband trips had rendered him affluent beyond his wants; and with youth, high spirits, and a light heart, many might have envied the condition of the humble fisherman.

It may not be supposed that these qualifications, combined in one and the same person, were altogether unheeded by the fair sex, for many were the sad hearts and disappointed maidens, when the coveted prize announced to the small community among whom he dwelt, that his unalterable affections had long since been bestowed on the daughter of a near neighbour, the pretty, though extremely young, Pepita Garcia.

The time, the arrangements, and all connected with the intended ceremony, were decided on for their wedding, and but a few days were yet to intervene, when, in a luckless moment, it was proposed to lighten the tedious slowness of the hours, by the excitement of a smuggling excursion. Nothing could have been more suited to the wishes of the intended bridegroom—the more so, as it would enable him to purchase some further presents whereby to add to the rustic splendour of his bridal.

Accustomed from her infancy to watch the departing boats of the smugglers, as their sails wafted them from the strand of their picturesque village ; and unconscious of the dangers attendant on the expedition, the young Pepita saw in the divulged intention of her lover, nothing beyond a wish to add to her gratification, and a natural desire to accompany those friends in their undertaking who were ever willing to aid his plans when required. Sorrowing only at the unavoidable though short absence which must separate them, the young girl placed a small crucifix over her lover's neck, and throwing herself within his arms for a last embrace, speedily dried her tears, and having with cheerfulness resumed her daily avocations, she patiently awaited the day on which it was calculated Bernardo might return.

A week had thus flown by, and on the following morning the anxious girl fondly anticipated that the appearance of the old lateen craft would meet her restless gaze: yet the day sped without her being able to discover a speck in the distant horizon—no sign was there of Bernardo's return, and late at night, dispirited and sad, she sought her humble pallet.

Wearied with conjectures as to the reason of the non-appearance of her betrothed, and conjuring up, as true affection ever will, numberless incredible and almost impossible evils, as the cause of his delay, the fair peasant girl at length laid her throbbing head upon her pillow, and ere long, sunk into profound slumber. Suddenly she started from her sleep, and, resting on her arm, listened with an intensity of eagerness. Could she have been mistaken? Was it but the phantom of a dream that had just disturbed her? Hush! again—another shot—another, and then several in quick succession, as though some stronger party were engaged with a more feeble adversary, who, by the few and dropping discharges from their muskets, were apparently in retreat. What could it mean? Never had the sound of deadly strife fallen on the ear of Pepita before; and scarcely knowing how to act, in fear and trembling she cast on her apparel, and instantly sought her father's room. The chamber, however, was unoccupied, and none but the women were in the building; all were therefore reluctantly compelled to await the return of the male part of the family, in tribulation and suspense.

At length morning beamed, and the bright sun, slowly emerging as it were from the blue pellucid waves of the Mediterranean, seemed as though sent to gladden with his glorious rays the hearts of all those dwellers upon earth over whom he shed his dazzling light. But with the return of the day came to Olias the appalling news, that the felucca which had been so anxiously expected, with its adventurous crew, had been attacked and captured at the very instant when, near the threshold of their homes, the smugglers were rejoicing in their safety. Neither was this all. Blood had been spilt—murder had been committed; of the crew it was reported two had fallen—the others were either captured or dispersed. To a mind uneducated and tinged with narrow prejudices, as was that of poor Pepita, any attempt to justify the conduct of the aggressors would have been vain; for, instead of attaching blame to the friends and relations of her youth, who had so frequently, and in safety, engaged in what to her appeared justifiable traffic, she regarded the servants of the Government as a band of rapacious robbers, wresting from the laborer his hard-earned pittance, and who, in fact, rejoiced in the act of reaping where they did not sow.

But where was Bernardo? was he among the slain, the captured, or was he a houseless wanderer, seeking safety among the recesses of the mountains, where to lay his head? This was a problem which none in the village could solve. Attracted by the shots, the inhabitants on the previous night had rushed forth from their dwellings, in hopes of being able to afford succour to their friends; but their aid arrived not in time;—already was the enemy in too strong force to offer the slightest prospect of success crowning an attempt at rescue, and, as the killed and prisoners had been removed, none could give a satisfactory detail of the affray.

About noon, a considerable party of military entered the village, and having first searched every house and hovel in the hamlet, finally posted up a placard offering a reward for the apprehension of the smugglers concerned in the last night's transaction, and two hundred dollars for the safe custody of Bernardo Olente, commonly called El Coloródo—on account of his auburn hair—charged with murder.

Thus, then, was a final termination put to the fond hopes of future happiness in which this young and now truly unfortunate couple had indulged. The joyous dreams of anticipated bliss were at once dashed to the ground, and the stern reality of unmitigated misery reared its blighting aspect in its stead.

At another period, so venial was the Government, that a propitiatory sacrifice of money, and possibly the infliction of a brief period of imprisonment, would have atoned for almost any crime committed in Spain; but, as already has been shown, the authorities were at this time bent on suppressing the illegal traffic which was fast spreading in all directions, and as this was the first instance where resistance, even to the death, had been offered to the laws, the gates of mercy were for ever closed against the offenders, and for them all hope of pardon was extinct.

Any attempt to paint the appalling misery of Pepita, when the circumstances were made known, would fall far short of the real anguish she endured; but as soon as she could collect her scattered senses sufficiently todwell with composure on the true state of her bereavement in all its forms, her resolve was instantly and irrevocably fixed; and though in some measure aware of the manifold privations and wretchedness to which that determination must give rise, she forthwith cast away every tie that bound her to her home, and boldly avowed she would seek out the hiding place of her lover, with whom she would dwell in adversity with the same fidelity and truth as she had once hoped to pass her life in his society, when blessed with happiness and peace.

Brief period sufficed for carrying the project into practice, and in an incredibly short time, El Colorádo gathered round him a band of daring spirits, against whom all men's arms were raised, and who in turn held their hands uplifted in defiance of the world. Cast among so reckless a set of beings, the mild nature of Pepita underwent a sudden but not unnatural change. Ever on the alert to face danger from the attacks of the police—or, what was of equally common occurrence, treachery among themselves, the once timid girl passed into the bold and dauntless woman. Enthusiastically believing in her innermost heart, that each discomfiture or loss which the band sustained, was an additional debt of vengeance due to those who had driven them to become what of necessity they were—so did she stimulate each wavering sinner to take a deadly reckoning on whatever wretched menial of the detested dynasty fate might cast within her power. Yet amid all this unfeminine portrayal of disposition, the love of Pepita for her husband burned bright and unclouded as ever; and if the many deeds of cruelty to which she urged those over whom she possessed controul, be alleged,—as well they may,—against her, let it be borne in mind that the acts of savage bloodshed were perpetrated at the instigation of a half-distracted and uneducated woman, who in each avenging blow, beheld only a trifling retaliation for those wrongs, which, in her estimation, her husband was so justly entitled to demand.

Her beauty, though of a far different caste to what it had been, assumed a fixed and commanding appearance, and none would have recognised in the flashing eye and proudly curled lip of El Coloràdo's wife, the meek and downcast maiden, who but a short time since, would scarcely reply to a common question without the eloquent blood suffusing with its crimson glow her fair and beauteous brow. Yet was she still handsome—perhaps more correctly so than ever; but there was a rapid restlessness in her eagle glance, an earnestness in her every look, and a strange wildness in her manner, that partook more of incipient insanity than of any other passion, however fixed and engrossing. And if she were mad! Heaven knows, poor girl, the sights to which she was hourly subjected, were enough to turn the brain of any one far less tenderly nurtured than she had been; and if her better reason trembled on its throne when the announcement of the overwhelming calamity fell with its blighting influence on the first days of her womanhood, would it not at least be charitable to surmise, that the deeds of desperation afterwards committed, were the fruits of an aberrated mind? Whether the authorities viewed the case in this light, or whether moved to pity, or from what other cause, is not known, but amid the numerous proclamations issued, wherein the oft-repeated promises of pardon and reward were held out to those who would deliver up the band to justice, the name of Pepita was never once inserted in the proscribed list, neither was the slightest allusion to any woman made use of.

Numberless were the stratagems devised for the capture of the bandit chief, yet, as if he bore a charmed life, and as though his safety was impervious to the machinations of his enemies, he invariably contrived to escape, and, in more instances than one, the result was achieved by the daring spirit of his wife. Yet it was not from his avowed foes alone he had to guard against surprise; the large sums offered for his detention proved too captivating a bait, even for his followers, and the very men who had sworn to stand by him to the death, were those who voluntarily offered to deliver him into the hands of justice, on condition of receiving pardon and the stipulated reward; neither was an opportunity long wanting.

Ever ready in persecuting each organ of the Government, from whatever cause or in whatever way the connection might have arisen—El Colorádo heard that an affluent contractor—in short a Government contractor—was to pass a certain spot on a given day. For reasons of his own, the bandit determined on effecting the capture with the assistance of Pepita only, and having well matured his plans, he sallied forth in quest of his victim, disguised as a farmer travelling on his own affairs. The information he received proved correct—as indeed was generally the case—and having, as if by accident, overtaken his victim, he so well played his part, that ere they had traversed a league, he established the belief on his companion's mind, that he was an opulent landholder, and a dweller in the adjacent town.

All progressed well; and on entering the principal street, the supposed farmer suddenly enquired at what place his new acquaintance purposed to rest, and being answered that a *venta* was the only accommodation he could command, Bernardo insisted on his accompanying him home. Nothing loth, the contractor readily assented, and following his perfidious guide, they soon reached a dwelling on the outskirts of the town; but as it was now dark, and the guest not over well acquainted with the place, he knew not precisely where he was, neither in sooth did he much heed, so that the promised repast and comfortable bed were eventually forthcoming.

At a signal from the host, the door flew open, and on entering the threshold, a very handsome woman, after a moment's scrutiny, seized a light, and beckoning them to follow, led the way up a long and spiral staircase. Tedious and interminable to the guest appeared the courts and passages through which they passed, and confidence was beginning to assume in his mind a more disagreeable shape, when they were suddenly ushered into a small chamber, not indifferently furnished for a Spanish room, when, having placed the lamp on the table, the woman withdrew.

With a somewhat restless eye, the contractor glanced around, nor did his scrutiny tend much to the serenity of his mind, since the apartment appeared built for a prison—possessing neither window nor outlet, save two small grated apertures out of reach, apparently formed for admitting air and light, together with the massive door through which they had just entered.

If the appearance of the abode gave the new comer little satisfaction, the conduct of his host afforded less; for having waited until the door was closed, Bernardo deliberately produced from the folds of his cloak two long-barrelled pistols, which, having leisurely cocked, he placed before him on the table, and then addressed his affrighted companion.

"Senor," he commenced, seeing the trepidation of his guest, "you need be under no apprehension for your safety, so that you conform to my wishes. Sit you down and listen."—To which polite invitation the other, scarce knowing what he did, acceded.

"I need hardly now inform you," continued the outlaw, playing with the locks of his pistols, "that since I had the pleasure of enjoying your society during this day's ride, I have in some measure changed my character, and, instead of the opulent farmer for which you were kind enough to take me, I must now introduce myself to your notice in my capacity of El Colorádo."

Answer or exclamation from the lips of the horror-struck captive, there was none; for remembering well how he had that very day abused the dreaded outlaw to his face, he gave himself up as irretrievably doomed to death, and, as if deprived of all power to retain his seat, he gradually slid off his chair, until he reached the ground on all fours, where he remained perfectly steady in a paroxysm of fear, patient as a well-trained quadruped waiting to be mounted.

"Diablo!" exclaimed the outlaw, laughing at the prostrate contractor grovelling in the dust—"Hombre Diablo, what in the name of the Virgin are you afraid of? Get up man, and listen without trembling. Again I say, I mean not to harm you, for indeed, had such been my intention, I should not have waited until now. But here man," he continued, pouring out some wine from a skin placed beside him, "drink and get courage, and then pay attention to my words, for in good sooth, I have little time to spare."

Thus adjured, the captive slowly regained his seat, and having swallowed no inconsiderable portion of the liquid, he endeavoured to compose himself as desired.

"Know then," re-commenced El Colorádo," your visit here was neither unexpected, nor, as shall be proved, will your sojourn in this place be uncared for. In short, you remain here until two thousand dollars be paid for your ransom; that done, you are free to depart, but until then, I must detain you as my guest; and should it unfortunately happen, that at the expiration of four days, the money be not forthcoming, you may pretty accurately anticipate your doom;" and for fear of any misconception on the part of the captive, Bernardo significantly pointed to his pistols. "In the mean while," he continued, "every thing shall be done to render your stay agreeable—your supper, as I promised, shall be served forthwith, and in the mean time I would recommend these writing materials to your notice, for when the sun sets on the fourth day from this, you are either free to go where you list, or you will little care for any earthly thing from that hour," and placing pens and paper before him, El Colorádo left his guest to his own thoughts.

There are few alternatives that do not appear preferable to death, when the grim destroyer stands at our elbow, and though the captive loved his dollars dearly, he loved himself still more; and having a due regard for his own existence, he handed to his captor a letter addressed to one of his partners, in which the two thousand dollars were directed to be placed in a named spot, without delay. This done, the epistle was dispatched—the two persons sat down to supper together, and the miserable wretch was indulged with the society of his entertainer until an early hour in the morning.

The absence of so wealthy a person as the prisoner, could not fail to excite notice, and ere six and thirty hours had seen him in bondage, it was confidently asserted, and readily believed, he had fallen into the hands of the robbers. Although not participators in this outrage, the members of this lawless community were aware of the capture—yet were they totally ignorant of the place of his confinement; but instigated by a fresh proclamation, offering additional reward for the rescue of the prisoner, three of the band resolved to sacrifice their chief. With this view they sought a neighbouring *alcalde*, and disclosing their laudable intent, were readily promised both pardon and money, in return for the accomplishment of the project.

To avoid unnecessary excitement, and consequent attempt at rescue, it was resolved that the three conspirators should decoy Bernardo into an ambush, from whence they were to be joined by many lancers, when having overpowered and bound him, the military could with speed conduct him out of all chance of escape, and that, moreover, without exciting the attention which a larger number of soldiers must necessarily occasion.

To accomplish this aim, the traitors sought out Bernardo at one of their accustomed haunts, and having with well feigned tribulation, declared that the military were in pursuit of the band, and at that instant within a few hundred yards of their lurking place, instant flight was agreed to. The spot the robbers determined on as the scene of their intended treachery, lay in a deep ravine leading towards the mountains; wisely judging that in all probability that pass would be fixed on whereby to ascend to their almost impervious fastnesses. Neither were they mistaken, and with ill repressed delight the confederates heard the command given to follow into what they fondly hoped might prove too strong and tangled a web to admit of Bernardo's escape.

El Coloràdo likewise had *his* reasons for choosing that road for departing, since on that very day the ransom for the contractor was to be deposited in a spot by the mountain side, and Pepita and two of the most trustworthy of the band were to proceed in quest of the treasure; thus then would he be enabled to join his wife on the way, and together they could retire with their spoil towards the mountains.

This arrangement was wholly unknown to the conspirators, who, never dreaming that aid could be near at hand, considered their three selves, together with the lancers, as more than ample for the overthrow of one man. Buoyed up with anticipations of the result of their perfidy, the trio followed the unsuspecting Bernardo, and it was not until a shrill whistle sounded close to his horse's head, that an idea of danger was presented.

But caution came too late, for in a second, the lancers springing from their concealment, and aided by the robbers, disarmed and bound the betrayed brigand, ere he could draw a pistol from his belt.

Finding himself captured, his haughty eye turned with a bitter glance towards his betrayers, who, unable to meet the withering contempt which seemed to flash from every lineament of his expressive features, moved sullenly away, and, as agreed on with the *alcalde*, left the prisoner in custody of the troops.

But the sound of the shrill whistle which ensured the captivity of the outlaw, fell on other ears than those whom it was intended to forewarn. It was heard by the ever watchful Pepita, who, with her escort, had just taken possession of the sum which they came in search of. In a moment she crept through the tangled underwood, until she gained an eminence, from whence the whole scene, as it was enacted, passed before her. She saw her husband betrayed, bound, and a captive, and she beheld the three accomplices turn, as if in shame, from contemplating the deed they had so basely perpetrated, and rush hurriedly down an opposite path. Not an instant was to be lost; the lancers were advancing at a quick pace towards the very spot where she had left her two companions: to deliberate for an instant, with her was to resolve; rapidly she regained her friends, and in a very few words made them comprehend the extent of the calamity, and abjured them to assist in Bernardo's rescue.

"There are but three of them," exclaimed the dauntless woman; "and what care we for *even*—nay nor *double* numbers? Quick— let us post ourselves at the turning of this road, where the vile agents of the accursed Government must pass. Let a bullet from each carbine find a home in a soldier's breast, and here," she continued, casting the bag of dollars on the ground, "here is that which shall recompense you for preserving the life of your chief. Now, men, drop on one knee behind these gigantic stones. So—silence—steady your aim. Hush, they come; be ready—fire;" and at the same moment two lancers bit the dust, never to rise again, while the third, badly wounded, effected his escape; and again Bernardo owed his safety to the courage and gallantry of his wife.

As for the traitors, unaware of the subsequent events, they appeared to claim their reward, but the tale which the wounded soldier related, seemed to portray them as double traitors, in having handed the escort over to the robbers—little imagining that any of the three lancers could escape to repeat the event.

This, together with their having failed in delivering the chief into bondage, according to their promise, was sufficient to seal their doom. They were identified as having been connected with many a scene of bloodshed, and finally they suffered in their own persons the violent and painful death which they had so frequently inflicted on others.

Such, and in many instances similar, were the escapes of El Colorádo from justice, but the time was fast drawing nigh, when his exploits were destined to end, and when the preserving arm of his faithful Pepita should no longer be empowered to shield him from danger, nor avert the deep-laid plans of his relentless foes.

A few short months glided by, and Pepita, the devoted though misguided Pepita, was no more. Exhausted both in body and mind—harassed with perpetual watchings and constant alarms—exposed to the scorching rays of the mid-day sun; and alike unprotected from the cold, damp dews of night, her slight frame and broken constitution at length sunk under the accumulation of miseries by which she was surrounded, and the once pure and innocent girl breathed her last sigh upon that breast, which, however stained with crime, was to her the casket of all that was generous and good.

From the moment of his wife's death, the bearing of the brigand chief underwent a thorough change; he became gloomy and thoughtful—morose and savage, careless in enterprise, and wholly divested of that energy which had hitherto been ever coupled with his name. Finding therefore that little was to be gained through his instrumentality as a leader, the band once more opened a communication with Government; and this time El Colorádo was delivered in safety, and without opposition, into the custody of the *alcalde* of his native village. The story of his former life, and the untoward cause which drove him from his native home, were alike forgotten, but the ruthless deeds of the remorseless brigand were fresh in the memory of all. For him no eye-lash glistened with a sympathising tear—no voice was uplifted in extenuation of his sins—neither did he look for commiseration or pity. With a bold stare of defiance he gazed around, and conscious that to him no mercy would be extended, his proud spirit forbore to seek in abject entreaty, for that which he too well knew would never be accorded.

The proceedings in his case were brief, and ere he had stood within his native hamlet, the dread and wonder of the lookers on for one short hour, the escort was ordered to convey him to Malaga, where final sentence would be passed.

In his way through the village, the road lay by a habitation which once had been his own. It appeared exactly as he had left it, save that it was newly painted, and flowers of various hues were trained around the rustic building; he heard music and the soft voices of women—men were grouped listlessly around the porch; the appearance of the party arrested their attention; they called the females by name to gaze on the captured robber. Young and blooming faces responded to the summons, and as their blanched cheeks and averted eyes told the detestation with which they gazed on a fellow creature stained with blood, El Colorádo in vain endeavoured to recollect even one of the many beings who apparently now dwelt in his once happy home. But the scrutiny was fruitless: he knew them not, for they were strangers,—all.

A little further, and at the end of the still smiling village, stood a heap of dark and mouldering ruins; the garden before the door had long since been trodden down and neglected; the roof was fallen in; a few noxious weeds sprung up where the kitchen hearth formerly was placed; the very window frames flapped mournfully in the breeze, and all within the precincts of the crumbling paling spoke of utter desolation and of death.

For an instant the wretched Bernardo cast a wondering glance at the dilapidated tenement, as if unconscious of what it *had* been, but as the vivid remembrance of his beloved and ever constant Pepita sprung up before him in all the radiance of innocence and beauty, as when last he strained her to his guiltless bosom at the threshold of that now deserted ruin, the unbidden tears streamed swiftly, though in silence, down his seared and furrowed cheeks, and the heart of the miserable outlaw was bent and crushed with very anguish to the core.

Our story is now fast approaching to a close. The authorities at Olias, apprehending that if by possibility again let loose on the community, El Colorádo might become more desperate than ever, gave secret instructions to the soldiers, which the termination of this narrative will prove were but too faithfully executed.

"Bernardo!" exclaimed one of the men, as the escort and their prisoner emerged from a deep defile into an open plain—"El Colorádo, *Amigo mio*—what would you give, were we to connive at your escape?" The brigand paused for a moment, cast his eyes upon his shackled limbs, and as if convinced the question was only put in derision, slowly shook his head without reply.

"Nay, but I am in earnest, man," again repeated the lancer; "nothing easier than to cut the cords that confine you, and then, dropping from your saddle, what is there to prevent your regaining your liberty?"

"If I thought you were sincere," replied the robber, his countenance brightening—for to the most wretched life has charms —"if I could believe you sincere, I would guarantee the payment of three thousand dollars on your presenting a note at Malaga, which, had I materials, could be written here."

"Agreed," replied the soldier, "and to prove my sincerity, I now unbind you," and in accordance with his words, the lancer cut the cords which pinioned his prisoner, and producing writing materials, was speedily put in possession of the coveted paper, together with full instructions as to how and to whom it was to be given.

"I have yet one favor to beg," continued the soldier, as he deposited the order for the money in his breast; "one small boon to ask, and that is the loan of the crucifix hanging round your neck."

"*This,*" energetically exclaimed the other—"*this* crucifix: of what avail can such a trifle be to you? The intrinsic value can be nothing to a stranger, but to me it is worth more than all the wide world can offer;" and pressing the golden relic to his lips, El Colorádo, with a brief farewell, turned to depart. Neither was his progress impeded, until having advanced a few paces, the escort, as if by one accord, levelled their carbines at the retreating figure, and the next moment the robber—the ill-fated El Colorádo, lay bleeding and expiring on the turf.

"And this, Senor," exclaimed the lancer who had detailed the story, "this, Senor, is the identical cross," and drawing forth the emblem of the Catholic faith from his bosom, he offered it for my inspection.

"And were *you* one of the men who shot him!" I exclaimed, in a tone of horror and surprise.

"Truly, Senor," was the calm reply, "and was I not justified in obeying orders?"

Argument on this point was useless; therefore, hurriedly lighting my lamp, I collected my still wet garments together, and leaving the escort to recount whatever additional praiseworthy acts they could boast of, I sought the uninviting couch which had been prepared for my repose.

THE MAIDEN'S BURIAL.

BY C. A. M. W.

An ancient village stood embowered in trees,
Majestic forest trees of noble growth;
While broad and clear a shining river rolled
Rejoicingly—and laved the village green.
The old church tower with ivy clothed
Looked down upon the quiet graves,
And close beside the orchard trees stretched forth
Their blossoming branches to adorn the scene—
Those fragile blossoms—delicate and pure—
Speaking in that most hallowed spot
Of spring—the soul's eternal spring.
There was a sadness in the scented air—
And on the gray, antique abodes,
The sunshine e'en assumed a mellower hue;
It was the sadness of unearthly peace—
That peace which speaketh to the memory
Of things departed—but no longer mourned,
And all resigned to the will of Heaven.
Yet doth resignation breathe agony?
I saw an open grave—and on a Sabbath morn
Entered the house of prayer
Grand in its own simplicity.
The aged pastor, good and gracious man,
Casting a halo of devotion round.
A chaplet of white roses hung suspended
Above a seat where mourners knelt alone.
All purely white the coffin thence was borne
By tender maidens clad in snowy robes,
And lowered to its final resting place;
When showers of violets cast into the grave
Perfumed the air—as this soft chant they sang:—

She is saying hallelujahs—in her far off home of light,
She would not return again—tho' earthly lures were e'er so bright;
Mourn not for her—the young—the pure—cast the sweets upon her bed—

Happy spirit! to her Saviour she in faith, in trust, hath fled.
Our gentle dove hath flown away to her native place of rest,
With her plumage all unruffled, to the mansions of the blest.
No sullied crest, no drooping wing, thus a rankling wound to
hide,
On outspread wings, soaring high, she sought her Saviour's side!
Angels of the fair abodes, white and shining bands of Heaven,
All rejoicing o'er the sister to their prayers and wishes given,
Guard the living, strew their path with the sweet celestial
flowers
Wreathed around God's Holy Book, culled from ever blooming
bowers.

O WORLD! THY SLIPPERY TURNS!

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

O WHAT a world! of it I'm weary,
Its very gaiety is dreary;
Its very hope begets despair:
Its very carelessness is care.
Its friendship's ever changeful mood,
Its love, that rarely leads to good;
Its spites, that canker every flower:
Its tempests, that incessant lour.

O what a world! its soulless aim,
Its empty pride, ambition, fame;
Its sad, o'ercasting truths, which damp
The flame of expectation's lamp,
Quenching the ardour of the heart,
That darkly dim, on life doth start,
To grope through ways which should be bright,
Which terminate in starless night.

O what a world; its clouded sun,
Its streams, that ever turbid run;
Its chill experience, that sheds
A hoar-frost o'er the fragrant beds
Of summer flowers, to nip their bloom,
Ere autumn gathers for her tomb
All that is lovely to the eye,
And grateful to the breast, to die.

O what a world!—yet HERE the Will,
Which never erred, hath placed us still;
Then, let us bide the just decree,
And humbly bow to destiny,
By disappointment purified,
And, nearer to those saints allied
Who WEPT as we,—yet who did rise,
The WAITED for, in Paradise.

THE STORM AND THE CONFLICT.

A TALE OF THE FIRST REBELLION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

CHAPTER IV.*

THE eighteenth century, an eventful one in English history, was for nothing more remarkable than for the utter extinction it witnessed of a numerous list of names once mighty in their localities, an uprooting of the ancient stock of gentry, as if to make away for the clamourous pretensions of another and totally dissimilar race. Perhaps no single county afforded more striking proofs of this wide-spreading decay on the one part, and rapid advancement on the other, than that of Lancashire. There the cotton factories raised their hundreds from the lower ranks in a marvellously short period of time, and the ostentatious mansions of the new lords of the soil sprang up like mushrooms on the picturesque sites of the old ancestral houses, sweeping away, by the introduction of different tastes, pursuits, and associations, those time-hallowed and haunting memories that elsewhere cling around the solitary places, throwing their deep shadows far into the future, in fond perpetuation of the substance that has departed.

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* Continued from page 218, vol. liii.

Yet notwithstanding this hostile manifestation on the part of the now presiding genius of the place, Lancashire is still rich in its traditions of olden time, particularly in its records of the last century, during the early part of which it was the stronghold, and finally the grave, of many an old Catholic and Jacobite family of distinction. One of the most noted of these was the family of the Greystocks, who boasted descent through a line of Saxon ancestors long anterior to the Conquest, an event that filled the land with so many proud pretenders to the gentler Norman blood. The chivalrous loyalty by which the race had been especially distinguished at various periods of its history, was another boast of the Greystocks, and to this in latter times had been added its unshaken adherence to the old faith, in the face of persecutions and penal enactments that bore heavily on the tempers as well as on the fortunes of those subjected to them. At the commencement of our story the race was apparently on the eve of extinction. Sir Thomas, the last male heir of his line, had lost his wife at the birth of his only child, Alice, and beside her his sole surviving relations were his sister, the childless Lady Shirley, and a superannuated spinster great aunt, Mrs. Dorothy Greystock. Sad inroads, too, on the possessions, and consequently on the importance of the family, had been made by the loyalty on which they continued to pride themselves; and there was much of truth in the remark of those who commented on the part Sir Thomas had taken in favour of the pretender, that in case of success he had much to gain, and of failure, comparatively little to lose. Lady Shirley, however, whose loyalty, somewhat after the fashion of the Vicar of Bray, was due to whatever star happened to be in the ascendant, had contrived to maintain her position at court without reproach or suspicion, even after her lord's death and her brother's attainder had rendered it less secure than it originally promised to be. All intercourse between that brother and herself had been suspended for some months; and when the final outbreak ended in ruin to the latter, she was less than ever inclined to involve herself in the troubles he had brought upon his house.

Nothing is more notorious than the shortsightedness of nearly every one engaged in the struggle for the restoration of the Stuarts. Reckless gamblers most of them were, casting their all upon the die, and making no provision against discomfiture. It was on the wives and children of the rebels that the heaviest consequences of rebellion fell, as the despoiled homes and desolate-hearth stones made manifest ere long,—as Dilston in England, and Nith-side in Scotland, can testify to this day. And heavy were the consequences to the solitary child of Sir Thomas Greystock, who, lingering within the walls of her father's stately mansion upon sufferance, was compelled to look out upon a world of which she knew little, for some friendly hand to guide her through the labyrinth in which she had become entangled. Of her father she only knew that he had escaped, and that escape under such circumstances implied every kind of suffering—privation and peril, and perhaps self-reproach. It was hard, too, to have her own enthusiasm thrown back upon herself; to feel that, glorying in the cause as she had done, and cleaving to it as she still did, her woman's arm had been but a sorry abettor of her woman's heart; and that to "do" as well as to "dare," was the bitter privilege from which by nature she was cut off. Pining, not for the wings of the dove but for the strong pinions of the eagle, that she might soar away in search of them she loved and feared for, Alice Greystock watched the slow march of many heavy days in dismay and irresolution.

Darren Court, like Dilston and other homes of the attainted, was occupied by a party of the king's troops, under the command of Lieutenant Breck, the son of a neighbouring magistrate, betwixt whom and Sir Thomas Greystock a strong enmity had existed, generated in their boyhood, and confirmed in after years, when opposing political and religious views made each to the other an object of suspicion and dislike. But no differences, political or otherwise, had been able to close the eyes of Arthur Breck to the extreme beauty and grace of Alice Greystock; and on the other hand, the unassuming manners and respectful courtesy of his young heretic neighbour had so far won upon the good graces of the proprietor of Darren Court, that an amicable understanding was eventually established between them, somewhat to the surprise of both, and to the very great scandal of Lieutenant Breck's family. As this intercourse, however, had never extended beyond their occasional *rencontres* as near neighbours, and as the young man had held no further communication with Alice than the established smile and bow of recognition, the admiration for the daughter, which had materially influenced his demeanour to the father, remained unsuspected even by the latter, who would have scouted the idea with all the indignation and horror of a proud, bigoted man.

When what had been long a surmise was at length resolved into certainty; when Sir Thomas, as did many others, suddenly joined the rebels on the very eve of their defeat, the lieutenant, who had been sufficiently zealous and active to win the marked approbation of his superior officers, was not so unmindful of feelings in which political animosity had no share, as to witness the total ruin of the Greystocks without great grief. It was at his own solicitation that he had been sent with the party ordered to take possession of Darren Court, anxious to spare as far as was possible, the feelings of her to whom it might no longer be a home, and unmindful of the construction that in this particular instance might be put upon his hitherto unsuspected zeal. The shortsightedness of the Lieutenant was soon more than atoned for by the sagacity of many who had long since detected his devotion to the beautiful daughter of the rebel; and the fact of Sir Thomas having been seen in the neighbourhood, strengthened the suspicions of those who believed the young officer to be well inclined to favour his escape.

It was respecting these rumours, too widely afloat to miss reaching any quarter, that Lieutenant Breck was taken to task by the elder officer, in whose company we first introduced him to our readers; and unconscious as he was of harbouring any disloyal intention, he was surprised and indignant at the charge brought against him,—no less than that of having connived at the secretion of Sir Thomas in his own house,—and hurt beyond measure that it had been deemed worthy the attention of General Willis, although that officer professed unshaken trust in his good faith and honour, declaring that he only mentioned the circumstance in order that he might be guarded in the delicate position in which he was placed.

In proof of his unshaken confidence, General Willis dispatched the Lieutenant to Darren Court with instructions to level the place to the ground immediately, and of course to see to the expulsion from her ancestral home of Miss Alice Greystock. Under any other circumstances Lieutenant Breck would unhesitatingly have declined such a commission; but his honour had been wounded, his pride roused, and however distasteful to him personally, he resolved to carry out his instructions to the utmost, although agonised at the thought of the sorrow of which he was the bearer, and writhing under the consciousness that the gulf ever yawning betwixt himself and Alice must thenceforth be widened day by day.

CHAPTER V.

Darren Court, the ancient seat of the Greystocks, consisted of a massive round tower, stoutly averred by the family to be of Saxon origin,—although the fact had been disputed,—and of two extensive wings added in the reign of Elizabeth, when a portion of the older building had given way. These later erections, with their fanciful decorations, their innumerable gables, mullioned windows, and noble stacks of chimneys, stood out in strong relief beside the gloomy relic of older times; brightening up the broad surface of cold, grey stone, intersected here and there with loopholes, half hidden by the clustering ivy, from behind which the white owl looked out nightly, or wheeled in heavy flight to the avenue of magnificent lime-trees that stretched away to the distance of a mile, until terminated by a gateway, coeval in age with the tower itself. In a small, tastefully fitted up apartment, designated the lady's cabinet, the prototype of the "lady's bower" of older, and the "boudoir" of more modern, days, two females were seated on the evening of whose events we are still treating. A bright fire blazed on the black marble hearth, making visible the grotesque figures on the tapestry with which the walls were covered, and which became still more fanciful as the heavy mass was occasionally waved slightly to and fro by passing gusts of the strong night wind without. The dress of the elder personage was of black serge, made after the fashion of those worn in religious houses, only relieved in its plainness by a ruff worn tightly round the throat, and her head-dress consisted of a drawn black silk hood, beneath which appeared a lawn cap, whose narrow, crimped, border fitted close to her face. Her age was evidently great; it might have been a hundred:—the lady was the great-aunt of Sir Thomas Greystock. Seated on a low ottoman, placed close to the large wicker chair in which reclined her ancient relative, was Alice Greystock, the last scion of that ruined house. The loveliness of the child had expanded into a prouder beauty; and her exquisitely chiselled features and graceful figure were models of rare perfection. Beneath the shadows lowering over her, she sat alone, for Miss Dorothy had during many years past been labouring under the imbecility of second childhood. The friends of her father were scattered in the general wreck: the Abbé Dupont, who had been her preceptor from childhood, and had made his escape to France: and with the few surviving relatives of her mother, who were Scotch, and of the creed of Calvin, her father had never held such intercourse as could justify her supposing that they would care to trouble themselves about her, especially under the circumstances in which she was then placed. Yet nobly mindful of others as Alice ever had been, even to the utter forgetfulness of self, the intense anxiety she had felt repecting her aged and helpless relative induced her to apply for counsel both to her mother's maiden cousins, who resided in the Cannongate of Edinburgh, and to her own aunt, the Lady Shirley. To both these communications Alice had just received replies annihilating the hope with which she had herself written. Both epistles now lay in a small basket beside her, and whilst with one hand she listlessly lifted, and despairingly dropped each, with the other she clasped fondly the withered palm of Mrs. Dorothy. The letter from Lady Shirley was as follows:—

Spring Gardens,
10 of the clock at night.

Dear Niece—I am just come from under the hands of the hair-dresser, and the chariot has been waiting me this half hour, for it is Gala night, and if I was not in Duty bound to attend at Court, recent matters would render it Politic so to do; not that I need any worse motive for shewing my Loyalty, which I trust no one dare call in question. I hope you will do me the credit to acknowledge that I, as well as my lamented lord, always said matters would turn out as they have done for the miserable cause in which your father has risked and lost all. It is not so easy to give advice in this strait, besides, time present does not serve for it: but I must say this much, Alice, I am astonished at your thinking that aunt Dorothy could, under any circumstances, come to me. I must needs part with the small will I boast of, before I agree to admitting into my house such an atmosphere of Papistry as would then fill it, to the exclusion of all doubt. Besides, neither my habits nor my sentiments would suit with hers. Your notions about striving to serve your father are equally Absurd and Romantick, and indeed I must say that your unfortunate father committed a sad mistake, in bringing you up with such wild notions as must needs be well checkt before anything reasonable can be settled on. You say that Squire Breck and his lady have shewn you kindness since this mischance, which I am sure you ought to improve. Their son is a fine, gallant young gentleman, and I promise you, for I have been informed of the matter, admires you greatly. Let all this be impressed upon your mind, and since you are allowed to remain in the house some little space, keep quiet until you hear from me again, which you shall shortly, and meanwhile I rest

your loving aunt,
Louisa Trevor.

Many bitter and indignant tears had followed Alice's perusal of this epistle. It was true that Squire Breck and his lady, especially the latter, a simple-hearted and unaffectedly pious woman, had in seeming forgetfulness of old animosities, proffered her the present asylum of their home; but she now learned for the first time, that it was possible to turn their kindness to so unworthy an account. It had never occurred to her that the "snivelling young heretic," as Sir Thomas had frequently and lightly designated the lieutenant, (who, like his fellow soldier Gardiner, in the forty-five, was remarkable for his piety) entertained for her such sentiments as her aunt hinted at; and the knowledge now brought with it strong feelings of humiliation and grief. It was evident that the countess had as little inclination to be burdened with her niece's company as with that of the superannuated relative, whose presence as an inmate she had so unequivocally declined. It was also pretty clear, that if Alice could so far improve the kindness of Squire Breck and his lady as to secure the hand of their son, such a method of providing for her now portionless niece would be well pleasing to dame Louisa Trevor. Alice was, however, even as her relative had suggested, not quite so pliant as might have been desirable, and her determination to act in direct opposition to the wishes of Lady Shirley was speedily taken. The epistle from the maidens in the Cannongate ran thus:—

Mrs. Alice Greystock—under the advice of a Godly minister of holy Kirk (the whilk in such serious matters as you advised us of we only deemed prudent) we have come to the agreement that such interference in your behalf as may tend to win your precious soul from perilous belief in papist idolatries, would only be becoming in us as Christian believers in the truth; and to this end we offer you the present asylum and protection so necessary to your youth and inexperience, as well as necessities.

And anent that aged woman, Mrs. Dorothy Greystock (of whom we have been advised that she is a stubborn upholder of the Romish wickedness), we are willing to bear the expenses of her decent maintainance in her own land, during the possible brief term of her future life. On the receipt of your answer certifying that you agree to these terms with a willing spirit, we will communicate with you respecting the mode of your conveyance here; and in the meanwhile, praying you to eschew all Popish intercessions, and to put your trust in the Lord and Saviour of all,—we commend us to you.

Signed, Grizzel and Euphemia Mc Quhair.

The worldly wisdom displayed in the studied epistles of her relatives was a poor response to the earnest appeal of Alice in behalf of one no longer capable of protecting, or of seeking protection for herself. There was much of bitterness in this her first initiation into the great mystery of the world—its hollowness; its intense selfishness; its proneness to exaltation over the humiliation of others; its aptness to dictate, depreciate, debase—to do anything save exercise the Christian charity that comprehendeth whatever might render life endurable to them that "sit under the shadow of darkness, where no light is."

"I have been misunderstood," murmured Alice, and her tears fell fast upon the hand she yet clasped within her own; "wilfully or otherwise I have been misunderstood, for these words are no answer to the words of my own heart, which return to me void!"

"Where is Sir Thomas Greystock?" suddenly asked the old lady, who had been, as was her wont, muttering inaudibly.

"Did you speak to me, dear aunt?" asked Alice, not for the first time evading a question it was useless answering, for one incapable of dwelling more than an instant on the same subject. "It is a cold night, dear, and a stormy—shall I wheel your chair nearer the fire?"

"Where is Sir Thomas Greystock?"

This repetition of the question, as well as the decided tone and manner in which it was put, startled the young girl.

"Do you wish to see my father, dear?" she asked, soothingly.

"What is that rude noise?" asked the aged woman, fixing upon Alice a strange look of intelligence.

The noise proceeded from the hall beneath, and was occasioned by some mad revel of the licentious soldiery: for if somewhat less inhuman than their successors of the forty-five, the quellers of the rebellion of 1715 were, on occasion, sufficiently unfeeling and ruffianly.

"I will summon Peter, and inquire," said Alice, in reply to Mrs. Dorothy's interrogation.

"Stop!" exclaimed the latter, suddenly placing her withered hand on the arm of her young relative, whom she overawed by the strange intelligence of her look and manner: "Stop! something has happened, and I feel as one roused up out of a long, dull sleep: speak to me; where is Sir Thomas Greystock?"

This unexpected return of rationality and energy made the ancient woman appear to Alice as one risen from the dead; she stood for a moment in confused and astonished silence.

"Never mind, poor child!" continued the old lady, smoothing down her niece's bright black hair, "Never mind: I have been guessing at a good deal for a long while, and now I think I can comprehend how matters stand. Yes, yes! the cause has failed, the good cause, and Sir Thomas is a prisoner — or dead!"

"The cause is a failing one at present, but I trust that my father is neither a prisoner nor dead, dear aunt," said Alice; her astonishment giving place to delight, at this prospect of finding a counsellor in one who had been so long apparently dead to everything around her.

"He is then, a fugitive and a proscribed man; and thou art! Poor child; poor child!" and the old lady again smoothed down the bright locks of Alice, and gazed upon her with a look of mingled pity and affection.

The noise in the hall, meanwhile, went on increasing, and the cold, thin blood of that ancient woman appeared to stir with indignation as she listened. Assisted by her long walking stick and the arm of the chair, she slowly uplifted herself, and stood erect, a tall, stately figure, and so continued whilst she spake:—

"It is not the first time, Alice," she said," that this house has unwillingly sheltered the abettors of rebellion. After the battle of Naseby, in which your great grandfather lost his life, I was stopping here with his widow and two children, and we had with us my grandmother, a fine, noble-spirited woman, who, though full of years, was not near so old as I am now. A party of the Roundheads surprised us one day, by taking possession of the place in the name of the Parliament, God wot, when there was no Parliament in existence. Well, we were only three feeble women; the master of the house was slain, and his son was yet a child; and, I promise you, what with preachings and carousings, the new comers turned one half the house into a conventicle, and the other half into an hostelrie. This, however, lacking all manner of remedy, we bore as patiently as might be, trusting we should be at length righted, when one day we were commanded to attend the holding forth of one Bucklefaith, a mad preacher among them, and they would not so much as listen to excuse. They had before this destroyed everything about the house that reminded them of our holy religion, even to some beautiful paintings. My sister and myself were astonished, when our grandmother, who spoke for us, at length returned a civil answer to this message, promising that we would attend, only asking as a favour that the preachment might be in the open air, at a spot she mentioned, and this was granted her. Well, she never took us into her counsel, and she seemed so determined that we soon ceased to remonstrate, and the very next day at noon we went forth, sorrowful enough; and there was a great concourse of spectators, for the news had spread apace that we were all converted to the heathenry of those wicked men's doctrines, and intended to make public renouncement of the faith of Christ. They had placed a large tub upside down, and Master Bucklefaith, a villainous looking knave with short, black hair, and large ears that looked like wings, stood at the top of it; for it had been the custom of this sort to stand inside the tubs, but the Cavaliers had played them such mad pranks at divers times, turning them cleverly over, and keeping them underneath, whilst they themselves mounted and delivered a mock discourse after their own fashion, that most of them had declined this practice and stood at the top, as safest. My sister and I walked first, each holding by the hand her two children, a boy and a girl, and our grandmother followed, walking so proudly and firmly too, as I thought I had never seen her do before. The whole of our tenants, and others from a distance, were on either side of us as we stood, and my grandmother placed herself a little space in front of us all. The man on the tub was beginning his preachment, when the old lady suddenly cried out "Stop!" in such a full, commanding voice as I shall never forget; and the Parliament men pricked up their ears, as they had great need, for my grandmother went on, and they listened to her.

"I take you all to witness," she said, in the same tone, "that me and mine are here against our wills, and that we were threatened with violence in case of refusing to come. And to you, Master Bucklefaith, I give timely warning that you descend from your pulpit in order to exercise another calling, for it shall not be said that we took you by such unworthy surprise as you took us.' And with that, in less time than I take in telling it, our tenants and others had fallen upon the Roundheads, and made them prisoners, without even spilling of blood, so sudden was the onset; and the advantage thus gained was never lost, for my grandmother kept her prisoners until they came to terms with her, and the promises they made were afterwards ratified by all their leaders. But they contrived to hush the matter up, for it was not considered very creditable to them. Lord Fairfax, when he heard how Major Clayton had constrained us, said it was unworthily done; and through his interest in our behalf we escaped further molestation; and Cromwell himself said that dame Winifrid Greystock was less of an old woman than the major, and that if she would accept a company in the Parliament army, he would give her one; and she returned for answer that she was too old for active service herself, but that she was rearing one (meaning my brother's son) who should give his troops better reception than she had done; and he took no umbrage at this, but, as it was said, laughed heartily."

As Mrs. Dorothy ceased speaking, the uproar below grew louder, and Alice, who had not yet recovered her astonishment at this sudden resumption of the apparently decayed faculties of her father's great aunt, looked up uneasily in the latter's face as she witnessed the indignation again gathering there, and now struggling for utterance. The old lady struck the point of her long walking stick firmly against the floor, and standing yet more erect, advanced a few paces.

"A child and an old woman may not be able to achieve much," she said, placing her disengaged hand on Alice's shoulder, "but the blood of the Greystocks, as well in woman as in man, has ever been ready to repel insult. If yonder myrmidons of the usurper be *men*, I cannot appeal to them in vain. Lead the way."

"Aunt, dear aunt!" exclaimed Alice in terror, "you cannot think of encountering those rude men!"

"And wherefore not?" asked the other, briefly and sternly. "In my young days every Greystock had certain words written upon their heart, and they are not yet obliterated from mine,—'Dare and do! dare and do!' If you are afraid, remain here—I go!"

Alice shook off her scruples and fears, as well as she might, and supporting the aged woman, who walked on, firmly though slowly, the two passed through several apartments opening upon a long gallery which terminated in a flight of steps leading to the ground floor. As they passed on, they met one of the female domestics, who, on seeing Mrs. Dorothy walking, as she had not been known to walk for many years past, screamed loudly as if she had encountered an apparition, and fled back to the scene of tumult she had just quitted, adding to the confusion there by her incoherent exclamations and frightened looks. Disjointed sentences, specimens of the stormy oratory of many speakers, now reached the ear of Alice.

"If she be a witch she wont drown, by the same rule she wouldn't burn,—so to make short words of it—" "Tom Dewhurst, keep thy fool's pate out of the way—" "A witch has more lives than a cat: I once saw one swim like a fish, and fine sport it was—" "Fire and furies! cease your prating, and lend a hand; s'buddikins! at this rate,"—And above all arose the shrill tones of a woman's voice—" At your peril do me this wrong—Release me—Let me pass !"

Alice and Mrs. Dorothy now stood at the open door of the hall. Within all was confusion. A number of soldiers were opposing the advance to the large hall fire of five or six of their comrades, whose united efforts were resisted by an aged woman, the claim of whom to the title of witch they seemed resolved to test. Overturned benches, fragments of broken pitchers, scattered drinking horns, tables chiefly occupied by the half inebriated soldiery, and only not overturned because they were fastened to the floor; every thing out of its wonted place, and nothing in the right place, completed the scene of lawless uproar. The sudden appearance of Mrs. Dorothy and Alice was for a moment unobserved by any, save a few soldiers lounging near the doorway, and by whom the fact of their presence was announced to the rest in a very unceremonious manner.

" Let the woman go, witch or no witch," cried one, " here's other game in view !"

" A Popish relic ! a Popish relic !"

" Hold thy fool's prate !" exclaimed another, " no relics, but living samples of saintship, and I feel that the young one is going to make a convert of me presently."

Their attention thus attracted, those in the body of the hall turned round. The soldiers who had detained the woman released her at once; and the few domestics that yet wore the Greystocks' livery, (kept together by affectionate attachment to the one time owners of a home grown old to them) advanced to the side of their young mistress, not without giving expression in their looks to the astonishment with which the strange vision of Mrs. Dorothy filled them.

" How is this?" cried the latter, with a tone and look that would have befitted a sybil of old, " how is it that we two helpless women have to complain of such losel ruffianism in the house of our fathers as would disgrace a meeting of savage people, or a rencontre of untamed brutes? where is your leader? I would speak with him."

" Now, Tom Dewhurst," exclaimed one in the middle of the hall, " now's your time: stand boldly forth in defence of church and state, and show the old Popish"—

A heavy blow laid the evidently inebriated speaker on the floor; and the identical Tom Dewhurst, after performing this feat, stood forth as he had been requested, and with an apparent inclination to conduct himself respectfully.

" In the absence of Lieutenant Breck," he said, " I am here in command; and I can say for my company that they were orderly enough till the arrival of this woman, who has been lurking about the house for some days. If not a witch, she is little better: she has an evil eye, as you two ladies may judge; and is here for no good, I'll warrant."

Mrs. Dorothy peered ineffectually into the distance in order to gain a glimpse of the person thus spoken of. Alice looked too, but the wild, fiery glance of the eyes that met her own caused her to shrink back with an indefinable dread, and she turned her head away. The woman noticed this, and laughed slightly."

"Come hither, mistress," cried the old lady, and the woman, who now appeared perfectly unconcerned, walked slowly and proudly forward. Her age was not less than seventy, but the indomitable spirit glaring forth, not only from her bright black eyes, but from her whole countenance, was much younger. She was evidently not draining the dregs of existence perforce, not living upon earth without a purpose. With her arms folded beneath the faded cloak that enveloped her whole figure, her head thrown back, and her scornful face boldly uplifted to confront the searching gaze of Mrs. Dorothy, she advanced to within a few paces of the spot where the latter and Alice stood. Mrs. Dorothy Greystock bent forward, and, as if to assist her vision, held out the long forefinger of her shrivelled hand in a line with the woman's face, seeming to track some old memory there.

"You are bold, mistress," she exclaimed at length, "and as the man truly says, are here for no good. I have seen you before."

"Very likely," returned the other, nothing moved. "We are often constrained to do that in this world to which inclination would never lead us, as Mrs. Dorothy Greystock might have learned ere now."

"Who are you? what is your name? and what brings you here?"

"People may learn more than they would like to know by asking questions," replied the woman. "What I am, time must show; name I have none; and for my purpose here, it is for the present accomplished. Look to her," she added, grasping the arm of the shrinking Alice, and pointing to Mrs. Dorothy; and the next instant she had disappeared, directing her course, as one well acquainted with the house, toward the remoter outlets. Her retreat had been so sudden as to allow no opportunity for detaining her, and no one attempted pursuit. Most eyes were rivetted on the countenance of Mrs. Dorothy, over which, during the last few seconds, a change had passed. A dark, livid shadow lay upon it, and her eyes were fixed in an involuntary, glassy stare. She yet stood erect, and grasped her stick firmly, but her whole figure had become rigid, and Alice, when she turned to look in her face, shrank back affrighted. The rude soldiers had become utterly subdued, the hall was for an instant silent, even to the absence of a whisper, when the heavy tread of two or three individuals was heard at the upper end, and Lieutenant Breck entered at one door, just as Mrs. Dorothy Greystock was borne, a stiff corpse, from the other.

LOVE IN A GROTTO.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I BREATHE not, dearest, my vows to thee,
In the crowded scenes of mirth;
Secret and still shall our converse be,
Away from the busy earth:
Dearer to me than festal halls,
Or than green and flowery dells,
Is this silent cave, with its chequered walls
Of starry and shining shells.

These shells were cast on a barren strand
By the foaming ocean spray,
And, pillowed awhile on the glittering sand,
Unheeded by all they lay;
Now gathered and stored with anxious care,
In its niche each safely dwells;
Oh, doth not my heart some semblance bear
To these rescued ocean shells?

Once it seemed destined to rove and range
On the waves of passion's sea;
But now it hath done with chance and change,
For its truth is all for thee.
It comes to thee, love, as a willing guest,
And methinks, fond hope foretells
Thou wilt bid it cling to a home of rest,
Like these happy ocean shells.

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XLI.*

It was night again! the dead body was lying in the room above his own, for he had heard them many times during the day hurrying to and fro, as if they were preparing it for its narrow house. It was his hand that had done all this! his hand had launched the miserable old man into the eternity of punishment he now in all probability endured; he thought of all this with dogged pertinacity, as he sat in his dark corner, endeavouring to fix his mind upon his own future prospects, but, do what he would it always reverted to this, and so at last he ceased to attempt to force it, but continued to wonder and to dream about all that was passing over head, to picture to himself the body itself as it lay, cold, insensible, and stiff, on its gloomy bier.

Once or twice he had made an effort to venture forth, and to go about his usual avocations, but the very glance of the first being he met was enough to drive him back again to his den, and he was fain to steal away and hide himself where there was the least chance of his being disturbed.

But the night came on with all its terrors, once more to chill and subdue his spirit, as it had done so on the previous one. He sat without candles as long as he dared, and then, ringing for lights, sat as far out of the light as possible, until the servant had gone away again, and he was once more left alone.

And so the night stole on—gloomy, and terrible, and threatening, and with all its spectral terrors, and again the day dawned, and brought a change to his sufferings;—and so one day after another stole away, until that of the funeral arrived.

Then again all the terrors of the inquest were revived to him.

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* Continued from p. 208, vol. liii.

The long, dark room, filled with faces that seemed to scowl upon him, as he sat amidst them, the strangest and the gloomiest there, had a terror of its own, that made him quake and tremble in spite of all his efforts to play the stoic. The very ceremony that attended all this empty pomp filled him with an indefinable dread; the servants handing round the cake and wine, the low subdued conversation, which seemed to be studiously intended for him not to hear, and from which he knew that they were talking of the dead man and of himself, filled him with loathing.

The little ivied church was still unshorn of its wedding finery, and the little clergyman still let the words fall trippingly from his tongue, as if he had forgotten the doleful nature of the ceremony he was called upon to perform, and had mistaken it for a wedding—and so the mockery was finished, and he had to ride back; again in the mourning coach, with three old squires who had been boon companions of this very Marmaduke Hutton's, when they were roystering bachelors together, and who had never crossed his door since.

After they came back, they talked quite unreservedly of their old neighbour, looking significantly at him as they speculated upon the probability of there being a will found; the man changed his position and lay far back in the coach, for he felt that his face betrayed him, and yet he could scarcely refrain a smile when they all agreed that, after all, perhaps Walter Mordaunt, the younger, would be left his heir.

"Had any one ever heard the old man talk about his will?" enquired one old man, shaking his palsied head at his opposite neighbour, as he put the question. "In my opinion, sir, Mr. Hutton never did make a will, or we should have heard something of it before now."

"No! no! old Hutton wasn't the man to take any one into his confidence," said his paralytic neighbour, "and a will they'll find, I'll be bound for it, unless some one," and he glanced covertly over to where the chief mourner sat, "has made away with it."

"There would be little use in that, unless they had another to bring forward in its place, and that you know would be a rather dangerous step at the present moment," with a significant smile.

"Oh yes, it would naturally excite attention," observed the other, tapping his snuff-box; "how old was Hutton, pray?"

"Eighty-two; just five years your senior, Grimstone."

"Well, I think I'm good for ten years yet," rejoined the other coarsely, as he bolstered himself up in his corner, "and what a poor wheezy thing he had been for long."

"And yet didn't see his time out, after all," chimed in the third, who was a certain Sir Harbottle Ashton, the hardest hunter and drinker in the country, and whose pimpled face and bloated figure was tell-tale evidence of his excesses. "Well, gentleman, you may say this, and you may say that, but mark my words," swelling out his pendulous double chin, like a turkey-cock, "although things look black against this poor Mordaunt, yet, as sure as I'm a living man, he will be proved innocent, and the guilt laid at the right door, after all! now remember that!"

There was one of his auditors who marked this prediction, and who shook in every limb as the profligate old man thundered it out, with all the energy he was in the habit of employing when presiding at some uproarious hunt-dinner, and who never forgot them afterwards, little as he seemed to notice them at the time.

"By Jove, I'm so confident in my own mind that the poor wretch has neither art nor part in the matter, that I'll drive into Hereford, to-morrow, and make it my business to see him," roared the hoary old sinner, with a purpling visage. "Lord! Lord! I remember the poor wretch when he hadn't a penny to bless himself with, and all through marrying that old curmudgeon's daughter. I'm not a superstitious man by any means, and yet it seems to me as if there was even a fatality in the old man's haunting him thus after his death."

"I'm afraid of the damp, or I would be very happy to accompany you, Sir Harbottle," quoth his paralytic companion; "but there's Grimstone knew this Mordaunt in youth, and he'll go;—by the bye, is he as rich as they say he is?"

"I believe so; there are most extraordinary stories circulating down in our neighbourhood as to the strange establishment he keeps: nothing but native servants about him, except his major-domo, or whatever other name the worthy may bear in his *menage;* he has a little girl, too, a lovely little creature, whom I understand he had adopted, and who wears a costume that would frighten Hereford from its propriety."

"If he's rich, then, he can afford to fee counsel well," observed one of his auditors, as the coach drew up; Sir Harbottle, will you alight?"

They had never noticed him during their conversation, as he sat or crouched in his corner, watching every look, and weighing every word as it fell from their lips; they had never noticed how the lip writhed and the cheek flushed over, whenever the name of the murdered man or of this Mordaunt passed their lips. He got out last of all, and followed them up stairs, weary and sick with all he endured, and yet more terrified for the future; for with all fear of a cowardly mind, he was beginning to believe that somehow his guilt would be discovered after all. He was in fact now like a poor shipwrecked wretch who feels that his only escape from the burning raft on which he is riding to destruction lies in the howling waters around him; his only escape from the gallows lay in committing suicide, and he would ten times rather have encountered the ignominy of the former than have faced the silent terrors of the latter.

No one lingered long in that gloomy old drawing-room after their return from the funeral; no one, however, shook him by the hand on departing, for he could easily see that he was universally shunned by all, and so they all departed, and he was left alone.

His own position was now a most extraordinary one; no will had been produced, and consequently the very man he most hated, young Walter Mordaunt, was virtually the murdered man's heir. How he groaned, and gnashed his teeth, and muttered horrible oaths and curses against that unconscious young man, as he sat all alone by himself in the little study through the rest of that day, attempting in vain to decide upon some course to adopt in this predicament. If he did not produce the will, the very menials would drive him forth from that home which was no longer his; if he did produce it, universal suspicions would immediately fix upon him as the perpetrator of the deed.

The Jew had cautioned him to delay his departure as long as possible, if he found it necessary; and yet he felt so terribly the silent contempt with which they treated him, and dreaded their averted and melancholy faces so much, that he could scarcely persuade himself to remain one day in the house.

Whilst he was torn and worried by all these doubts and fears, and on the very night of the funeral, a chaise was proceeding very leisurely down the very bank at the bottom of which we introduced Mr. Pestlepolge and his daughter to the reader's notice, at the commencement of the work.

The horses were jaded and tired; chaise was dusty, and the driver thirsty; so much for the outside. Within, the happy Doctor Yellowchops was sulky, his fair enslaver cross and tyrannical. The road had been very rough for several miles, and, the driver being a surly brute, and not over well disposed towards the happy pair by the report of their liberality to the former post boy, had seemed to take a malicious pleasure in driving the dusty chaise into the deepest ruts and over the largest stones he could find. He was in fact the identical Seth Wanley who had driven Mr. Pestlepolge and his daughter on that occasion, and as he knew them of old, it was scarcely likely he would treat either of them with any great deference now.

So the old chaise went rolling uneasily forwards, Mrs. Pangrado Yellowchops groaning heavily whenever an unexpected heave sent a fresh thrill through her aching frame. The doctor was lying in one corner, with one arm thrust through the sash of the chaise, with half-closed eyes surveying his domestic tyrant, whose crushed bonnet, draggled veil, ill-tempered features, and bony figure, made a not very tempting frontispiece to his speculations. He thought also in a prophetic mood of their future life, spent, as it probably would be, pretty much after the fashion of the honeymoon. Terrible ideas of poison administered in black draughts came over him; if she goaded him too far he almost felt as if he could do the deed.

"Order that villain to drive easier, Sirrah," screamed the subject of his thoughts, as a fresh lurch almost upset the chaise; "do you hear, you cowardly poltroon, or shall I do it myself? we shall be both killed outright before we get home, if he don't."

"Order him yourself, my love," retorted the doctor sulkily; "you are quite capable of dealing with him."

"Ugh, you brute!" exclaimed the lady, in her shrillest tones. "What a fool I was to marry such a miserable wretch as you are!"

"The folly was mutual, ma'am," rejoined the doctor, phlegmatically. "It was a sorry day's work for me, I fancy."

"It shall be a sorrier one yet, if you don't instantly call that rascal to account. Tell him we wont give him a single sixpence when we arrive, if he dosn't drive better;—In fact"—her old feelings of economy coming over her again,—"I can't see what necessity there is to give him any thing at all; did'nt we give him his dinner at Hereford, and don't we pay for the chaise and pair, as well?" and then reverting to her former thoughts, to which this merely formed a parenthesis, she exclaimed, "If you don't speak to him, doctor, I'll get out and walk the rest of the way this instant."

This was too terrible a threat to pass unheeded, and so the doctor thrust his bulky frame out of the window, and cried out, "Hi! you there! drive a little easier, or you'll mash us all to mummies."

"Ees, ees, sir," said the grinning Seth, who was quite delighted with the order, and instantly the two poor jaded horses settled into a sober walk.

"This is really too bad," cried Mrs. Yellowchops, who was by turns blue, and red, and green, with passion. "Tell him, if he doesn't drive faster we'll indict him—we'll indict him, say."

This new threat was accordingly administered, and the imperturbable Seth instantly drove his cattle into a gallop, the sudden shock of which had such an effect upon Mrs. Yellowchops, that she instantly fell back into the corner of the chaise, and lay there speechless with passion or pain until they arrived at the Doctor's residence.

The very first sight of it made the wretched man groan. It was like Aladdin's old lamp transformed into a new one, so gay with stucco and paint did it appear.

"Order the man to drive round to Mr. Hutton's; tell the rascal to drive to the Grange," cried Mrs. Yellowchops, recovering her passion and her tongue at the same moment,—"We can do that whilst they are getting us some tea here."

The Doctor gave the requisite directions, and in a few minutes the dusty old chaise was rolling up the carriage sweep, Mrs. Yellowchops sitting in all her wedding bravery as majestic as old Queen Bess, until it drew up at the door, and she was forced to alight.

"Where are all the attendants, Doctor Yellowchops?" she enquired, with all her newly-found haughtiness, on discovering that they were suffered to alight without bringing any one to welcome them. "Surely, if Mr. Hutton or papa knew that I was here—"

"Perhaps they may be away," suggested the obsequious Pangrado, offering his arm. "Here, you sirrah, be good enough to wait until we return," and the pair disappeared in the hall.

It was growing dark, so that they almost had to grope their way forward, Mrs. Yellowchops grumbling, and threatening summary vengeance upon the defaulters at every step, until they gained the breakfast-room which the family usually occupied. It was empty, and the grate showed that no fire had been lighted in it that day, for although it was summer, Mr. Hutton's invalid habits rendered a fire necessary even in the dog-days.

A vague terror, which she could not define even to herself, seized this woman, as she dragged rather than led her husband to the breakfast-room, only to find it equally deserted. There was the owner's easy chair wheeled up in one corner, and that was all. Now thoroughly alarmed, she rang the bell violently, and threw herself into a chair to await an answer to her summons.

No one came. She rang again, if possible more violently than before, but before her summons could be answered, the door opened, and Mr. Pestlepolge himself entered.

"Where is Mr. Hutton?" she demanded, not recognising the pale and haggard figure that advanced in the dubious light towards them. "This conduct is most disgraceful," and then she stopped, as, uttering a fearful oath, that sent the blood back to her heart, he shut to the door, and placed his back against it.

"Why do you come here?" he demanded, with dogged ferocity, "did they not tell you at the public-house what—what has happened, fools? eh? speak! why do you come here at such a time as this, I ask again?"

"They have told us nothing," she rejoined shrinking from him, and yet retaining her seat; "we drove straight through, and came down here until they had tea ready at our own house," for she was full of her own domestic consequence. "But what has happened, pray?"

"Go home, and I will send you word, woman, he cried," sternly. "It is enough that there has been terror, and dismay, and shame enough, without being pestered with such as you. Go home, I say, and wait patiently until you hear further from me."

"I shall not go home," she rejoined, without once taking off her eyes from his darkly threatening figure. "Come weal, come woe, I remain here, sir, until I know what has happened."

"Then on your own head, rash girl, be the blow," he muttered, in a low tone.

"I can bear it, sir," she retorted boldly.

"Mr. Hutton,"—he began in a hollow voice.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as a cold thrill ran through her frame, leaning unconsciously upon him as she did so.

"Has been murdered," he whispered with shudder.

"Ah! ah!" she screamed, flinging him off, and starting to her feet, in her loathing and terror, as the truth flashed like a gleam of lightning upon her. "Is he dead? oh, I see it all! keep off me! do not touch so much as the hem of my garment! don't pollute me with those hands! off! off, I say!"—and with a sickening terror, that all her efforts could not subdue, she tottered across the room, until she reached the very seat the old man had occupied every day, since her arrival at his house.

At that moment a servant came into the room with lights. Mrs. Yellowchops instinctively drew down her veil, but not before she had caught one glimpse of that pale, haggard, guilty face, which her own soul told her was that of a murderer. The doctor, who very imperfectly understood what had happened, more than that old Marmaduke Hutton was dead, sat looking from one to the other, the very impersonation of stupid curiosity.

"What do you sit down there for? that is his chair!" cried Pestlepolge, without stirring from his place—"Curse you, I say, come out of that this instant!"

"I did not murder him," was the defying answer.

"Did I curse ye!"

"Who found him?" she demanded, in a hoarse whisper.

"Some one. I hardly know who," he stammered, changing colour.

"Were you there?"

"No."

"Was it at night?"

"What—what do you mean by all these horrible questions? what does it matter who found him?" he roared.

"Hush! speak lower, or they will overhear you," she rejoined, in a low tone—"Was any one arrested for the deed?"

"Yes, a man," he rejoined, writhing even to the doctor's dull perception, beneath this close cross-questioning.

"But he didn't do the deed," she said, abstractedly. "No! no! there was only one that could plan—What am I saying?" she exclaimed, looking up with a terrified look; "but come, we have heard enough for this once," rising as she spoke. "Doctor Yellowchops, tea will be ready."

"You will not mention what has just passed," said the man himself, glancing uneasily from one to the other, and yet contriving to retain all his dogged ferocity in the very act. "If you do, it will only be resisted upon yourselves, mind."

"Don't be alarmed—a regard for you, sir, if nothing else," she said proudly, "will close our mouths."

He frowned upon her, even as he trembled at her words, and then suffering them to quit the room, followed them into the hall, and saw them safely stowed away in the chaise once more.

As they drove down the darkened avenue once again, Doctor Yellowchops' sluggish ear had well nigh detected the sob that escaped from that flinty heart, as, lying far back in her own corner, his wife for a few brief moments abandoned herself to her new-found grief and despair. The shower that swept so fiercely over that stony heart, however, was like some fierce but soon forgotten torrent, careering over the flinty channel, which leaves no trace of its path behind. By the time they had reached the doctor's house, her manner was just as repulsive, and her eye as cold as it had ever been, and poor Kezia and her helpmate most certainly did not detect the ghost of an emotion in her haggard visage.

The doctor felt something of his usual consequence return, on once again discovering himself in the old familiar place; but this soon vanished before the relentless snubbing of his new tyrant, and before tea was over both Kezia and the doctor's man had mutually set it down that she was the master, and would rule the roast in spite of him.

Whilst his son-in-law and daughter were spending this first evening of their new life in their own house, she languid and exacting, on a couch in the drawing-room, alleging she had a nervous attack, and could not bear company, or something of the sort; and he sitting in the parlour, with his hands thrust deep in his breeches' pocket, mentally setting down the cost of all the grandeur with which he found himself surrounded, and wondering wherever the money had to come from to pay for it all; the wretched man himself sat in his own darkened room, brooding in secret over his own poignant and guilty thoughts.

He felt that she had cast him off for ever—that she knew he had done the frightful deed, and loathed him for it, scarcely caring to conceal this even from the senseless fool to whom he had linked her, and who might blab it out at any moment to the world, and that, feeling this, he might rest assured that whatever might be the consequence, she would bear no part in all the guilt and shame, but that henceforth he would have to stand or fall, a guilty and proscribed man, an alien from his fellows, from whom, indeed, he had cut himself off by this very crime.

Would she betray him? He shuddered as the thought struck him, and fell into a gloomy reverie which lasted until midnight.

CHAPTER XLII.

The luxurious grandeur with which Mr. Joseph Linton's establishment was conducted was in great danger just at this time of being very wofully dimmed, if not completely extinguished, through a complication of adverse circumstances, none of which, however, that honest gentleman himself would admit to be the cause of his jeopardy. An extraordinary run of ill-luck in his gaming transactions, besides an unfortunate speculation in another branch, scarcely so reputable, in addition to the heavy expense entailed upon him by the altered sphere in which he moved, had nearly thrown him on his beam-ends, and introduced him to those delightful fictions of English law, John Doe and Richard Roe, or in other words, landed him in a sponging house in Chancery Lane.

Overbearing and lavish when he was prosperous, he was naturally morose and tyrannically oppressive when the reverse, so that it will be readily believed that poor Dinah found her situation a by no means enviable one, under this altered state of things. She was however scarcely aware from what this new outburst of temper proceeded, as the establishment was still conducted with the same lavish profusion as heretofore; dinners, and suppers, and evening parties, still following fast upon one another, and being still frequented by the same parties, whom she had first seen on making her appearance in this new scene of extravagant dissipation and folly.

She had a few days before this refused in the most decisive and pointed manner the addresses of Lord Cavendish, who had made her a formal offer of his hand, and as Mr. Linton's ferocity broke out immediately afterwards, she very naturally set it down to that, as she was perfectly aware that he wished it. He had not, however, forbidden the visits of sweet Lucy, and as there were times when her father was unavoidably absent from home, she had likewise the opportunity—short and fleeting, it must be confessed—of enjoying a stolen interview with Walter, who always contrived to infuse a portion of his own hopeful spirit into her desponding soul.

The last rays of a bright sunset were gleaming into the dining-room of Mr. Linton's house in Baker-street, on a certain evening at this epoch of our story, as that gentleman sat after dinner, at his desert with one other party, whom it will surprise many to hear was this very rejected lover of his daughter's—Lord Cavendish.

Lord Cavendish it certainly was, fresh, smiling and elegant as we have ever seen him, sitting peeling his walnuts and sipping his claret with all the gaiety and nonchalance which invariably characterised his movements; he looked even gayer than was his wont, and there was a malicious twinkle in his eyes, which contrasted forcibly with the dull fire that smouldered in the sullen orbits of his worthy host.

"And as I tell you, Linton, that little jade of yours jilted me," he cried, with a musical laugh—"I' faith she is a saucy little gipsy, and I'm more madly in love with her than ever."

"I'm very happy to hear you say so, my lord," quoth the respectable Joseph, sullenly, as he poured himself out another glass, and pushed the decanters to his companion, "the little wretch!"

"She's a very witch, friend Joseph!" cried his lordship, eagerly. "Upon my soul, I'm over head and ears in love with her.—What d'ye bet now I don't win and wear her, after all!"

"I won't bet; your lordship knows I'm not in luck, just now; but you have my best wishes," said Joseph, eagerly.

"Umph! I suppose I may reckon upon your fatherly connivance in any scheme I may develope to bring that event to a successful consummation," cried his lordship, gaily.

"Most certainly, my lord," said Joseph, looking over to his companion, with a good deal of curiosity depicted on his countenance. "Have you any objection to let me into the secret?"

"I suppose I must, or we can scarcely carry it through without," continued his lordship.

"Oh, as for that, I don't care a screw," said Joseph, balancing a nutcracker on his forefinger.—"If I can be any assistance."

"Why, I fancy we must take you in—or stay, I think I remember hearing you say the other day that little Di had some in town, just now."

"You're quite right my lord," rejoined Joseph, quickly; "a newly married couple."

"Well then, this lady cousin must aid us, if nothing else turns up: and now, what d'ye think I intend doing with the little gipsy?"

"I really can't say: your Lordship is so fertile in expedients," rejoined Joseph, admiringly. "Perhaps you intend to rush into her presence and threaten to take poison."

"Poh! poh! the little minx would laugh outright in my face. No, no, that would never do, Joseph."

"I really cannot imagine."

"Why then I intend to run off with her, by force. Once fairly in a post chaise, I fancy I could make her do anything, and if we only got her to the Border, I'd soon make her my Lady Cavendish. Zounds! the least reflection on her part would teach her it was the wisest thing she could do, and so we'd get married and become a happy couple in no time."

"Take care, my lord," said Joseph Linton, in a warning tone. "You run a great risk, without any prospect of an adequate return. If I know little Di aright, I think she will scarcely consent, even with these odds in your favour."

"Well, only give your consent to the scheme, and I'll take all the rest upon myself," cried his lordship, eagerly; "Oh, plague it, Linton, you aren't going to show the white feather, eh?"

Joseph Linton's countenance looked gloomy and disturbed, and it was some minutes before he answered, "hang it, I must confess I scarcely like your plan, my lord after all."

"Why not?"

"Why, in the first place I don't like the idea of your lordship's running into danger."

"Bosh! if I'm not afraid myself, Linton, you need scarcely be apprehensive on that score," retorted the other.

"And then little Di—she has been a good girl, my lord."

"The more reason she should be made a lady, and get a good husband, you ass," returned his lordship. "Come, come I'll treat her well, depend upon it, Joe, and she shall never have any complaint to make on the score of my devotion and respect. Besides, you're in trouble just now, are'nt you?"

Joseph Linton roused at the careless tone with which the query was put, but did not look up.

"How much do you want?" demanded the lord, laying one hand on his heavy arm, as with the other he drew his cheque book from his pocket; "come, name your sum."

"No, no, no! my lord," cried Joseph Linton pushing it away.

"I say, yes! yes! yes! come, one thousand—two—five."

"I will not do it," reiterated Joseph feebly.

Hurriedly filling up the cheque for the last-mentioned sum, his lordship tore out the draft and flung it towards him, exclaiming:—

"There now, you can pay off those villains, and all will be straight again."

"I shall only borrow this money of you, my lord," said Joseph Linton, placing the cheque in his pocket-book.

"As you please," said the other, carelessly, as he arose. "When I am your son-law, we needn't be so stiff about these trifles, you know. Come, we'll drink little Di's health in a bumper."

"With all my heart," rejoined her worthy sire, filling his glass. "Here's to my Lady Cavendish, that is to be."

"Ha! ha! ha! my lady Cavendish!" repeated Joseph's guest, gaily, as he threw off his wine. "And now, my worthy Joseph, I go to lay the train, and do you scheme and plot to aid me in my efforts. I shall see you to-morrow, and if in the mean time you can give me a good word with the little gipsy"—

"Your lordship may rest assured I shall," returned the worthy father, shaking him by the hand; and so they parted.

This little conversation, which we have detailed exactly as it passed, may give our readers some idea of the fate that was awaiting our pretty heroine at this juncture. Every thing went on as it had done heretofore: the same ceaseless round of dinners and suppers, the same extravagant dissipation for the father, and the same lonely isolation for the daughter.

No one knew better than Joseph Linton himself that had it not been for the assistance his profligate and titled patron held out to him, and of which, notwithstanding all his pretences, he was only too eager to embrace, the very house itself would have been sold over his head, and he would in all probability have now been expiating his career of dissipation in a jail; and knowing this, he felt proportionably grateful to his lordship, notwithstanding that the latter made him perfectly aware that there were certain conditions to be observed on his part, which in any conscientious person's mind would have materially lessened the obligation, seeing that it involved the misery, if not the shame as well, of his only daughter.

On this point, however, Joseph had very few twinges of conscience. He did not cherish one spark of affection in his breast for this poor girl, and only troubled himself about her so long as he fancied she was an attraction to the numberless idle and dissipated young men of birth and fashion whom it was to his advantage to encourage about him. As soon as she began to thwart his scheme, by refusing to appear amongst them, he very soon got rid of the very little affection he found it politic to assume, and henceforth Dinah's life was as dark and miserable an existence as could possibly befall any one in the ordinary course of life.

So much did his moroseness and neglect, and the continual persecution she endured from Lord Cavendish's admiration, affect her spirits, that she had now become quite thin and careworn, and was rapidly losing the lovely complexion, beaming eye, and airy step that had heretofore characterised her; and Lucy had the misery of beholding this change in her favourite's appearance without being able to discover any reasonable cause; Dinah invariably alleging that she received the kindest treatment from Mr. Linton, as she was resolved, rather than by confessing how matters really stood, to betray his real character to these unsuspicious relatives.

Lucy, however, who was very quick-sighted in such matters, communicated her suspicions to her husband and Walter, and the latter being sufficiently apprehensive already for Dinah's safety, the three agreed to keep a pretty sharp look out upon the movements of Mr. Linton, about whom they had received rather extraordinary revelations from one or two parties who knew that gentleman much better than he desired.

Lord Cavendish and Joseph Linton were in the meantime laying their plots for Dinah's abduction, and as they were perfectly ignorant of the enquiries Walter and Dick Burton had been secretly making for some days past, a suspicion of the possibility of the failure of their scheme never for one moment crossed their thoughts.

But as this is too important an adventure to be discussed at the end of a chapter, we shall cry a halt for the present, and collect our scattered forces for the impending struggle.

OVER THE PURPLE SEA.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Over the purple Sea
  My bounding barque shall go;
The mounting wave for me,
  When the fresh'ning breezes blow!
Wild ocean is my joy,
  Up sails! and I'll away,
A happy sailor boy,
  Over the dashing spray.

My fathers ruled the sea
  In ages long ago,
And made our England free,—
  The dread of ev'ry foe:
Then spread the winged sail,
  And on the crested foam,
With music in the gale,
  We'll make our ocean home

LIFE OF LORD CHANCELLOR HARDWICKE.[*]

One of the many advantages resulting from the progress of civilization, is the gradual superiority acquired by the profession of law,—a science in barbarous times but little cared for, or little understood. In the old hero days, now long numbered with the past, the warrior alone won the admiration of men. The poet's lyre tuned his praise, and the smile of beauty was the sure reward of the valour of the brave. Then came the days of faith, when the priest, armed with the terrible sanctions of his creed, held a mysterious sway over the bodies and minds of men,—when, for the spiritual treasures it was his to bestow, he seized with a miser's hand the temporalities of his deluded dupes. Immediately preceding the Norman invasion, one third of England had become the property of the church; and William the Conqueror, who came backed by the ambitious Hildebrand, whose warfare with Harold was made to assume the character of a religious one, was under far too many obligations to the church to deprive it of the good things it had already acquired. True, one of the Henrys would have relieved the church of the temporal burdens by which the attention of its holy sons was diverted from heaven to earth; but his chancellor, a wily priest, who possessed at least the wisdom of the serpent, if not the harmlessness of the dove, successfully interfered with his royal master's designs by proposing instead a war with France. With that second Solomon, whose ungainly figure and stammering tongue, and much-vaunted kingcraft, and contemptible love for the worthless Carr, and foolish pedantry, have secured for him an unenviable notoriety, appeared Williams, the last of the clerical chancellors. Already the lawyer had come upon the stage. Coke and Bacon had both earned for themselves an immortal name. The old fight of might with right had been transferred from the battle-field to Westminster Hall. The subtle intellect became a surer defence than the fierce hand,—the quick eye, than polished steel. Law asserted its supremacy. Already Hooker had proclaimed, that of law no less can be said, than that her seat is the bosom of God,—her voice, the harmony of the world. The soldier, the priest, failed before the lawyer; the laurels of a Somers are far more pure than those that adorn the head of a Marlborough.

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[*] Life of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; with Selections from his Correspondence, Diaries, Speeches, and Judgments. By G. Harris, Esq. 3 vols. London: Moxon.

One of the most illustrious—certainly one of the most successful—lawyers ever called to the bar, was the subject of Mr. Harris's somewhat tedious, but, on the whole, valuable, memoir. Philip Yorke Hardwicke was born at Dover, the first of December, 1690, at which place his father was an attorney. His youth appears to have passed without any incidents worth narrating. At an early age he was placed under the tuition of Mr. Samuel Morland, a man of learning, taste, and great classical acquirements, who was besides the great friend of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Clarke. Our young lawyer had for a mathematical teacher Mr. William Jones, the father of the celebrated Sir William. When he was a little more than sixteen, the future Lord Chancellor appears to have entered the office of Mr. Salkeld, an attorney of great intelligence and large practice, living in Brooke Street, Holborn. About the same time, there were in the office Jocelyn, subsequently Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and founder of the titles and fortunes of the house of Roden; Strange, afterwards Sir John Strange, and Master of the Rolls in England; and Parker, who became Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, It appears to have been against the wish of his mother that young Hardwicke commenced his professional career. She wished that he might be apprenticed to some "honester trade." Fortunately, however, for the subject of this memoir, the desire of the lady was frustrated. About this time the following incident occurred. "A curious and amusing anecdote is told," says Mr. Harris, "of his career while in his clerkship, which is certainly not uncharacteristic of Yorke. Mrs. Salkeld, who considered herself as his mistress, and who was a notable woman, thinking she might take such liberties with a clerk with whom, the writer says, no premium had been received, used frequently to send him from his business on family errands, and to fetch in little necessaries from Covent Garden and other markets. This, when he became a favourite with his master, and was entrusted with his business and cash, he thought an indignity, and got rid of by a stratagem which prevented complaints or expostulations. In his accounts with his master there frequently occurred coach hire, for roots of celery and turnips from Covent Garden, or a barrel of oysters from the fishmonger's, and other sundries, for the carriage of similar dainties, indicative alike of Mrs. Salkeld's love of good cheer, and the young clerk's dexterity and spirit in freeing himself from her attempted domination. Mr. Salkeld observing this, urged on his spouse the impropriety and ill housewifery of such a practice, and thus Yorke's device for its discontinuance proved completely successful."

On the 29th of November, 1708, Yorke's name was entered as a student of the Middle Temple. "Some information," remarks our biographer, "as to the mode in which Yorke pursued his early professional studies, may be gleaned from the papers and manuscripts which belonged to him at this period, and which are still in the Hardwicke collection. A great many cases and opinions were at this time copied by him, as also several judgments of the different courts on important points. He also appears to have been very fond of collecting old law works in manuscript, as several of these are among his law papers, and which from the date written under his name, must have been obtained during the period of studentship. There is an ancient treatise on the Court of Chancery, by Sir R. Cotton, in manuscript, with the name, W. Salkeld, written on the title-page.

"I also find a printed copy of Coke's Abridgment, in Norman French, the date of which is 1640. It is in size a small octavo, and the leaves of it have been cut out and pasted in a large quarto blank volume, so as to afford room for notes and comments, which have been very amply supplied, both in French and English, and which contain references to various decisions and authorities bearing upon the different points in the text. The manuscript thus added is very similar, if not really in the handwriting of Yorke, as evinced in the letters already quoted, and his early style in general, though the words are somewhat rounder, as would probably be the case in a juvenile hand. Some of the letters, indeed, in the peculiarity of their formation and turns, appear precisely to correspond with those in his epistles. There is no doubt of the book having belonged to Yorke, while he was a student, and every circumstance seems to favour the supposition, that the annotations in question formed a portion of his labours at this period, and probably largely contributed to store his mind with that knowledge of the older writers and authorities, and that acute perception of the first principles of the science, for the possession of which throughout his career he was so pre-eminently distinguished. There are also several note-books, and treatises on different branches of professional knowledge and practice, some of which are evidently in Yorke's own handwriting. Among these is one entitled, 'Rules of Practice of the Court of King's Bench,' which, with a copious index, is certainly in his own hand. There are a good many volumes of manuscript reports of cases, some of which are denominated 'Cases ex Relatione Amicorum.' These, it may be supposed, he was permitted to have copied from his friends' reports of them; and on the fly leaf of one of these volumes is written, 'paid for writing to fo. 145, inclusive, £1 5s. 9d.' Certain of these manuscript reports are in several different handwritings, though every here and there we find some of Yorke's in the correction of a passage, or supplying the title to a case, or an explanatory note, which shows the care and attention he bestowed on them." General literature, also, appears to have had its share of our lawyer's attention. The speculations of Locke, then for the first time published, he appears to have read with interest and delight. The paper numbered 394 in the Spectator, on the subject of foreign travel, and signed, Philip Homebred, was said to have been written by him about this time. At this time, also, Yorke acquired the valuable friendship of Chief Justice Macclesfield, a friendship that laid the foundation of his future fortune and fame.

On the 27th of May, 1715, Yorke was called to the bar by the Benchers of the Middle Temple, being then in his twenty-fifth year. Owing to the powerful aid of Lord Macclesfield, he had not to wait long for a brief. The latter is said to have manifested his favour towards his young protégé in a very marked manner, so as to excite the anger of some of the older members of the profession; and it is recorded, that Sergeant Pengelly, in particular, was so disgusted at frequently hearing Lord Macclesfield, when Chancellor, observe that "what Mr. Yorke said, had not been answered," that he one day threw down his brief, and declared he would no more attend a court where he found Mr. Yorke was not to be answered. It must, however, be borne in mind, that neither Lord Macclesfield's influence, nor Mr. Salkeld's large professional connection, would have materially aided Mr. Yorke, had he not had the ability to avail himself of the advantages he possessed.

We next find Yorke chosen member of Parliament for Lewes, in Sussex. The expenses of the election were said to have been entirely defrayed by Government. An event of still greater importance occurred about the same time:—we refer to his marriage to the youthful and pretty widow of Mr. William Sygon of Macclesfield, the niece of Sir Joseph Jekyll, then Master of the Rolls. Fortune favoured our aspiring lawyer. In 1720, he was made Solicitor General, and received the honour of knighthood. Three years after, he became Attorney General. In the succeeding year, he witnessed the fall and disgrace of his early patron and friend, the Earl of Macclesfield. It was with difficulty that he could get himself freed from taking a part in the prosecution. As it was, his conduct gives no shadow for the charge of ingratitude, which by some has been urged. About this time, he invested part of his large professional gains in the purchase of land and became the owner of the Hardwicke estate in Gloucestershire. In 1733, Sir Philip Yorke was appointed Chief Justice of England, in Lord Raymond's room, and was raised to the peerage, as Baron Hardwicke. In three years after, he became Lord Chancellor, an office he appears to have accepted with some reluctance, if Horace Walpole may be believed. In a note appended to his memoirs we are told, "A story is current, that Sir Robert, finding it difficult to prevail on Lord Hardwicke to quit a place for life for the higher, but more precarious dignity of Chancellor, worked upon his jealousy, and said that if he persisted in refusing the seals, he must offer them to Fakerly. 'Fakerly!' exclaimed Lord Hardwicke, impossible! he is certainly a Tory, perhaps a Jacobite! 'It is all very true,' replied Sir Robert, taking out his watch; 'but if by one o'clock you do not accept my offer, Fakerly by two becomes Lord Keeper of the Great Seal and *one of the staunchest Whigs in all England.*'" In his new station, one of his most important duties was to appoint proper persons to fill the office of Justice of the Peace. A curious document relating to this subject is among Lord Hardwicke's papers, which appears to have been presented to him soon after he became Lord Chancellor. It is entitled, "A true Account of some Justices of the Peace," and serves to afford an extraordinary idea of the condition of the London magistracy at this time. Some of the entries are as follows:—

"One Sax, a justice near Wapping, very poor and scandalous; lately a prisoner in the King's Bench for debt; now skulks about in blind alehouses, for debt, about Tower Hill and Wapping, and takes affidavits at a little alehouse near the Victualling Office.

"William Morris, or Morrice, formerly High Bailiff of Westminster, and son-in-law to Bishop Atterberly. Whilst High Bailiff, he acted in that office in a very vile and scandalous manner, taking yearly pensions of gaming-houses and b——— houses, to remit their fines, when convicted at the Sessions. He has put the parish of Kensington, where he liveth, in a flame. He was lately prosecuted and convicted for tearing a leaf out of the parish book, and was fined by the Court of King's Bench; and he owned that the fine and charges came to betwixt three and four hundred pounds, and the parish laid out near five hundred pounds in prosecuting him.

"Another justice of the peace that is very scandalous, is Ferdinand Springall, an old debauched man.

"Anthony Wraith, had formerly an estate in Suffolk, and has ruined himself by gaming. Was lately a prisoner in the Fleet for debt. Since he came out he has lived in several populous parts of the town, most proper for a trading justice, and at last has opened a shop in Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, having hired a house of Justice Mitchell, whose tool he is. The justice uses the ground floor for his business; the rest of the house his worship lets out in lodgings, and a woman of very ill fame lodges one pair of stairs."

In 1740, we find Lord Hardwicke purchasing Wimpole of the Earl of Orford. The Wimpole estate, it may be remarked, generally conferred on its owners the Lord Lieutenancy of the county of Cambridge, and usually returned one of its members to the House of Commons. Well might Horace Walpole—no admirer, by the bye, of Lord Hardwicke—thus write to Mr. Conway:—

"Marry! what luck the Chancellor has! first, indeed, to be in himself so great a man: but then in accidents. He is made Chief Justice and Peer, when Talbot is made Chancellor and Peer. Talbot dies in a twelvemonth, and leaves him the seals, at an age when others are scarce made solicitors! then marries his son into one of the first families of Britain, obtains a patent for a marquisate, and eight thousand pounds a year, after the Duke of Kent's death. The Duke dies in a fortnight, and leaves them all. People talk of fortune's wheel that is always rolling;—troth! my Lord Hardwicke has overtaken her wheel, and rolled along with it."

The political storm that swept Sir Robert Walpole from office, did in no degree affect the standing of the Chancellor. The parliament of 1741 was adverse to the premier who so long had ruled. It is true, in the House of Commons the old speaker was re-chosen, and, after a very sharp and personal debate, the address was carried. But there were sure signs that the Walpole supremacy was at an end. The first disputed election was decided for Sir Robert, but by a majority of six. This disheartened his colleagues, and gave fresh vigour to his foes. The court interest was next found insufficient to secure the election of their own members for Westminster. To unseat Sir Robert, every stratagem that ingenuity could invent, or malice employ, was put into execution. Horace Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann, on the 22nd of January, 1742, says:—" There are no arts, no menaces, which the opposition do not practise. They have threatened one gentleman to have a reversion cut off from his son, unless he will vote with them. To Totness there came a letter to the mayor from the Prince, and signed by two of his lords, to recommend a candidate in opposition to the solicitor-general. The mayor sent the letter to Sir Robert. It was in vain that the latter tried to evade the coming storm. His doom was fixed; the handwriting had appeared upon the wall, his power had passed into other—certainly not fitter—hands. The opposition were neither to be tampered with, divided, nor bought. He had nothing left him but to resign, which he did with a good grace. He took his seat in the House of Lords, as the Earl of Orford, and in his fall, his flaming antagonist, Pulteney, was also overwhelmed. As Earl of Bath, he became the infamous object of well-merited contempt. When Walpole met him in the House of Lords, he said to him, "Here we are, my lord, the two most insignificant men in Europe." This tempest left unscathed the great Whig families, and Newcastle and Hardwicke still retained their places at the helm. But we turn from these party strifes to get a glimpse of the decay of the bitterest wit that ever appeared amongst men. In a letter of Mr. Charles Yorke to his brother, he says, "Dean Swift has had a statute of lunacy taken out against him. His madness appears chiefly in most incessant strains of obscenity and swearing, habits to which the more sober parts of his life were not absolutely strangers, and of which his writings themselves have some tincture. Mr. Pope's saying is true:—

'Great wits to madness sure are near allied,'

in a much less refined sense than that in which he meant it."

Lord Hardwicke was, as he had every reason to be, a genuine Whig, and tolerated no heresies from the orthodox faith. It was in vain that Lord Bolingbroke applied for a little church patronage for the son of a friend. The tale is told by Mr. Charles Yorke. "Riding in New Park one morning, with my father, the discourse turned on my lord Bolingbroke, who had formerly recommended H's son to him for a living. He said that he should have been willing to gratify him with something of a sinecure, if any such thing had offered, but, considering old H's attachments, and that the young man had been bred a Papist, in foreign countries, he was unwilling (considering, too, that the Great Seal was only a trustee for the Crown in the disposition of livings) to give him a cure of souls."

We have referred to Dean Swift's decay: the following notices of a brother wit will not be unacceptable. Mr. C. Yorke, in a letter dated May 29, 1744, says, "Mr. Pope is not dead, but lost to all the purposes of life. He is frequently delirious, and continues weak. We can ill spare a man of so great a genius in these days. Had he lived ten years longer in health, as great things might have been expected from him as ever were produced by him, and that in other ways of writing, which would have shewn his facility in every species of his art." On the 30th of May, Pope died. Mr. C. Yorke says, that by his will "he has left to Mrs. Blount the interest of his fortune, which amounts to above £4,000, during her life, after which the principal is to go to his half sister. His manuscripts he consigns to Lord Bolingbroke, either to be preserved or destroyed. He leaves to Mr. Warburton the property of such of his printed works as he has or shall write notes upon. His library is to be divided between him and Allen, except sixty books, which shall be left to the choice of Mrs. Blount. Mr. Allen has likewise another legacy of £150, in return for the favours Mr. Pope has received from him, and upon his refusal it is to be given to the Bath Hospital. The literary world can ill spare so great a man at this time." We have one more notice of Pope, and that is from the pen of Mr. Charles Yorke, dated, June 27. "Death has at last made an end of his greatness; and the plans which he had formed for odes of the sublimer kind, epic poems, etc., must now prove abortive, and lie hid in Lord Bolingbroke's study, instead of being brought out to view for the increase of his fame and fortune. He was fond of Erasmus' principles in matters of religious opinion, and the last thing that he said, that had either sense or wit in it, was to Spence, of Oxford, who attended him in his illness, alluding to this favourite character. Spence earnestly recommended it to him to call in another physician. 'No,' says he, 'I am weary of them; they have all mistaken my case, and a new one will but add new blunders to the former. It will be like quitting the errors of the Church of Rome for the errors of the Church of England.'"

In less than twelve months, another man who had long occupied a conspicuous place in cotemporary history was no more. We refer to Sir Robert Walpole. The following characteristic letter will be read with interest: it is addressed to Mr. Charles Yorke, and dated Houghton, 24th of June, 1743.

"Dear Charles—I have now wrote to Captain Jackson to give Lord Tyrawley a ticket, as you desired, and am very glad to oblige him with it.

"This place affords no news, no subject of amusement and entertainment to fine men. Persons of wit and pleasure about town understand not the language nor taste the charms of the inanimate world. 'My flatterers here are all mutes. The oaks, the beeches, and chestnuts, seem to contend which shall best please the lord of the manor. They cannot deceive; they cannot lie. I, in return, with sincerity admire them, and have as many beauties about me as take up my hours of dangling; and no disgrace attends me because I am sixty-seven years of age. Within doors, we come a little nearer, town life, and admire on the almost speaking canvass all the airs and graces which the proudest of the ladies can boast. With these I am satisfied, as they gratify me with all I wish and want, and expect nothing in return which I cannot give. If these, dear Charles, are inducements, I heartily wish you to come and partake of them. Shifting the scene has sometimes its recommendations, and from country air you may possibly return with a better appetite to the more delicate entertainment of a court life. Since I wrote what is above, we have been surprised with the good news from abroad. Too much cannot be said upon it, for it is truly matter of infinite joy, because of infinite consequence. Dear Charles, yours most affectionately, Orford."

Such was the closing scene in the life of a man whose name was known, and whose power was felt, in every court in Europe. Well may we exclaim, "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity."

But the death of Walpole was forgotten in matters of still graver import. In 1745, the Pretender, taking advantage of the unpopularity of the king, of the discontent prevailing, especially in Scotland, raised his standard, and rallied round him the hereditary partisans of the Stuart race. The history of that ill fated expedition is of course familiar to our readers, nor does the correspondence of the Hardwicke family throw fresh light upon the subject. After the battle of Preston Pans, the fears of the friends of Government were much increased. Great was the panic in London among the trading community, and those concerned in the money corporations. The king, who certainly would have left England and his ministers with very little regret, was said to have embarked his most valuable effects on board vessels which lay in the Thames, ready to sail at a moment's notice. The following letter to the Lord Chancellor from the Archbishop of York is deserving of attention, as evincing the opinion of that prelate as to the real state of affairs. It is dated November 10, 1745.

"My lord,—Whatever be the issue of this doubtful state of things, and however it may please God to deal with this distracted nation, the present ministers, who have the confidence of his majesty, and the conduct of public affairs, will be sure to have the approbation of all good men, for their integrity and very singular patience, which certainly has been tried to the utmost. The great consolation I received at this fearful juncture arose from the prospect of our hearty unanimity, which certainly, if kept up to its first appearance, would have done the work without bloodshed; but that prospect is now over, and long before this, our enemies are convinced from London that there are still people enow that are either so weak or so designing as to help their cause much better than their faithful ally from France can do. For I do assure you such is the judgment of all good people here, upon the late division at W—r. Nobody would much have wondered to have seen such behaviour in Jacobites; but that any man of sense, of a better denomination, should join such malcontents, is beyond comparison here, more especially when we are told that the dependants of a certain very great man have lent a helping hand to ruin their master's family. For my part, I can find but one reason for the conduct of some Whigs on this occasion, but that they really think the danger is all over, and that they have nothing to do but debate *en gayeté de cœur*. It were well if these gentlemen would consider that, before we set about improving our constitution, they should be quite sure that we have any constitution at all."

Fortunately,—for the house of Hanover, at any rate—the Pretender ruined himself by his foolish expedition into England. Nevertheless, that expedition caused no little fright. The following letter from Mr. Charles Yorke to his brother, Colonel Yorke, who was with the Duke of Cumberland's army, was written during the progress of the rebels towards Derby.

"Dearest Joe—I wrote an exceedingly *jejune* letter to you yesterday of six lines, by Mr. Yorke's desire, concerning Mr. Townshend's chaise, and now sit down, by papa's directions, to thank you for your letter to him, and to say that he will be glad to hear from you as often as may be convenient. And he is sorry that he is unable to write to you himself. You say the terror which the rebels carry with them prevails all over the country, as it does here. The roads in Nottinghamshire, within these three or four days, we are told, were crowded with gentlemen and ladies, and all the considerable families in the country flying from it, so that the inns could not contain them; and many were obliged to sit by the fire all night, for want of beds. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk left Worsop Manor, and went to Bath. The strangest instance of this kind is told of one Mr. Williamson, a man of great fortune acquired in trade, who lived near Bloomsbury. He quitted Yorkshire, upon the rebels passing by Sir John Cope, when he marched to Inverness, and came up to London, where he has lived in such anxiety, as to be deprived not only of that reasonable share of tranquillity which a wise man maintains in danger, especially at a distance, but of his very sleep. He then obtained a pass from the king into Holland, and resolved to part from his family, which consisted of two or three daughters. He gave them proper power of his affairs, took his leave of them, and set out for Harwich. When he came there, he staid about a fortnight or three weeks, to listen after news, and when he found that the rebels advanced, and the storm gathered, instead of dissipating, he put himself into the pacquet, and is gone to the Hague, to reside there till the troubles are over.

"The following story is from Scotland, of a trait or two of the conversation between the young Pretender and the old Earl of Breadalbane, in Holyrood House. When the Pretender came to see him, the old man avoided ceremonies by saying that he could not stir from his chair, and endeavoured to shorten the conversation by complaining of his deafness. Amongst other things which passed between them, the Earl said:—

"'Sir, I believe I am the oldest peer in Scotland, and the only one who remembers your royal grandfather in this palace.' The Pretender.—'Do you remember him, my lord? pray, how did you like him?' Earl of Breadalbane.—'In some respects, sir, very well; in others, I had great objections to him.' The Pretender.—'Perhaps you did not like his religion?' Earl of Breadalbane.—'No, sir, it did not suit with Britain.' The Pretender.—'That might be an objection to my grandfather, in those days, but at present, princes, as well as private men, have too much sense to suffer any impediment from religion in the pursuit of great views.' Good success attend your royal master, and yourself and fellow-soldiers. The hopes of the nation rest upon your services. In haste, yours affectionately, Charles Yorke."

The battle of Culloden, fought soon after this, dispersed the apprehensions which the wise and thoughtful seriously entertained. In the subsequent acts of the drama, Lord Hardwicke had to take his part. As Lord High Steward, he presided in the House of Lords at the trial of the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromartie, and Lord Balmerino. A little while after, the greatest criminal of the lot, Lord Lovat, was apprehended and tried. Mr. P. Yorke says:—"The old fellow was brought last Thursday to the bar of the House of Lords, where he behaved with great unconcern, and affected to claim acquaintance with and talk to several. He pretended not to hear one word of the articles, when they were read to him by the clerk, and yet answered readily to my lord, when he spoke to him from the woolsack. He has four councillors and three solicitors allowed him. He complained by petition that his estate had been granted away in an extraordinary manner, and that since his confinement, he had subsisted on the charity of General Williamson. Lords Granville and Bath took the complaint up, and said the House was obliged, *ex officio*, to redress it. The latter thought they should punish whoever had illegally sequestered his estate. The Lords ordered that the advocate should report if the case was as Lord Lovat had stated it, and should put him in possession of his estate, in the same manner as if he had not been in custody. He has time till the 13th of next month, to put in his answer. The time was long; but the prisoner's guilt from the first was clear. Mr. P. Yorke, a spectator, says that throughout "his behaviour has been withou dignity and decorum, and calculated to carry to the grave the general odium which the infamy of his character had acquired."

"The two last days," writes Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "he behaved ridiculously, joking, and making every body laugh, even at the sentence. I did not think it possible to feel so little as I did at so melancholy a spectacle; but tyranny and villainy, wound up by buffoonery, took off all edge of concern. The foreigners were much struck." Horace Walpole states that the first day Lord Lovat was brought to trial, a woman looked into the coach and said, "you ugly old dog, don't you think you will have that frightful head cut off?" He replied, "You ugly old ——, I believe I shall." The closing scene of the traitor's life is thus described by Mr. Charles Yorke. "Old Lovat's behaviour at his execution was suitable to the rest of his whole life—insensible to the terrors of death, or intrepid (if you will), without dignity or true firmness. He called for the axe as soon as he was brought upon the scaffold, and felt with his fingers round the edge of it, and then told the excutioner he believed it would do, exhorting him not to mangle him (Lovat) as he had done old Balmerino. He spoke a few words to the people about him, declaring that he died a Roman Catholic and a Jansenist; that he had been uniformly loyal to the rightful king, nor ever betrayed his cause; that he had injured no man in the course of his life; nor anything, not so much as a hired horse, had been fretted by him."

In 1749, our fortunate Chancellor had another honour conferred upon him, namely, the High Stewardship of the university of Cambridge, rendered vacant by the removal of Hardwicke's captious and querulous friend, the Duke of Newcastle, to the chancellorship. The temper of the latter made it no pleasant office to be much in his way. In a letter written about this time, Lord Hardwicke thus addressed him,—"For God's sake, my dear lord, don't imagine that my not writing by every opportunity proceeds from any reserve towards you, to whom I have the most faithful attachment, and with whom I have no reserve. The real reason is, that my time has been so entirely taken up by very long and intricate causes, which have required consideration out of court as well as in it, that in truth I have not had leisure frequently to write letters of political speculation, or to write at all oftener than necessity required. And if this should happen again, be so kind as to impute it to this unavoidable cause." The coolness between the duke and the king had never been healed up, and the former began, not to talk—for that he had done years before,—but to think seriously, of resigning. Nor was the Chancellor averse to such a step. He observes, in a letter to the duke, "After having drudged in the laborious office of chancellor near fourteen years, I have no fondness to keep it longer, especially at near three-score. It is a constant round of the same fatigue. The incentive of ambition is quite over. The profits of it I do not now want or value; and if I cannot have the satisfaction of serving with my friends, I can have nothing to make it tolerable."

The coldness of the king, the discord between him and the clique at Leicester House, the irritability of Newcastle, all tended to confirm the old adage about a divided house. Writing to Colonel Yorke, Lord Hardwicke observes,—"The great difficulty is how to keep the administration together on any terms." Rumours were afloat of the Lord Chancellor's resignation. Horace Walpole, in one of his letters to Sir Horace Mann, says, "The talk of the Chancellor's being president, in order to make room, by the promotion of the attorney to the seals, for his second son to be solicitor, as I believe I once mentioned to you, is revived; though he once told Mr. Pelham that if ever he retired, it should be to Wimpole." But these speculations were stopped for a time, by an event of no common importance. On the 20th of March, 1751, Frederick, Prince of Wales, died. His illness assumed a serious aspect but a few minutes before his decease. The Princess staid four hours in the room, after Prince Frederick was dead, before she could be quite convinced of it, so sudden was the event. The king, even, was surprised. Lord North informed him of it whilst he was playing cards. He immediately went down to Lady Yarmouth, looking extremely pale and shocked, and only said, "*Il est mort?*" With the death of the prince, his party fell to the ground. Soon after this, a greater man, Bolingbroke, expired. Horace Walpole says:—"Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Bolingbroke had set out rivals at school, lived a life of competition, and died much in the same manner, provoked at being killed by empirics, but with the same difference in their manner of dying as had appeared in the tenor of their lives:—the first, with a calmness that was habitual philosophy; the other, with a rage that his affected philosophy could not disguise. Both were beloved in private life: Sir Robert, from the humanity and frankness of his nature; Bolingbroke, from his politeness of turn and elegance of understanding. Both were extravagant; and the patriot who accused, and the minister who had been accused, of rapine, died poor and in debt. Walpole was more amiable in his virtues; Bolingbroke more agreeable in his vices." At this time another death occurred in the royal family. The loss of the Queen of Denmark, daughter of George II., was a blow to a man who appears to have known but little of the strength and blessedness of human love.

"This," he said, "has been a fatal year to my family! I lost my eldest son, but I am glad of it; then the Prince of Orange died, and left every thing in confusion; poor little Edward has been cut open (for an imposthume in his side), and now the Queen of Denmark is gone. I know I did not love my children when they were young; I hated to have them running into my room; but now I love them as well as most fathers." No wonder the family were so divided—so unlike the happy one our eyes have witnessed and admired in Trafalgar Square.

The following extract shows that in those days, had a Father Matthew appeared, he would assuredly have found many who might have been benefited by the pledge. Mr. Pelham, in a letter to the Lord Chancellor, written in 1752, says:—"I was in hopes to have had some conversation with your lordship, last night; but the drunken state of our council, or at least of one of our councillors, made it impossible for me to say much." We have often heard the popular comparison, "as drunk as a lord," but, in our ignorance, had looked upon it as a vulgar exaggeration, an erroneous flam; alas! it is an historical fact, true as any veritable gospel.

At this time the Chancellor was much troubled about the education of the future obstinate, blundering, and narrow-minded George III. Archbishop Herring, in a letter dated Sept. 14, 1752, thus writes:—"Indeed, my dear lord, as to the sentiments of the old Whigs of great account in the kingdom, I know it goes to the heart of them, that the education of the young princes should be at all trusted to men who were brought up in the school of Bolingbroke,—for that is certainly the case with Scott and Cresset. And I have some reason to say, that one of that bad man's principles is already stirring in the royal family, viz.,—That a king of England is a king of his people, not of Whigs or Tories. This is a noble principle, it must be owned, and I would to God it took effect truly; but what must be the consequence when it is only made the vehicle of Jacobitism, and tends to overturn a government which began, and can only be supported, upon Whig principles?" There are several letters on the same subject. The harm, however, was done. The bad seed, if such there were, fell on a congenial soil. The loss of America, the flames of war in Ireland, the mad struggle with the democracy of France, and liberalism at home and abroad, the enormous addition to our national debt,—were the accursed results; results, from which we have not yet recovered; results, we have yet to mourn. Mr. Harris is delighted with the character of George III. We are not surprised at it. He calls Mr. Blair "*an elegant citer.*"

One of the greatest legislative measures of Lord Hardwicke was the Act for the Prevention of Clandestine Marriages, which adore her Romeo more than does Mr. Harris his. Ordinary men make blunders, have some minor flaws; there are spots even in the sun; "to err," the poet tells us, "is human." According to our biographer, nothing of this kind can be applied to Lord Hardwicke; like the faultless hero of a novel, he always says the right word, and does the right thing. We are inclined, however, to think that a man does not get a certain character, without there being some foundation for that representation in fact. It is charged against Lord Hardwicke that he was haughty, avaricious, negligent of the friends of his youth, and by no means enamoured of poor relations—as who is? Mr. Harris, in reply, shows that on one occasion the Chancellor was liberal, that with one friend of his youth he corresponded at respectable intervals of time, that one poor relation was occasionally relieved by his bounty. But this is no answer to the charge—a charge circulated at the time of his lordship's life, and credited ever since,—a charge coming from a higher source than that inveterate retailer of scandal and tea-table talk, Horace Walpole,—a charge sanctioned by Lord Campbell, a writer, at any rate, of equal authority to Mr. Harris. Another thing we would mention is, that Mr. Harris, in his laudable endeavours to ascribe to his hero every virtue under heaven, occasionally verges on the ludicrous. Undoubtedly, Lord Hardwicke could have written the Comic Blackstone, and was a wit of the first water. We will take our biographer's *ipse dixit* for that. But we advise his biographer not to give specimens of his lordship's wit. Specimens may induce comparisons, and comparisons are, as Mrs. Malaprop says, odorous. The following joke, with which Mr. Harris, as in duty bound, is very much delighted, must be confessed, reads to us, in these degenerate days of society, as very mild. By way of explanation, we must inform our readers that Lord Hardwicke intended building a tower on an eminence near the park at Wimpole, from a design of a neighbouring gentleman, Mr. Miller, an amateur architect. Its erection, however, was delayed, and his lordship alludes to it in (we quote Mr. Harris) "*the following amusing strain:*" —"As the building of this castle requires no great haste, I think there can be no great harm if it remains in the air a few months longer." This wonderful quotation, we think, was hardly worth inserting in our author's work. We have shown it to a "fast gent" of our acquaintance, who says it is—slow.

The question as to his lordship's wit, however, it is worthless to dispute. If not the first of wits, he was one of the first men in the day in which he lived. He had served three sovereigns, and lived to see the uneasy crown of the first George sit more gracefully on the brow of him who commenced his long reign as an Englishman, and a speaker of the English tongue. If his lordship indulged in retrospect, what a long array of memorable events he might set before his mind! Comparatively young, he had heard the author of the " Essay on Man" stammer out his incoherent evidence in favour of that arch-traitor, Atterbury, at the bar of the House of Lords. He had taken his part in the memorable Excise Debates. He had seen in his mature manhood, Pulteney consigned to everlasting infamy by his peerage. And in his old age he had seen the "great commoner," as Pitt was called, reft of his popularity by becoming a pensioner on the bounty of the crown. Jonathan Wild and Jack Sheppard, the heroes of the melodrama, were by him sentenced to the doom they deserved. The leaders of the tragedy of 1745 had also before him been tried and condemned. Bolingbroke, one of the craftiest and keenest of human intellects, he had visited and received as a friend. With the great historic names, with the Pelhams and Walpoles, with Pitt and Fox, those illustrious sires of yet more illustrious sons, he had daily carried on the affairs of state. The man who had thus lived was to be envied in his life; the envy, also, might be extended to his death. He died full of years, of honours, of riches, of friends, and at peace. He was taken away from the evil to come. It was left to his descendants to see the Whig dynasty overthrown; to see the power of the crown arraying itself in opposition to the constitution of the realm. It was left to them to witness the growth of despotism at home, an unjustifiable and wicked war abroad, a war, the results of which were for us the bitter hatred of the French, a ruined commerce, an exhausted treasury, an overwhelming debt. Those were the days of darkness, from which our chancellor was fortunately removed. His memory, however, yet survives, and, contemplating it as it stands out amidst little men and little measures of the present day, we feel that then was the golden age of modern statesmanship,—that then, indeed, were giants in the land.

J. E. R.

CLARENDON;

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXIV.*

"And that's a little lad, Sall, that Providence seems, for the nonce, to have thrown in our way," said Natty Gyde, pointing to Herbert, after submitting quietly to his wife's embraces; "he's a pretty little fellow enough, and will make a nice companion for Nan, my lass."

Mrs. Gyde, who was just as plump and rosy and cheery-looking, as Nan, turned round at this speech, and surveyed Herbert with evident interest, for several moments, without speaking.

"He's a stray sheep, Sall, that I've picked up, drifting about the country," said the brawny giant, taking Nan upon his knee; "and thou must be a mother to the poor little fellow, for the present, lass."

"That I will, and welcome," rejoined his wife, cheerfully, as she drew Herbert towards her, and took his cap off; "what beautiful hair he has! and those clothes, Nat, dirty and ragged as they are, have cost a sight of money, some time or other."

"He's evidently some rich man's child," said Gyde, in a low tone; "but rich or poor, he's always welcome to a bit and sup as long as ever Natty Gyde can earn them: he's been talking up at the forge, about a grand park, and a lake, and a fine house, that he used to live in, and then he began to cry bitterly, and I didn't ask farther."

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* Continued from p. 226, vol. liii.

"Poor little fellow," sighed the kind-hearted creature, as a tear rolled down her chubby cheek, as she took off Herbert's sorry shoes, and replaced them by a pair of Nan's, which were quite big enough for him, notwithstanding his being the senior. "But what will mother say, Nat."

"I won't allow her to say anything, Sall," said the smith, in a determined tone; "this is my house, my lass, isn't it?"

"Certainly!"

"And though she is my mother, Sall; yet, poor thing, she's quite in her dotage, and scarcely knows right from wrong, and a mere child might know it was only right, and one's duty, as well, to take care of the poor little fellow, until one can return him to those he belongs to," said the smith earnestly.

"I won't go back to them—naughty Jasper Vernon shan't torment me again," cried Herbert, passionately; "I ran away from him."

"Jasper Vernon," muttered the smith, as if trying to fix the name in his memory; "do they call thee Vernon, my little fellow?" he demanded in a gentle tone.

"No! Jasper Vernon is a naughty man, and beat me," cried Herbert, with a passionate burst of tears.

"No, they can't call him Vernon," said Sall, eagerly; did you hear what he said about the man's beating him?"

Nan at this moment sprang from her father's lap, and flung her round chubby arms about Herbert's neck, putting up her pouting lips to be kissed, as he stood in the centre of the floor, crying bitterly.

"Don't cry, don't cry, they sha'nt beat you any more," she whispered, nestling close to him as she spoke—"Father won't let them."

The smith and Sall stood eyeing this touching scene with moistened eyes, when a heavy step was heard descending the stairs, and presently a woman, whose tall figure was bent double with age, appeared amongst them.

"Good morning, mother," said Nat, rising and approaching her; "how are your pains this morning?"

"Good morning, son," was the stern reply; "I am better;" and her keen, hawk-like eyes were fixed upon Nan and Herbert, as she supported herself upon the stout oak staff she carried in her hand.

She did not resemble, in one single feature, the good natured giant who had given her this appellation of reverence, and still less did the expression of her countenance match with the good humour that was such a distinguishing trait in the visage of Natty Gyde. She must have been very tall when in her prime, for her figure, bent double as it was with time, quite overtopped that of her buxom daughter-in-law; her hair was completely white, and gathered in a roll over her wrinkled and lofty forehead, while two small black eyes gave a disagreeable expression to features you might easily believe to have been once very beautiful; and although her son's cottage was poor and meanly furnished, yet her air, and the faded dress of brocaded silk, made you readily imagine that, at some earlier time, she had moved in a much higher sphere than that in which she now found herself.

"Where did you pick up that boy?" she demanded, turning to her son, after a long pause.

"Where I pick up a great many other things, mother," said Natty, good humouredly; "at the forge."

"At the forge! and so you intend, I fancy, to add another brat to your already sufficiently scanty means, son, eh?" she demanded, with covered sarcasm.

"If God wills it, mother," said the smith, with great composure.

"Faugh! who taught thee that canting whine, son?" she cried, striking her staff angrily on the ground.

"No one, mother: it is my maxim, you know, to do as I'd wish to be done by," returned her son, good-humouredly; "and if providence throws this poor little fellow in my way, I'd think myself worse than a brute to turn him adrift."

"A beggar's brat!" muttered the old woman, as she seated herself in her high-backed chair, and eyed Herbert with a scornful frown.

"Nay, mother, that for certain he is'nt," cried Sall, eagerly; "did you ever see a beggar's brat with such a face? and look at this shirt, why it's as fine and white as a muslin handkerchief."

"More reason for you to have nothing to do with him!" returned the old woman, folding her thin, bony hands on her lap; "there 'll be a hue and cry raised for him as soon as he's missed; and then you'll get into trouble, and get blamed for enticing him away from home; but I know it is no use, son, to argue with you, and so I've done; the consequences must rest on your head."

"I can't turn the poor little fellow adrift," said the smith, firmly; "and really he is so engaging and pretty, that I feel drawn to him already; just look, how Nan and he have got to love each other already!"

The old woman took a pinch of snuff. "If you take my advice, son, you will instantly set off to the town, and make inquiries about him; and, who knows, but that you may drop in for something handsome for your trouble, as well!"

The smith uttered an indignant oath at this, and strode out of the little room, patting Herbert and Nan on the head, as he passed them, while his buxom little wife, who seemed to share in his indignation, shortly afterwards left the room as well; there was then no one left but Herbert and his little companion, and the old woman, who sate bolt upright in her chair, watching the pair with all the sleepless vigilance of a cat lying in wait for some luckless mouse.

Herbert, whose faculties had been wonderfully sharpened by the adventures he had already gone through, had, whilst playing with Nan, lent an attentive ear to all that passed between the old woman and Gyde, during their interview. The suggestion she had thrown out as to the reward that might be in store for them, filled him with the greatest alarm; and, although his protector's return, soon after, somewhat allayed his terror, yet it had fixed itself so firmly upon his mind, that every sudden noise without, made him tremble with apprehension, lest the dreaded form of Jasper Vernon, or the man Rudd, should appear, to carry him back to the doom from which he had just escaped.

This bugbear of his imagination terrified him so much, that he determined to make his escape as soon as the darkness should once more favour his flight; and he counted the hours, as they dragged their slow length along, with a sickening anxiety that completely destroyed his appetite, and made the motherly Sall really alarmed for his health.

At length, it grew dusk; and Gyde, who had slept during most of the day, departed to the forge once more; and shortly afterwards, Sall, having given the two children a homely supper, undressed both, and put them to bed, in two closet-beds that stood in opposite corners of the kitchen.

Herbert had no intention of sleeping, although he was very drowsy, for his mind had been incessantly occupied all through the day with his plan of escape, and so he lay on his homely pallet, watching the old woman and Sall, as they sate in the firelight, each on her own side of the chimney; the former, in her old attitude, appearing, to his boyish imagination, like some terrible ogress, whilst Sall knitted away in silence, occasionally casting a hurried glance over to the two pallets, as if to assure herself that the children were both sleeping soundly.

Whether it was that he miscalculated his own powers, or that the silence of the place had a soothing effect upon his senses, certain it is, that he had not gazed long on the scene before him, before he fell sound asleep; how long he had slept he did not know, for, when he awoke, the fire had burnt low in the grate, and yet there was light enough to discern the threatening figure of the old woman, as she sate bolt upright in her chair, with her head thrust forward, apparently in eager conversation with some one who now occupied her daughter-in-law's chair. Sall, it however was not, for the figure was taller, and darker, and larger altogether; and as Herbert listened, he caught the deep, hoarse voice of a man, muttering a reply.

There was something in the dubious twilight that filled the room, and which threw the shadows of the old woman and her midnight visitor out in such bold relief, very terrible to the senses of this young boy; and yet, with a courage beyond his years, he neither stirred nor uttered a cry, but lay in breathless terror, endeavouring to catch a sentence, here and there, of the conversation, to enable him to discover who this midnight visitor could be, and what was the errand that led him to confer with such an accomplice at that late hour.

For a long time, however, they conversed in such a cautious whisper, that he was utterly unable to catch a single word of what was passing; but by degrees, as the pair became excited, they gradually forgot their caution.

"Will Gyde be here soon, mother?" demanded the man, after a pause, in a tone of voice that made the perspiration burst out of every pore of the boy's trembling frame.

"No, no, Jacob; you needn't fear him!" rejoined the old woman, with a malignant smile; "he's safe enough, I warrant me, till morning, at earliest!"

"What an ass it is, to toil and sweat as he does for such a sorry pittance," muttered the man, musingly; "and with never a penny to bless himself with! whilst I, who never did a hand's turn in my life, have many a jolly carouse at other people's expense!"

"Ah, Jacob, you're a lucky dog!" mumbled the old woman, with a shrill laugh; "but poor Gyde—the senseless fool—toils, and works his very fingers to the bone, to get Sall and the brat a crust of bread."

"Mother," muttered the man, after another pause, "what makes you like a base-born brat like me—that was spurned and spit upon, from my very birth, as a thing of nought, and that am a living memorial of thy shame—so well, when I can see you hate Nat, who, with all his faults, had an honest man for his father,—and your husband, so bitterly?"

"Ah, Jacob! Jacob! thy father was a pretty man, and a gentleman born, and as free and generous with his money as a prince!" mumbled the old woman as she cowered over the fire. "He was a gentleman, Jacob, and Gyde's father was but a smith, Jacob, dearie!"

"But he was thy husband, thou old beldam!" muttered the man, fiercely; "and an honest man too, though he ended his days on the gallows!"

"Ah, dear! dear! and he met his deserts too, lovey, for killing such a pretty man as thy father; oh, he was a generous gentleman, was Cecil Dalton, as they called him, lovey," whimpered the old hag, in a shrill keen voice.

"Hush! thou old fool, or Sall will be hearing thee," growled the man, as he placed another log on the smouldering fire. "And sarved him right, say I, though he was what he was to me."

"But tell me all about what thou's been doing, lovey, since I saw thee, Jacob, last," mumbled the old woman, as she rocked herself to and fro, crooning and mouthing to herself as she did so, so rapidly, that the boy, as he lay and watched her, imagined he saw one of the witches of his nursery terrors before him. "Thou's always getting into harm's way, dearie, to frighten the poor old 'oman out of her wits for thee."

The fire at that moment burst into flame, and the boy, with a sickening despair, beheld before him the haggard and savage visage of Jacob Rudd. Jacob Rudd it, indeed, was, with a frightful gash running down one cheek, laying it bare almost to the jaw, looking ten times more wild and ferocious than he had ever beheld him before; with his tattered garments clotted and stained with mud and blood, betokening the dangerous encounter, and hair-breadth escape he had had from the fangs of justice.

"Nothing but the old tale, mother," he said, at last, with sullen ferocity. "We were hard at work, as usual, all except Spike, who pretended to be off on an errand of his own, when the polis' came down upon us, and after a short and bloody encounter, carried us all off to the stone-jug. Spike had 'peached, as I suspected, and a dear reckoning we shall have when we meet next."

"And the escape, Jacob, the escape?" mumbled the old woman, eagerly, as she leant over towards him with every sharp keen feature thrown out into strong relief against the fire-light.

"Was easily enough managed, mother," rejoined the ruffian, with an exulting laugh. "They put me, heavily ironed, into a den by myself, that had a little blink with rotten bars to it—ha! ha! how easily they snapped when I gave one good wrench; and they had forgotten to search me, so that I soon struck off the irons; I had a dirty bath, though, for the cell looked into a stagnant ditch, and when I came up again, after my plunge—faugh, I had nearly swallowed half a score dead puppies and kittens for a water-bite; but here I am again, mother, to say goodbye before I go off on tramp again."

"Ah! dearie, dearie, you'll never rest till you come to the gallows!" whined the old woman, as she wrung her withered hands bitterly together at the end of the narrative. And what ken are you going upon now, lovey.?"

"To Paris, thou old fool!"

"Paris, honey!" she echoed in a bewildered tone; "where is that, lovey?"

"A long way off, over the water," he rejoined, moodily.

"Ah! I see, I see," she muttered, shaking her head and muttering the word over many times to herself, with a discordant laugh; "where they sent poor Bet, too, dearie."

"Faugh, no; Paris is the merriest, gayest place, mother, under the sun," he rejoined with a loud laugh.

"And what ist'r going to do there, lovey?" she inquired, eagerly. "What is my dashing jail-bird going to do in Paris, with that wild-looking face, and all that pretty finery," she cried, with a jeering laugh. "Is it for a gentleman he 's going to be amongst all the gay, rich, folks, he talks about, dearie!"

"No; thou old fiend, it isn't," he retorted with a sudden blaze of his dark eyes, as the black veins rose up like whipcord on his brows. "I'm going to wipe out a long and fearful reckoning, thou old fool, and had it not been that a little brat I meant to take with me on the trip has given me the slip, I should have been on the salt-water by this."

"A brat!" echoed the old hag, glancing furtively at the pallet on which Herbert lay, and through the folding-door of which he was listening to the narrative of the pair. "A brat, dearie?"

"Yes, mother, a brat," growled Rudd, following the direction of her glances with an eager look. "Hast thou seen aught of the kind?"

"With a pretty rosy face, and a blue eye," mumbled the old woman with a sudden exulting laugh. "And had he nut-brown hair, dearie, that fell in such pretty curls, and a voice—ah, dear, just such a voice as thou had, Jacob?"

"Hold thy old drivelling tongue, idiot," growled the man with a fearful oath, as he started up; "brat, or no brat, we 'll unearth him in a jiffey."

Herbert uttered a shrill, heart-rending cry as the villain dragged him from the bed, and at the same moment, Sall, with streaming hair, and a face blanched to the colour of the night-dress she wore, rushed screaming into the room.

Henry W. Longfellow

AMERICAN POETRY, AND PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

OURS, if Thomas Carlyle preach a true gospel, is a mechanical age, and a mechanical age it appears to us likely to remain. That the *poeta nascitur non fit*, is admitted as a most undeniable truth,—of the reader of poetry something similar may also be said. Dry-as-Dust, by no art, can do other than write rhyme; nor can he do more than appreciate rhyme in others. The great Johnson turned away in disgust from the matchless poetry of Lycidas, and Milton's Sonnets. Horace Walpole preferred, as poets, Lord Carlisle, and General Burgoyne, to Sheridan and Goldsmith. Voltaire deemed Cato a nobler tragedy than anything that Shakspeare wrote. The reason is obvious. They were all wanting in the vision and the faculty divine, to each there lacked,—

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling."

To them poetry was the amusement of an hour, not the business of a life. Of the true poet, who sings, as Paul preached, because it was at his peril he kept silent, or as David, because the fire burned; or as Jeremiah prophesied, because the words were put into his mouth,—of the poet, who tells his tale as a messenger from heaven, who sits hidden—

"In the light of thought
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not,—

they never dreamt. A well-known truism was the utmost at which they aimed. The poet stands before the men of his age; his hopes, his knowledge, his purposes are far more wonderful than theirs. The glorious exhalations of his dawn are to them "invisible, or dimly seen." Hence the age becomes mechanical, sensual, not spiritual, without heart of faith. It reads not the signs of the times. It sees,—

"No God, no heaven in the void world,
The wide, grey, lampless, dark, unpeopled world."

To his age, the true poet is more or less a stranger and a foreigner, the voice of one crying in the wilderness. As the Hebrew prophet, in the language of mournful complaint, he cries, Who hath believed my report? as the Christ of old, he comes to his own race, but in vain. Every age must be more or less mechanical,—the struggle for bread, the hard, leaden, matter-of-fact world, in which the masses live, the tyranny of custom, increasingly stamp a mechanical impress on the age. Burns got about fifty pounds a-year, as a government official;

was not that a mechanical age, in which such an infamy was done, without bringing down an indignant, million-voiced remonstrance upon the illustrious obscure, who had the audacity thus to act? Nor are we much better; we who have seen a Haydon commit suicide, and suffered Hood to die in want. The age does not become less mechanical, because it may give birth to mechanics' institutions, and popular lectures, and societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge, reading, writing, arithmetic. A smattering of the sciences cannot transform the clown into the genius, it cannot even make a man poetical.

Nevertheless, every age has its poet; and to every country there appears its bard. As Wordsworth says, "great men have been amongst us." This old world of ours, has hardly a nook that genius has not stamped with a sacred and undying name. Amongst Scandinavian rocks, along our own fertile plains, by the vineyards of France, beneath the blue sky of Italy, the presence and power of the poet has been felt. The new world has also shared in this universal feeling. Like royalist Europe, republican America has bent at the poet's shrine. Her poets have grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. They have done more than prophesied to their own country alone, their voice has gone out through all the world, it has been borne to us fraught with highest wisdom and truth, beyond the roar of the everlasting sea. We have lent them our Shakspeare and Milton, and already they have given us much, in truth. And yet America is more mechanical than we. But whether men hear or not—whether the age will sympathise with him or not, the poet may not stifle the burning impulse, the living inspiration that foams and frets within. The bread cast upon the waters may not be found for many days. Thus was it with Milton, two centuries ago. Thus in our time has it been with Wordsworth and many more. When Shelley wrote his Adonais, how few there were then to respond to its most mournful and musical lament! How many now!

Since Barlow's Columbiad was bought up by the trunkmakers, American poetry has merited, and received from us, a far warmer welcome. What Cooper and Irving have done in one direction, a cloud of witnesses have effected in another. Bryant, Dana, Percival, Brainerd, Lydia Sigourney, Willis, Flint, Whittier, and Margaret and Lucretia Davidson, have won for America no inconsiderable share of poetic renown. Still more recently, have the poems of James Russel, Lowell, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, found readers on this side the Atlantic. We do not quarrel with America, that it has not yet published its ponderous epic, that it cannot point to its "gorgeous tragedy in sceptred pall." The poetic development differs at different times. In the Elisabethian age it was dramatic,—in the second resurrection of

English poetry, dating from the immortal Burns, but one tragedy worth mentioning, that of Shelley's Cenci, appeared. This is an age that loves neither the drama nor the epic, and they have vanished, as the three volume novel of Scott's day has made way for the monthly serial of Dickens', and the inimitable Tittmarsh Barry Cornwall, Hood, Tennyson, are not the less poets, for the mode their poetry has assumed. They would not have been esteemed greater, had they written as many dramas as Calderon, or epics as Southey. Shelley and Coleridge would have been equally the poets they were, had the one done no more than publish his Ode to the Skylark, or had the other but written his Poem on Love.

With the name of one who claims to stand amongst the first of American poets, Professor Longfellow, the readers of "The Metropolitan" must be already familiar. His longest poem, "Evangeline," though written in a metre, which elsewhere he describes as "that inexorable hexameter, in which it must be confessed the motions of the English muse are not unlike those of a prisoner, dancing to the music of his chains," was not long since warmly commended in these pages. No one with any pretension to poetic feeling, can read its delicious portraiture of rustic scenery, and of a mode of life long since defunct, without the most intense delight. Its accomplished author, whose portrait graces this number of our magazine, is the son of the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, of Portland, America, and was born in that city on the 27th of February, 1807. At the age of fourteen, he entered Bowdoin college, through the studies of which he passed with distinguished success. In 1825, he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in the same college,—an undeniable testimony to the estimation in which he was held, by those who had had the best opportunity of judging of his character. He laboriously prepared himself for the duties of his office, and for that purpose, travelled three years and a half in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland, and England. In 1829, he returned to America, well fitted for the post he was called upon to occupy. During the leisure hours, and they could not have been many, he could spare from college duties, he composed those beautiful poems, which already have won for him not merely an American, but an European fame. Upon the resignation, by Professor Ticknor, of the chair of modern languages and *belles lettres*, in the University of Cambridge, Mr. Longfellow, though then but twenty-eight, was elected in his stead. As on a former occasion, he prepared himself for his post, by visiting Europe; but this time he visited principally the north. Denmark, Sweden, Germany, and Switzerland, attracted his steps; after a short sojourn in these countries, he returned to America in 1836, and immediately entered upon his duties at the University of Cambridge, where, with the exception of a short visit to Europe in 1842, for the benefit of his health, he has since remained. The life of the man of letters is generally marked by but few incidents. As with others, so with our author, this rule holds good.

"Evangeline" is his longest and most artistic poem. His other publications are entitled, "Voices of the Night," "Poems on Slavery, and Additional Poems," "Ballads and Translations." His poems are of an order to which we have none akin. Germany, more than England, has been the source of his inspiration. Our own writers of short poems,—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley,—have nothing in common with him. He is still further removed from our lyric writers, from Burns to Moore. He writes, like Cowper, with a purpose, and his verses have a liquid flow, to which the former can lay no claim. Of Longfellow's graphic power of description, the following is a favourable specimen. It is headed "Woods in Winter."

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

To our minds the foregoing is very natural and suggestive. It forms one of his earlier poems; "poems," as he informs us, "written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen." We extract from the "Voices of the Night," the noble 'Psalm of Life,' which, we doubt not, has inspired many a youthful heart with high hopes and indomitable resolves. To the man also of little faith, sinking beneath the waves of life, it is fitted to come as an inspiration and celestial voice.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way:
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints in the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate:
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labour and to wait.

We cannot close our extracts without quoting the following spirited translation from the German.

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

There sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,
Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
"Long live the Swabian land!

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare;
With all the stout and hardy men
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,—
And dashed his beard with wine;
"I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine!

"The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land!
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!'
A bold Bohemian cries;
"If there's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and bourne."

* * * *

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more contend,—
There lies the happiest land!"

Our purpose, by this time, is already attained. We have endeavoured to introduce Longfellow to the English reader. Sure are we, that this voice from the "far West" will be welcomed and responded to, in many an English home.

THE DIRGE OF SUMMER.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

High 'mid the hills whose hoary crests
  Looked wide o'er land and sea,
Where the heath-cock sprang from his mountain-couch,
  And the young fawn gambolled free,—
Where the sunlight with its golden gleams,
  Lay bright on lake and dell,
A minstrel wailed in mournful strains
  The summer's bright farewell.

"Queen of the year! we hail no more
  The glory of thy prime,
For the year with all its wondrous wealth
  Hath waned before its time.
Where are thy balmy winds, whose breath
  Shed perfume as they swept,
By ruined fanes, whose flowery graves
  Forgotten tears have wept?

"Where is the beauty of thy woods,
  Whose magic glory hung
Like a dream of old on every heart
  O'er which their shades were flung?
The silent beauty of the dells,
  Domed in by azure skies—
Oh, will it never more return,
  To bless these aching eyes?

"The hills! oh they were bright of yore,
  Neath evening's golden skies!
When the tints of rose and violet bathed
  Their cliffs with fleeting dyes;
Bright were the glens when the light waxed dim,
  The glorious light of day;
For the new moon with its crescent bow
  Lay in the lap of May!

'The voices of the mountain streams,
Had music in their tone,
As they swept on past many a home,
Whose realm lay wide and lone;
And the merry laugh of childhood blent
With the music of the streams;
And the mingled voice of woods and waves
Lay deep on boyhood's dreams!

"And bright were all thy forest glades,
Thou joy of every heart!
And shall we see thy sun's decay,
Thy golden lights depart?
How shall we mourn thy sapphire skies,
Thy glorious twilight gleams,
When the snow lies thick upon the roof,
And the frost binds up the streams!

"Well have we loved to trace thy steps
Amidst the whispering corn,
When the stars waxed dim in eastern skies,
And brightly gleamed the morn,
When the lark hung in the summer-cloud
And trilled his notes of glee;
But the lay is hushed, and the minstrel flown,
And we chaunt a dirge for thee!

"Thou had'st no darkness in thy nights,
More lovely than the day,
For the azure tints of thy twilight hours,
Ne'er passed from earth away!
Thy brows were hung with many a star,
The Chaldeans named of old,
Ere the eye of love had waxened dim,
Or the heart of faith grew cold!

"And hushed are now thy songs that stirred
Our pulses with their glee,
And deep the summer's fallen leaves
Lie dead by copse and lea,
And those we loved, whose tones could make
The life's blood mounting start;
Where are they?—to the land of dreams
Like shades we all depart!"

BLACK REDMOND,

OR A FOSTER-BROTHER'S DEVOTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLARENDON."

It was on one of the very wildest March nights in the Spring of 1847, if Spring that could be called, when the snow lay white upon the ground, and a sharp shower of hail was falling,—that a young man dressed in the substantial garb of a comfortable Wexford farmer, drew up his horse before the door of a little public house on the high road to Enniscorthy, and applying the butt end of his whip to the panels, cried out in a lusty tone, "Padhre alanna, come out wid ye, Padhre Horrogan, and give me a stoup of the potheen, for I'm could as charity, avoch, and there's a long ride before me! d'ye hear, Padhre honey?"

"And it's just myself that's glad to see your father's son, Mr. Pierce, a-chorra-ma-chree!" cried Padhre Horrogan, running out with a blazing candle in one hand, and a tumbler of whisky punch, smoking hot, in the other. "Will ye not get down a minute, sir, and warm yourself in the chimney, for it's mortial cold alanna."

"No, no Paddy," cried the young man, with a melancholy smile that seemed quite a stranger to his fine frank countenance glowing with a manly bloom owing to his cold and rapid ride. "You know well enough that when one's on a sartain errand, delays are dangerous; thank ye kindly though for the offer."

"And it 'ill be to Glendhue-oge ye're going, master Pierce?' said the other, looking keenly at him from beneath his shaggy brows. "Well, well, alanna, it's myself that's glad to see the warrum heart you carry there wid ye, when so many that faisted and wassailed wid them in gayer times are could and scornful enough now, and forget them altogether."

"It's a burning shame, and a sin, Paddy," returned the young man, as an indignant frown settled upon his handsome features: "but it's a long lane that has no turning, avoch, and who knows but that the Careys may be able to turn their backs on the richest of them yet, without a 'By your lave,' for their pains."

"And it's myself that would like to see that day, machree," said Padhre Horrogan, eagerly. "And how's the darling Aileenbawn Mister Pierce?"

"Sorely troubled, Paddy, thank ye — but that reminds me I must not dally here, and her a looking for me, the darling," so good night, Paddy," and Pierce Butler gathered up his bridle rein as he spoke, and with a farewell shout was presently lost in the darkness.

A half hour's ride soon brought him to a farm-house, which, sheltered by a few trees in the rear, and ornamented in the front by a small garden, would have looked snug and comfortable, were it not for the absence of the well filled stackyard, which being almost invariably in the south of Ireland placed alongside of the residence itself is at once the boast and ornament of the honest proprietor's house.

Pierce sighed as he glanced at the empty yard, with its snow covered ricks, but manfully gulphing down his emotion he leaped down to open the gate, and drawing the bridle over his arm led his horse into the open stable, and then hurried with a beating heart into the large spacious kitchen, in which the family of an evening usually sat.

"God save ye kindly!" was his salutation, as he opened the door, and took in at a glance the well known group assembled round the fire. "It's a could, bitter night, Mrs. Carey, but I wasn't aisy ontil I'd ridden over to see how ye all wor.—Redmond how is it wid you, my man?" and he grasped the hard coarse hand of the master of the house with a kindly pressure.

"Middling, middling, Pierce a chorra!" said Redmond Carey, in a time of deep dejection, as he led the young man forward. "Broken fortunes, and false friends are not the best things in the world to make a man gay and aisy at heart."

"But there's still one true friend, Redmond dear," said his wife, wistfully as she bustled about to get her visitor a chair in the warmest nook, one that through weal or woe will be true to us. Oh Pierce achorramadru, but it is a woful house ye've come to this night. —ochone! ochone!"

"Where's Aileen?" demanded the young man, eagerly looking round, as his eye missed the well known form of Ellen Carey. —"Sure she cannot know that I'm here.—Go, Peggy alanna and tell her that Pierce Butler's here."

"Aileen will be here in a moment, Pierce, dear," rejoined the vanithee, mournfully. "But sit yez down and hear what the masther has to say, alanna."

Pierce sate down with an impatient gesture, to listen to the long and dreary list of grievances the old man had to unfold wondering more at the reason of Ellen's absence, than pitying the misfortunes of the worthy couple he was visiting;—although their sorrows were neither few nor light, and his own admiration and affection for the gentle Aileen-bawn or Fair Ellen, as she was popularly called, naturally made those misfortunes of the greatest interest to himself.

It would be a tedious tale to relate in Redmond Carey's own words the long and melancholy narrative of his misfortunes. We shall instead give a slight sketch of the household of Glendhu-oge, such as it was in the night that we find Pierce Butler visiting it, and then describe with a rapid hand the terrible misfortunes that ensued, which seemed to steep its wretched proprietor to the very lips in guilt.

First, then, in the group that were assembled round the blazing hearth, sat old Bridget Carey, the grandmother of Aileen-bawn, with the weight of five and eighty years stamped on a frame that had in earlier days been the theme of many an admiring tongue; winter and summer, she never left the well-cushioned wicker chair she now occupied, and winter and summer, loving hands with gentle ministrations tended the afflicted yet patient being, whose lamp now burned towards its setting. Farther back—as if to show his humble position in the family, and yet near enough to the remainder of the group to proclaim his connexion with it, sat a man still apparently in the prime of life, who was popularly known in the district by the name of Shawn Foddah. This soubriquet, which in English means Long Shawn, you might have seen at the first glance at his spare, sinewy, and muscular frame, was not inappropriately applied; Shawn Sullivan, as he was really named, being one of the tallest and strongest men in the barony. Having become, through the illness of Redmond Carey's mother at the time the latter was an infant, the master's foster-brother, Shawn Foddah, to give him his usual designation, had ever after shared the fortunes of the family; but as these, through a long series of years, had never been chequered by misfortune, no one had ever been able to determine, whether Shawn's devotion to his patrons was sincere or not.

Whether he was loyal or not in this particular, he certainly attracted the attention of Pierce Butler on this especial occasion by the unwonted excitement under which he seemed to labour. His wild, dishevelled hair, and bloodshot eyes, fixed full upon the blaze that was reflected back in them, his flushed visage and heaving throat, as the unhappy Carey dwelt upon the subject of his wrongs, and the involuntary starts he made whenever the voice of his foster-brother rose higher in its wailing tones, evidently denoted some unusual agitation, which it was but fair to infer had an immediate connexion with their common misfortune.

Redmond Carey, or Black Redmond, as he was popularly styled, from the swarthy complexion and black hair that once characterised him, sat in the centre of the group, with his arms folded on his breast, rocking himself to and fro in his grief, and ever and anon grasping the passive hand of his poor wife, who sat with her apron folded over her head, sobbing bitterly. His hair was now grey with grief and care, and the once handsome face, ploughed with many a heavy wrinkle, whilst his voice, that so lately had been merry and sonorous in its tones, was tremulous with agitation and grief.

"But the struggle has come at last, Pierce, achora," cried he, at length, with a heavy sigh, as he pressed the cold hand that lay next him to his heart; "ochone! ochone! but it's a bitther thing to turn an honest man, that always paid his rent whilst things were to the fore wid him, on the very nail itself, out av dhoores in this could, could winther weather; it is, it is, alanna!"

"Oh Redmond, dear, but it won't come to that, acushla machree," murmured his unhappy wife. "There's the ould woman, achora, who would have the heart to turn her out widout a roof to shelter her at this bitther saisin, and purty Aileen, too —oh dear! oh dear! but they must have could hearts that would dare that, achora!"

It is impossible to describe the pathos with which the poor, broken-hearted creature said this, and yet the passionate burst of tears with which she finished the sentence showed how little faith the poor woman had in her own assertions.

At that moment the door opened, and Redmond Carey's only child entered. Pierce instantly sprang up, and advancing to meet her, caught her to his breast, imprinting one passionate kiss upon her pallid lips, as he led her to the sorrowing group around the fire, every one of whom, with the exception of the aged grandmother, inquired with their eyes what their tongues refused to ask.

"Spake out Aileen ma bouchal," said Mrs. Carey at length, after a sickening silence, as she removed the wet cloak and bonnet from the graceful form of her beloved child. "Spake out at wanst, love, and let us know the worst. Does Mr. O'Clery refuse us longer possession of the poor place we've all been bred and born to?"

"He does, mother dear," sobbed Ellen, as she clung weeping to her lover's neck. "He had me into his fine drawing-room, as if to mock me for all the sorrow and darkness I'd left at home, and though I was humble enough, sure, and prayed for a little longer grace, yet oh, mother, I saw it was all of no use. I coul not have begged as I did, had I not thought of dear granny here and father, and you, turned adrift in the wide world, and when I went down on my knase to him—"

"You didn't knale to him, Aileen, acushla?" cried Pierce, impetuously.

"Hush Pierce avick," sobbed the young girl, tenderly. "I did knale, dear, and prayed with all my might to him for a little respite, even a poor month, if nothing more, and then the false villain—"

"What alanna?" cried Redmond, starting to his daughter's side. "He didn't, oh, the cruel villain didn't dare to insult our poverty so, did he?" and he glared round upon the trembling forms before him with all the ferocity of a tiger.

"Oh father dear, he did—he did indeed!" cried the beautiful girl, as she threw herself with a wild burst of grief into her father's arms, "and I could have spurned him to the earth as he said it, had I not thought of you, and of all of us, and then I fled away with a wild fire burning in my brain, *and we're to be turned adrift next week, alanna!*"

As this terrible confirmation of all his fears was announced to the old man, he placed his daughter gently on her mother's lap, and then stood for several minutes in the centre of the floor, like one bereft of reason, his eyes wide open, yet glazed and visionless, his visage of a deathly white, and every limb apparently frozen to stone. At last a deep sigh escaped him, and then, as the tears coursed each other down his cheeks, he advanced with staggering steps to the side of his mother's chair, stooped down, and kissed her, and then murmured, "God's will be done! but och! my heart will break!"

Pierce, who was the only one of the company that noticed the action, remarked that the venerable old woman smiled as her son rose up. It added one more painful emotion to the harrowing tragedy that was passing before him.

"And now, Pierce alanna," said Mr. Carey, in an altered tone, as he laid his heavy hand upon his shoulder. "Go home, and may the blessing of God be wid yez; I need scarcely tell you that sorely humbled and tried as we have been, and yet will be, that this is no time for dhraming of weddings and faistings. God be wid you, my dear lad, and if ever Redmond Carey should come to his own again, why then.—"

"Oh Redmond, it goes to my very heart to hear you talk so," cried the young man, grasping the hand he extended to him with a convulsive passion. "But it's useless talking about my giving up Aileen there, for it's what I cannot do!—it 'ud be the death of me, Redmond, it would indeed. Aileen dear, can we ever forget each other?" he asked, crossing over, and taking her hand.

Aileen's colour came and went like light and shade upon some beautiful landscape, as her lover put this simple question to her with all the pathos of ardent love: twice or thrice she attempted to speak, but could not, and then, with a faint scream, fell into the young man's arms, insensible.

"Go away now, Pierce dear," said Redmond, gravely, as Mrs. Carey and Peggy carried her to a chair. "Another time, my man, when the grief isn't so heavy on us, one may talk about you and Aileen, but not now, not now achora!"

"Good night, then, Redmond, and may God's pity be wid you," said the young man, in a broken voice, as he wrung his hand once more. "Tell Aileen from me, when she awakes, that Pierce Butler will never forget her, and that he'd go barefoot through the world, a scorn and a bye-word to all, so that he had her love and affection to cheer him through all. Tell her that, Redmond, and the blessing of God be wid you."

He was gone before another word was said, and a moment after Shawn Foddah rose up in his gigantic stature from his seat, and shouldering an immense club, which was his usual attendant, cast a look of pity upon the crushed and insensible form of poor Aileen, as he passed, and was seen no more that night by the wretched inhabitants of Glendhu-oge.

The gale-day approached, and Redmond Carey, like thousands of his unfortunate countrymen in that dreadful year, was unable to pay up his rent. His landlord, Mr. O'Clery, was a hard landlord, and although himself in difficulties, lived so much beyond his own means that even if he had had the will he would scarcely have had the power to show any leniency to an old and respectable tenant. Besides, he had himself been threatened with an execution, if he could not satisfy certain debts he had contracted with his Dublin wine-merchant, and so Redmond's remaining stock of corn and cattle, together with nearly all the household furniture, was swept off under a writ, and the unhappy and agonised man himself favoured with an intimation that within three days from that time he would be turned adrift, a houseless beggar upon the world.

The day immediately preceding that on which the ejection was to be made, chanced to be that on which the usual weekly market of Enniscorthy was held, and Redmond, with a sinking heart, took leave of his wife and child, and set out to walk thither, for the first time in his life a ruined and heart-broken man. The few debts he owed in the town he had determined to discharge by the sale of a very old gold watch, and a few other trinkets which had been in the possesion of poor Bridget for many years; he also wished to have an interview with the lawyer who had drawn up the lease of his farm, which had been originally granted for a long term of years by the former owner, but which Mr. O'Clery had broken through on coming to the estate, and it was in the maintenance of his right that Redmond's embarrasments originally proceeded.

It will be readily believed that the painful feelings under which the unhappy man laboured were not improved by the degradation he felt at encountering on foot many of his old companions, who, well mounted and gay at heart, passed him on his way. Further than a hasty feeling that passed with its object, however, these rencontres would have been speedily forgotten, had they not been all revived and increased tenfold in bitterness by seeing, just on entering the town, Mr. O'Clery himself riding past on a splendid hunter, swinging his huge silver-mounted riding-whip, as was his habit, at arm's length before him. The sight of his destroyer at such a moment, apparently enjoying his misery, almost drove Redmond Carey to madness, and it was with the greatest difficulty he refrained from dragging him from his horse and sating the vengeance he felt burning at his breast upon him.

The watch sold and the little debts he owed strictly discharged, Redmond next attempted to procure an interview with lawyer O'Grady, but after sitting an hour in his waiting-room he was at last informed that the lawyer could not see him, as he was particularly engaged. As he went down the narrow, ill lighted stairs again, he made a false step, and would have fallen had there not chanced to be some one coming up, against whom he fell with considerable violence.

"Tare and ages! connot you mind where you're comng to?" cried the hoarse voice of Mr. O'Clery, passionately, who added on recognising him, "Oh, it's you, Mr. Redmond Carey, is it? I hope all the family are quite well at home."

Redmond's hand was on his breast almost before the unhappy man himself knew what he was doing, for he thought of Aileenbawn at that moment, and then the next instant he flung his destroyer from him, and strode down the stairs with a terrible wild feeling of hatred and revenge swelling at his heart, whilst at the same moment O'Grady's clerk appeared on the landing above, attracted by the scuffle.

"It was only that rascal, Carey," cried the coward haughtily. "We had a little quarrel, but it is over now, for the present, although he shall hear more of it yet, I promise him," and he went up stairs.

Sick, and weary, and heavy at heart, the unhappy Carey, after meeting with his landlord, still lingered about the town, until it was dusk, being naturally unwilling to entail upon himself a repetition of the slights he had encountered in the morning, as well as dreading to behold the melancholy scene he knew would await him on his reaching home. He did not however, repair to any inn, as was his wont, but wandered about the town, a prey to a thousand conflicting horrors, until night had set in, and the moon was up.

Then with a sinking heart, that every moment grew heavier, he set out on his melancholy pilgrimage, picturing over in his mind, with every step, the sorrowing group that were awaiting him at home, and at times breaking in upon his musings to wonder what could have become of Shawn Foddah, who had not been seen by him since the night of Pierce Butler's visit, and then wandering on to his short and unexpected meeting with his landlord, Mr. O'Clery; poor Redmond inwardly prayed that the latter might have already reached his home, otherwise, he feared if he met him that the temptation would be too strong, and he knew from experience that his own strength and passion were fearful, when both were fully called into play; the former was in fact proverbial in the barony.

He had gone about half the way, when he came upon a lonely place, which, lying at the foot of a deep ravine, clothed with trees and brushwood, looked still more wild and lonesome from the black and silent pool that stretched almost down to the road's edge at the bottom. Redmond involuntarily paused as he approached, for the aspect of the place had often struck his fancy, and now, as the moonlight fell full upon it, he was very much startled by discovering something white lying apparently across the road, nearly into the pool. A horrible suspicion crossed his mind for a moment, and then, summoning up his courage, he ran rapidly down the steep bank, and as he neared the spot was terrified by perceiving a confirmation of his suspicions that it was a dead body that lay across the path.

It lay with the face downwards, and the dress, which Redmond remembered to resemble that Mr. O'Clery wore, when he met him, prepared him for the worst, long before he had time to roll the face upwards and disclose the pale, fixed features of his unfortunate landlord, scowling even in death upon him, with two or three heavy gashes upon the temples, and which had evidently produced death. Redmond involuntarily started back as his hand came in contact with the cold, clammy brow, and stumbling through terror, nearly fell over a massy club that was lying almost within arm's length of the corpse.

He took it up and surveyed it with a sickening terror in the moonlight, and in a moment knew all. It was the club Shawn

Foddah always carried, and the devoted but guilty creature had deprived the miserable wretch before him of life, through mistaken devotion to his foster-brother.

Whilst the unfortunate Redmond still stood over his late implacable enemy, bewildered with his own thoughts, the sound of some one approaching became audible; he was however too much absorbed in his own reflections to be aware of it, until a familiar voice at his elbow made him start, and then he beheld Pierce Butler, accompanied by two neighbouring farmers, drawn up before him.

" Holy virgin, Redmond, what have you there ?" cried Pierce, almost more terrified by Redmond's appearance than by the insensible mass that was lying at his feet. " Speak, man, speak ! is he in a fit, Redmond, or what ?"

" It is no fit, Pierce, avick," said Redmond, with a shudder. " The miserable wretch is gone to his account at last."

A sudden mist came over Pierce, as the unhappy man said these words, and then one of the farmers said gravely, " Mr. Carey, is the man murdhered entirely ?"

" He is quite dead," said Redmond, stoically. " He was cold when I found him, and was lying on his face."

"The two men exchanged glances, and then the other said, " I am sorry to appear to press heavily on an unfortunate man, and good neighbour, Redmond Carey, and yet, remembering the ill feeling that subsisted between Mr. O'Clery and yourself, you cannot blame me for saying that this unfortunate business looks very black against yourself, especially as you are the first person seen with the dead body."

" I had just come up, Terence," said Redmond, with stern composure. " But to put an end to all altercation, I am quite ready to go with you, provided this dear lad here," touching Pierce on the shoulder, " will ride on and explain to my family the reason of my absence."

" That's all fair and handsome, entirely," said one of the men, and Redmond then led the young man a little apart.

" Pierce, my boy," said he, after regarding the young man fixedly for a few moments; " you, at least, do not believe me guilty of this horrible crime, avick."

" No, Redmond, I do not," answered the young man, grasping his hand ; " were there ten thousand witnesses ready to swear you did it, I would never believe Redmond Carey capable of steeping his hands in the blood of his fellow man."

" Then go to them, Pierce, aroon, and tell them all ! stay wid them, Pierce, ontil I come out of jail agin, if it is their pleasure to send me there," cried Redmond, as the tears started to his eyes. " And now God Almighty bless you, my dear boy, and good-bye; half the bittherness of this blow is spared me in knowing that you are there to comfort poor Bridget and Aileen-bawn."

Pierce wrung his hand in silence, and promising that Redmond should hear from his family in the morning, rode away, and poor Redmond retraced his steps to Enniscorthy in company with his guards.

The fact seemed so clearly established, coupled as it was with the circumstance of the prisoner and Mr. O'Clery having quarrelled on lawyer O'Grady's stairs, that the magistrates felt themselves compelled to commit Redmond, although, until that moment, so highly was he respected, that one and all felt that they would just as soon have considered themselves capable of committing so atrocious a crime.

Mr. O'Clery's death, however, delayed for a time the ejection of Redmond's wretched family from his farm. Word had been received from the new proprietor that they had on no account to be disturbed until his arrival, and being only a very distant relative, as well as having been on very bad terms for many years with the late landlord, people said that even if anything did happen to Redmond, that the chances were very much in favour of Mrs. Carey being permitted to continue in it, if she chose.

The assizes happened to be held within a fortnight of Redmond's incarceration, and as the trial had attracted great attention from the strange and exciting circumstances attending it, more particularly from the known respectability of the prisoner, coupled with the mystery that enveloped the perpetration of the crime itself, the court-house was crowded.to suffocation, long before the trial itself took place.

Redmond entered the dock, almost insensible either to the shame of his situation or to the hope of escaping the fate that impended over him; for the events of the last few weeks had so stupified him with grief, that he had grown almost indifferent to life itself. Through the kindness of the jailor, he had that morning been permitted an interview with his wife and child, and the last tones of their voices were still thrilling in his ears as he took his place in the dock, and was required to plead.

"Not guilty," he pleaded, proudly, as his eye for a moment ran calmly round the court.

The trial proceeded. The two farmers swore, though reluctantly, to the fact of discovering the prisoner with the body.

"I do not deny that," said Redmond, in a low tone; "I was the first person found with the body, my lord."

"Has the prisoner no counsel?" demanded the judge.

"No, my lord," said Redmond, calmly. "Through a long series of misfortunes I have become too poor to retain one, even if I wished; if, however, I am innocent, I shall not need one."

The trial went on; it was very late when it commenced, and already the shades of evening were stealing over that sea of human heads, when the twelve jurors returned to their box, after an absence of a few minutes; the facts were so few and so plain, and the guilt so evident, that it had been merely a form to retire at all.

"How do you find your verdict, gentlemen?" demanded the judge, in a sonorous tone, in the hushed silence that prevailed.

"Guilty, my lord!" answered the foreman, in a whisper.

And then, as the judge slowly put on the terrible black cap, a piercing shriek rang through the court, and the next moment Shawn Foddah, more like a frightful phantom than a human being, pushed his way through the crowd, who shrunk from him as they would from a madman, and leaping up into the dock, uttered a yell that made even the impassive old judge shudder with terror, and lifting himself up in his gigantic stature, above the surrounding spectators, cried out:—

"It was me that did it—me! me! It was Shawn that did the murdher enthirely, and the masther had nothing at all! at all! to do wid it! och masther dear, but I'll die happy in knowing that poor Shawn saved your life, achorramachree, wid his own," and then turning fiercely to the constables that surrounded them he cried, in a stentorian voice,—

"D'ye hear, ye spalpeens, yez! take that honest man away, and thry me instead—shure he's as innocent as the colleen-dhas of the chrime, and it was meself that sarved the cruel ould villian out for all his thricks upon an honest man."

"Prisoner at the bar!" said the judge, solemnly, addressing Shawn, "do you avow that you committed this atrocious crime upon the late Mr. O'Clery, with which your late master, Redmond Carey, is charged."

"I do, and isn't it a burning shame that the masther there should be put to such indignities, and myself to the fore to take my chance ave them, carp aduoul! but if you dunna proceed, my lord"—

"Silence sirrah," cried the judge, sternly. "Redmond Carey, you are discharged, and you, Shawn Sullivan are here called upon to stand your trial for wilful murder committed upon one of the king's lieges."

"Masther dear," whispered Shawn, as a constable took Redmond by the arm, and was leading him away still more dead than alive. "There's the vanithee and Aileen-bawn awaiting for you widout, avick, and masther Pierce, too, who wid half an eye I can see has put his comether on the purty colleen-dhas; and when Aileen has the childre about your knase, and the vanithee sits smiling in her aisy chair afore ye, on the wintry nights, ye'll may be think sometimes of poor Shawn Foddah, and how he died to sarve yez—ochone."

And Redmond Carey and his gentle wife did think of the poor deluded, yet faithful Shawn; and years after the loyal creature had expiated his guilt upon the scaffold, proclaiming to the last his devotion to his foster-brother, then, when as poor Shawn himself anticipated, the children of Pierce and Ellen Butler were clambering upon the knee of their indulgent grandfather, they never mentioned his name without shedding many a bitter tear over the fate of a being whose only guilt sprung from his devotion to Black Redmond and his family.

INVISIBLE INK.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! give back the relic; forbear to detain
The page that is seemingly free from a stain.
Its fitful revealings to thee are unknown,
The secret must yield to no hand but my own.
I place it awhile in the hearth's genial light,
Behold—hidden characters start to the sight,
And fondly I love on the season to think,
When I traced these brief lines with Invisible Ink!

'Twas the thought of the moment—a light, passing lay,
Yet well I remember that fair summer-day,
Dear friends stood beside me; I wrote my glad words
Mid the rushing of waters, the music of birds;
Kind voices around me breathed lovingly then,
And fond earnest eyes watched the stroke of my pen;
No omen, no sign, taught my spirit to shrink,
As I poured forth my hopes in Invisible Ink!

Oh! where is that circle? a drear gloomy void.
Oh! where are those hopes? darkened, quelled, and destroyed.
Yet calm are my accents, serene is my brow,
And none have surmised my soul's sorrow till now;
Past scenes rise before me—I may not repel
The soft stealing magic of Memory's spell,
The wood, the wild valley, the fountain's clear brink—
Stand forth in those lines of Invisible Ink!

Oh! feel for the heart's inward sadness, nor deem
That all are as tranquil and blest as they seem,
But few, may, perchance, have a tale to repeat
Of lines quaintly traced on a mystical sheet;
Yet many, alas! have the power to disclose
Deep secrets of life's former raptures and woes,
Of whose hidden existence the crowd little think,
Since the record is stamped with Invisible Ink!

HOW DO FRIENDS PART

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Oh! how do friends, sincere ones, part?
Not with reserve, constraint;
But the upleaping of the heart,
Which, language cannot paint,—
And, then that dead sick sinking down,
Of absolute despair,
As, if the face of hope a frown
For them alone doth wear.
With quiv'ring lip, and pallid cheek
And eye o'er brimmed with tears;

And minds too flurried far, to speak
Their jealousies and fears,—
With trembling hand, that, fain would clasp
Each other's, and retain;
And choking breath, whose stifled gasp
Cannot express their pain:
Do FRIENDS thus part? is such THEIR woe?
Their agony? their grief?
No! lovers separate but so,
Who only hope relief
From the cold grave, their pangs to cure,
Their anguish to abate;
And, yet who would SUCH life endure,
Nay, dare more wretched fate,
Than cease to BE, so fondly thought
On each delights to dwell;
Though ev'ry added moment brought
New woes, their hearts to swell.
For, it seems to those loving hearts,
A dread alternative,
(At which imagination starts,)
No more for each to live.
Such hallowed union binds the twain,
That sorrow cannot sever;
And, though aware they love in vain,
They still are faithful ever!—
Drawing from something hope beyond,
Their source of bliss innate;
Which raises hearts, would else despond,
Mysteriously elate.
It is that TRUST, that though in tears
Their lives are passing now,
When re-united in the spheres,
Their Earth-forbidden vow
In heav'n will fully sanctioned be,
And registered above,
To last through all Eternity
In one strong bond of love!

SWISSIANA.

CHAPTER VI.*

Flight by Night.

> Ere the artisan
> Had from his window leant, drowsy, half-clad,
> To snuff the morn, or the caged lark poured forth,
> From his green sod upspringing as to heaven,
> . . . . . on my way I went,
> Thy gates, Geneva, swinging heavily:
> Thy gates so slow to open, swift to shut.
>
> ROGERS' "Italy."

A CELEBRATED French writer of the last century, speaking of the English, has remarked that to understand the men you must first study the women. Now this remark, true as it most undoubtedly is, he confines to our country alone, whereas it is applicable to all civilized nations and to the great portion of those still in a state of barbarism, except where woman is held in undue subjection or actual slavery.

Far better was the reply of the young collegian, who on his return from making the tour of Europe in company with his tutor, being questioned by his parent regarding the nature, history, and languages of the countries through which he had passed, exclaimed:—

"Oh! but the women, sir!"

"What's that you say—eh? The women! and that is how you study countries?" cries the flinty father. "Get along, you young dog, you, or I'll cut you off with a shilling."

If nature has done much for Geneva in the way of scenery, she has in truth been sparing enough in her gifts of beauty on the forms and faces of the gentler portion of its inhabitants, for with few exceptions, principally among the French families who have settled there, a plainer race I have seldom set my eyes on. In a country so like Scotland in character, history, and manners of its people, the traveller, setting all antiquarian genealogies aside, might naturally expect to behold the same fair forms welcome him on his arrival, cheer him with their beaming bright eyes and pretty smile, and imprint upon his heart, to sigh at when he returns home, the memory of " the fair one in the far countree." For travellers, it must be remembered, are the most susceptible of mortals. Mungo Park, was he not smitten with the *fair* Ethiop's charms and kindness to him, when benighted on the banks of the Niger? But that was owing to hospitality, you will say. However, nothing is so agreeable a relief to the eye, after a succession of grand and beautiful scenery, as a pretty face. You tire of mountains, glaciers, cascades, echoes, and guides; they are all very well in their way, and numbers of people travel from our shores to see them, and nothing else. They have visited Ferney, and bought Voltaire's cane—they have seen a live chamois—they have purchased salad spoons and forks on the top of the Rhigi—and they have seen the Lucerne Lions. "Buffon makes no mention of the females of Helvetia," says the naturalist; "and 'Murray,'—'Murray,' who gives every thing, from the value of a batz to the inscription on Pierre Pertuis—says nothing about the women!"

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* Continued from page 135 vol. liii.

The task then is left me! and I, who give such trifling details and note speeches like " our reporter," I at least cannot shrink from the duty. Such will the reader exclaim. But it will destroy all the romance which attaches itself to the name of Switzerland, all the ideas you have formed of William Tell's eldest daughter, and Anne of Gierstein. And would you have me dispel these charming illusions—these romantic illusions? Surely romance is too rare and too delightful to be plucked away by so rude a hand. Shall I tell you that the Swiss damsels are not so lovely as you may imagine? That if they are fair and *naïve*, they are as inconstant as Cressid, or would treat their sighing lover with as little compunction as did Eugenia Belson the *blasé* Tremaine? God forbid! my task is not so hateful as that. I speak of them but as He has made them.

The Genevese ladies are totally different from the Scotch, whom, as I have just said, I expected they would resemble. Instead of golden hair, blue eyes, and high cheek bones, they have mostly round faces, small features, and dark hair. One of the greatest ornaments to a woman's person they are almost universally deficient in — namely, fine teeth. Their eyebrows are very high; their cheeks a good deal freckled. In figure they are small. They dress for the most part neatly, in which they follow the fashions of their French neighbours, as is the case with most Europeans.—The ladies of the aristocracy are a great blue stocking race, and many most intelligent and witty persons are to be found among them. They are exceedingly exclusive, however, except when talent, or English gold, appears: in which, according to our argument, we discern the nature of the men. The soirées given by these ladies are delightful parties; and though the *bourgeoises* strive to imitate them in this respect, it must not be supposed that they in any way succeed. Many a tourist will say that he has attended the soirées at Geneva, and that they are miserable affairs, but few who have really had the privilege of being admitted, will say the same of the soirées of the Haute-Ville. True, they are cheap affairs, hence probably the *bourgeois* imitations, but the company one meets there is at times such as as can only be met with once or twice in a life time. Such men as Töpfer, De la Rive, Delâtre, Humbert, *cum multis aliis*, would render enchanting the plainest of parties; and the number of illustrious foreigners, who are ever passing to and fro, bringing fresh subjects on the carpet, or imparting novel information, all conspire to stamp a freshness and spirit over these *réunions*, which their unostentatious method would not lead one to expect. The English and Russians, when provided with good introductions, are the most welcome guests. The French, strange to say, whèn we think how much Geneva resembles the large provincial towns of that nation, are the least courted and sought for. A Parisian is easily recognisable by his accent and phraseology. The Genevese aristocracy consider that they speak the purest French, a conceit which reminds me that the Edinburgh folk think the same with regard to the Belgravians; both of which are equally absurd. Besides these soirées, in winter several balls are given, when perhaps the company is not quite of so high a standard. They usually take place in the upper rooms of the Casino, which are admirably adapted for the purpose. The lower rooms of this building are set apart for concerts and lectures; for the former, during the winter, and when the weather will not allow of those on the " Jean Jacques" island; for the latter, on Sunday evenings.

In speaking of the females of the middle classes in Geneva, it will be sufficient merely to notice their chief characteristics, because, save in these, they differ but slightly from the ladies of the Haute Ville. As in most lands, so it is here. Degrees run similar, spite of the republican statute book. Balaam's wife slanders and imitates as well as possible the patrician's lady; the merchant's wife has the same returned to her by Madame

Epicier, and thus it descends to the lowest ranks, even to the scavenger, who sums up the whole and cares for none.

It is said that the cafés in Geneva do not prosper; there are but few, and those few mostly supported by foreigners. This speaks volumes for the bourgeois lady. The citizens enjoy their homes, they love their fire-sides during winter, cold here as at St. Petersburg, and their arbours in summer. The tea table with them is the magnet of domestic manners, the circle of social intercourse. And a hospitable meal is this tea-drinking at Geneva. An early riser, and dining about mid-day, the citizen's business is far advanced when that of his neighbour is about to commence. Everything is reserved for the *goûté*. Is there any news in the papers, does a new book arrive from Paris, is there a topic of local interest, does a neighbour send up a curiosity for inspection, is there any discussion, theological, political, scientific, or literary—it is reserved for the *goûté*. And the same with more material things, they are all reserved for *goûté*. Potatoes, stewed prunes, custard puddings, lilac leaves covered with batter—a species of vegetable white bait—and the last jar of honey from "our friends at Chamounix!" Beef, sausages, garlick, apple tarts, and cheese! The table has to be lengthened, the maids don fresh caps, the cook reserves all his skill and energy—for *goûté*. And now the stranger is welcome; here are spare seats for chance guests; come in; there is room for all, enough for all; and the urn sings so gaily, and the faces assembled look so happy, that the Englishman is at once transported to his own dear fire-side. The animal wants satisfied, it is now time for the spiritual. But none of your dry treatises, your pamphlets on political economy, your statistical arguments! Reserve them for other moments, —they find no sympathy after *goûté*. The maid Louise knows better. She knows what is fit for after *goûté*. See, she rolls a reading desk before the patriarch of the family; she places Molière upon it, or anything else she is desired. Then she gathers up the remnants of the repast, contracts the table, darkens the room, closes quietly the door, and away! leaving the company's sides to ache at "Le Malade Imaginaire." Sometimes Mozart usurps the place of Molière, sometimes Melpomene; but whatever it is, long may the bourgeois lady preside at the *goûté!*

If the ladies happen to have no cavalier with them when they go abroad into the streets of Geneva, a bonnetless househelp follows them. The same when they attend any public meetings. In winter the servant may be seen carrying a small box carefully in her hand. It is a *chauffe-pied,* or portable stove, which is modestly inserted beneath her mistress's petticoats, when the latter takes her seat either to hear a sermon or see a tragedy.

After the excitement of the theatre, it was long ere I could sufficiently compose myself to allow of sleep; but I had scarcely done so, and was dreaming confusedly of chorus-singers, knapsacks, stage-lamps, and the Englishmen, all stuffed into a *fiacre* and drawn upon the stage as escaping from the citadel by night, when a hand was laid on my shoulder. I started up; a tall, unshorn man stood beside me.

"Il est déjà deux heures du matin. Je vais atteler mes rosses; en attendant, voilà pour vous faire voir."

He placed a lanthorn beside me, and departed. My toilette was soon made, and slinging my knapsack, now my sole baggage since I was leaving the heavy portion at Geneva, over my shoulder, I followed him down stairs a few minutes after. A light carriage was waiting for me, into which I jumped, directing the driver in the first place to the Hotel des Bergues.

All was silence in the Rue du Rhone before the vehicle broke it by rattling over the rough stones. There was not a lamp to be seen, save the one above the door of the hotel I had just quitted. As we reached the bottom of the street, however, we perceived a great bustle on the left. It was the arrival of the Paris diligence. I could observe the passengers descending, the night porters with lanthorns surrounding them, and the steam from the reeking cattle, plainly in the moonlight. Turning to the right, our carriage rolled over the wooden bridge which connects the two quays of the Rhone. At the island of "Jean Jacques," suspended by a cord between two poles, was a lamp which revealed the outline of the statue as we passed. The passage over this bridge at night was truly lovely, and half awake as I was, its beauty struck me too forcibly at the time, that I should ever forget it. The moon was at the crescent, and reflected her mellow rays upon the wavelets of the lake, which glittered like spangles, and might have served for a reflection of the starry firmament above. The welling of the rapid Rhone beneath the bridge, the hum of its waters as it rushed onwards to join the Arve, and its distant roar as it leaped into the lower channel where the baths are situated, all served to swell the thrilling enchantment of the scene.

I was aroused from the train of thought into which these objects had plunged me, by the voice of the younger of my fellow-travellers, who, all prepared, had wandered from their hotel on to the bridge. I was glad to find them so punctual, from which cause I saw at least that I had not ill-chosen my companions. Punctuality with all, and especially with travellers, is a great virtue, and leads the swiftest of any route to confidence. At least I have ever considered and found it so.

The two Englishmen jumped up beside me, the driver resumed his seat, turned his horses' heads round, rattled through the silent streets, reached the Porte Cornavin, roused with much difficulty the German guard from his sentry box and dreams of *sauer-kraut* and meerschaums, and succeeded at last, with the aid of a silver key which I always carry about me on such occasions, in realizing the words of the poet:—

> " Thy gates so slow to open, swift to shut."

And now for Bonneville! The driver cracks his whip, and encourages his beasts with those whoops so peculiar to the foreign jarvies. We start off at a brisk pace.

At a quarter of a mile from the gates there is a cluster of houses, having small gardens attached to them at the back, and an extensive common in front. We passed them on the right. My companions made me remark one which stood a little apart from the rest, and which in the moonlight I could perceive to be larger than the others. It belongs to the celebrated Dr. Malan, the trinitarian divine and the composer of sacred melodies. Attached to it is a small chapel, erected at his own expense, in which he preaches every Sunday. From the difference in his doctrine to that of the present church of Geneva, Dr. Malan, being derisively styled by them " trinitarian," an epithet which he is so justly proud of, and for which he has suffered so much temporal inconvenience, is forbidden to perform his pastoral duties within those walls, where formerly Calvin and Theodore de Bèze thundered forth with so much eloquence and zeal, in defence of the same triune deity. Dr. Malan has therefore erected this little chapel without the city. My companions, who had been there on Sunday, had been much pleased with the manner in which the service was conducted, as well as struck with the grace and eloquence of the preacher. The former in particular offered a startling contrast to the service of the parish churches within the city. There, few of the congregation deem it necessary to assemble before the sermon, during the delivery of which the greater portion remain "bonneted." Pews are set apart in all the churches for the municipal council, and I noticed that nearly the whole of this august body kept on their hats during the service, merely raising them at the mention of our Saviour.

As few of the better classes make their appearance till the sermon is about to commence, the minister on his part often deems it *infra dig.* to appear also, so a theological student is hurried up to the pulpit in the meantime, to recite in as short a period as possible, the ten commandments. So much for the spirit of the descendants of Calvin and Theodore de Bèze. On whom, then, has their mantle fallen?

It was a matter of some astonishment to me, that when at

Geneva I had never once heard mentioned in society the name of Merle d'Aubigné. Coming from a country where his historical work on the Reformation is so popular, my attention was on the alert to gather some anecdotes of his "sayings and doings," to carry away with me; and when I inquired, all the information I could obtain was, that he is one of the Malan and Gaussen school, and that he is regarded with any but friendly feelings by the Consistoire of his native city. Dr. Malan appears to be the most highly rated among those Swiss divines, whose writings and misfortunes have of late excited attention in Scotland. He is now well stricken in years, and his flowing snow white hair gives him a venerable and interesting appearance. He has a large family, especially of daughters—who are much beloved by the neighbouring poor. Besides theology, Dr. Malan is well versed in other subjects. He is an excellent linguist, and has written several poems in English.

In half an hour we reached Chêne, a small village near the lake, celebrated in particular for its Sunday parties; and continuing at a rapid pace, we soon after drew up at the frontiers of Savoy. Here we discovered the advantage of leaving Geneva so early. The sleepy *douanier* had neither inclination nor sight to inspect with much rigour our passports and havresacs, and a bit of republican money strenghtened him in this spirit. Bribe the *gend'arme* of his majesty, the king of Sardinia and duke of Savoy! Oh! Charles Albert, thy servants to be bribed! Take heed, look better after thy salt for the future.*

Verily these Savoyard officials are a sorry set. Was ever such "a spew of a man" as the consul at Geneva? Poor wretch! in receipt of sixty louis-d'or per annum, he has to represent the state of his master, the Duke! On business days he seeks out the most genteel *fiacre*, wherein to attend the Grand Council.—However, if poor in pocket, the Savoysien consul is not in pride; for a more laughable display of that article, than when I applied for my passport, I never witnessed—nay, not even in the sorriest highland chieftain. His excellency ended our personal interview by a long eulogium on the power and clemency of his prince, and the necessity there was at that time for vigilance in the passport department—so soon after the Valaisan war there might be spies abroad. Do I look very like a spy? Certainly, if to spy the nakedness of thy land, O Savoy; bear me witness to that; and then the poor consul's eulogium of his master!—However, he charged me five francs for it.

Now the *douanier* at the frontier held his peace. Whilst pocketing my bribe, like an experienced pew-opener he muttered not a sentence more than business required; and certainly, if there were question as to the shrewdness of the Savoyards, I should point out this discreet gend'arme before his greater countryman, the representative of the court of Sardinia at Geneva, the recipient of sixty golden louis per annum, and the chief collector of the revenue—as passports assuredly are. Had we disregarded Monsieur Lot's advice and passed the frontiers, (the village is called Annemasse,) during the day, we should have experienced considerable detention, for then the entire regiment of *douaniers* is abroad, and around the unfortunate traveller before he has time to look at his watch. A flask is even regarded with suspicion, and more than a pint of *kirschwasser* is unallowable. The Savoyards have a taste for *kirschwasser*. Poor wretches! they get little in the way of luxuries: no wonder they sigh for annexation to France!

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* The king of Sardinia monopolises the salt trade of his dukedom—he is the great salt merchant!

Nothing is more remarkable and descriptive of the government of the two nations, than the roads. In the Genevese territory, to the very stone upon the bridge which marks the boundary, the roads are excellent; the first step you take into Savoy you find them execrable. No need of *douaniers* to mark the frontiers, the roads are sufficient for the stranger.

Switzerland, then, is passed for the present: we are now in Savoy.

The morning was beginning slowly to awake. Outlines of immense mountains were faintly visible in the twilight, and, with the first struggles of the new born day, they increased in substance and proportion. The black and perpendicular rocks of the little Salève on our right, the chain of Voirons, thickly clustered with vegetation of all kinds, pines at the summit, vines at the base, and the conical Môle straight a head, seemingly offering an immense bar to our further approach or entrance into the regions of eternal ice and mountains' peaks, were the chief features in the scenery, already but developing itself. The Alps were no where to be seen. They appeared to have vanished into air. The extreme ridges were without exception enveloped in mist, and the lower ones, from being covered with snow, identified themselves with the uncertain light of dawn. It was only the fern-clad mountains that were distinct.

But the sun had risen when our carriage arrived at the foot of the Môle, where we followed the road to the right, having that lofty mountain on one side and an open plain extending as far as the Salève chain on the other. Through this flowed the waters of the Arve, swollen with recent heavy rains and the melted snows of summer, and which inundated the country round about. From being completely shaded with trees, the road we followed is a most delightful one, and wears rather the appearance of a long avenue in an English park, than the approach to regions where winter holds eternal sway, amid torrents, precipices, and stupendous mountains. Several carts here passed us on their way, as the *voiturier* informed me, to the market at Geneva. They were the first indications of a town, and shortly after Bonneville opened up to our view.

THE SISTERS.

BY C. A. M. W.

Two fair girls on a flow'ry bank were resting side by side,
The elder on the morrow's morn to be a happy bride ;
She sang the old familiar songs—and yet her cheek was pale—
And tears were gathering as she gazed adown the quiet vale;
To distant realms her pathway led—across the deep, salt sea,
Amid the lonely Indian haunts, her future destiny.

The younger sister, with clasped arms entwined around her neck,
And kissing off each falling tear she tried in vain to check,
Was whispering—" Do not leave us all—and this our happy home—
To see the wonders of the world, 'mid foreign scenes to roam,
You've not known him so long as us—then let him go alone—
Our mother's heart will yearn for thee when thou art really gone."

" I cannot let him go alone—for then my heart would break,
The Bible says—a husband's side the wife must ne'er forsake ;
But darling, I will often write—and often tell to thee
Full tidings of the wondrous sights which we expect to see ;
Where cluster spicy Indian isles, the halcyon we shall greet,
And dolphins sporting 'mong the rocks where foaming surges meet.

" And golden caverns in dark depths which often hidden lie,
We will explore—with forests, too, of ancient majesty ;
O'er spiritual and lovely lakes—our swift canoes may skim,
Where torrents with tempestuous whirl raise awe-struck thoughts to Him ;
And distant snow-clad hills, which breathe eternity serene,
Shall whisper in the solitude, of heavenly things unseen.

"The nightingales among the flowers oft sing at close of day—
And then my thoughts will wander back to those so far away;
Brushing the wild thyme through the woods of loveliest umbrage, glide,
Beloved forms—in spirit then I'll be at their dear side;
Beside the bean and clover fields perchance they saunter by,
And list the distant evening bells' sweet chiming melody.

"And when ye gaze at eventide on that sun-sprinkled water,
Our mother's silent prayer will be for her far distant daughter;
And you will clasp our father's hand and look into his face,
Not mournfully—but try and fill thy absent sister's place;
Remind them of the happy wife—speak of return so blest—
And on His all-protecting arm and presence bid them rest."

"But sister,"—urged the weeping child,—"if he should love thee less,
And not be kind to thee amid the lonely wilderness—
So far away from all thy kin—and thou so young and sweet—
Thy tender heart would break—and we on earth should never meet,"
"Ah! when his love for me grows cold," and trembling spake the bride—
"Then welcome death in Indian wilds—as by our mother's side."

MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, ESQ.

A YOUNG fellow, a tobacco-pedler by trade, was on his way from Morristown, where he had dealt largely with the Deacon of the Shaker settlement, to the village of Parker's Falls, on Salmon River. He had a neat little cart, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side-panel, and an Indian chief, holding a pipe and a golden tobacco-stalk, on the rear. The pedler drove a smart little mare, and was a young man of excellent character, keen at a bargain, but none the worse liked by the Yankees; who, as I have heard them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one. Especially was he beloved by the pretty girls along the Connecticut, whose favor he used to court by presents of the best smoking tobacco in his stock, knowing well that the country lasses of New England are generally great performers on pipes. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the pedler was inquisitive, and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news, and anxious to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morristown, the tobacco pedler, whose name was Dominicus Pike, had travelled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods, without speaking a word to any body but himself and his little grey mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip, as a city shopkeeper to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand, when, after lighting a cigar with a sun-glass, he looked up, and perceived a man coming over the brow of the hill, at the foot of which the pedler had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and travelled with a weary yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it all night, and meant to do the same all day.

"Good morning, mister," said Dominicus, when within speaking distance. "You go a pretty good jog. What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?"

The man pulled the broad brim of a grey hat over his eyes, and answered, rather sullenly, that he did not come from Parker's Falls, which, as being the limit of his own day's journey, the pedler had naturally mentioned in his inquiry.

"Well, then," rejoined Dominicus Pike, "let's have the latest news where you did come from. I'm not particular about Parker's Falls. Any place will answer."

Being thus importuned, the traveller—who was as ill looking a fellow as one would desire to meet, in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to hesitate a little, as if he was either searching his memory for news, or weighing the expediency of telling it. At last, mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud, and no other mortal would have heard him.

"I do remember one little trifle of news," said he. "Old Mr. Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard, at eight o'clock last night, by an Irishman and a nigger; they strung him up to the branch of a St. Michael's pear tree, where nobody would find him till the morning."

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated, the stranger betook himself to his journey again, with more speed than ever, not even turning his head when Dominicus invited him to smoke a Spanish cigar and relate all the particulars.

The pedler whistled to his mare and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham, whom he had known in the way of trade, having sold him many a bunch of long nines, and a great deal of pigtail, lady's twist, and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity with which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant, in a straight line; the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night; yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr. Higginbotham's own family had but just discovered his corpse, hanging on the St. Michæl's pear tree. The stranger on foot must have worn seven-league boots, to travel at such a rate.

"Ill news flies fast, they say," thought Diminicus Pike; "but this beats railroads. The fellow ought to be hired to go express with the President's Message."

The difficulty was solved, by supposing that the narrator had made a mistake of one day, in the date of the occurrence; so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country store along the road, expending a whole bunch of Spanish wrappers among at least twenty horrified audiences. He found himself invariably the first bearer of the intelligence, and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline, till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader; and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the facts, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home through the orchard, about night-fall, with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe, hinting, what the pedler had discovered in his own dealings with him, that he was a crusty old fellow, as close as a vice. His property would descend to a pretty niece, who was now keeping school in Kimballton.

What with telling the news for the public good, and driving bargains for his own, Dominicus was so much delayed on the road, that he chose to put up at a tavern, about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar-room, and went through the story of the murder, which had grown so fast that it took him half an hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer who had arrived on horseback a short time before, and was now seated in a corner, smoking his pipe. When the story was concluded, he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus, and stared him full in the face, puffing out the vilest tobacco-smoke the pedler had ever smelt.

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he, in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, "that old Squire Higginbotham of Kimballton was murdered in his orchard the night before last, and found hanging on his great pear tree, yesterday morning?"

"I tell the story as I heard it, mister," answered Dominicus, dropping his half-burnt cigar; "I don't say that I saw the thing done. So I can't take my oath that he was murdered exactly in that way."

"But I can take mine," said the farmer, "that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered night before last, I drank a glass of bitters with his ghost this morning. Being a neighbour of mine, he called me into his store, as I was riding by, and treated me, and then asked me to do a little business for him on the road. He did'nt seem to know any more about his own murder than I did."

"Why, then it can't be a fact!" exclaimed Dominicus Pike.

"I guess he'd have mentioned, if it was, "said the old farmer; and he removed his chair back to the corner, leaving Dominicus quite down in the mouth.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr. Higginbotham! The pedler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin and water, and went to bed, where, all night long, he dreamt of hanging on the St. Michæl's pear tree. To avoid the old farmer (whom he so detested. that his suspension would have pleased him better than Mr. Higginbotham's), Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart, and trotted swiftly away towards Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road, and the pleasant summer dawn, revived his spirits, and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story, had there been any body awake to hear it. But he met neither ox-team, light wagon, chaise, horseman, nor foot-traveller, till just as he crossed Salmon River, a man came trudging down to the bridge with a bundle over his shoulder, on the end of a stick.

"Good morning, mister," said the pedler, reining in his mare. "If you come from Kimballton or that neighbourhood, may be you can tell me the real fact about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered two or three nights ago, by an Irishman and a nigger?".

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe at first that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question, the Ethiopian appeared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering, he thus replied: —

"No! no! There was no coloured man! It was an Irishman that hanged him last night, at eight o'clock. I came away at seven! His folks can't have looked for him in the orchard yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken, when he interrupted himself, and though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace which would have kept the pedler's mare on a smart trot. Dominicus stared after him in great perplexity. If the murder had not been committed till Tuesday night, who was the prophet that had foretold it in all its circumstances, on Tuesday morning? If Mr. Higginbotham's corpse were not yet discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at above thirty miles distance, to know that he was hanging in the orchard, especially as he had left Kimballton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all. These ambiguous circumstances, with the stranger's surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him, as an accomplice in the murder; since a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

"But let the poor fellow go," thought the pedler. "I don't want his black blood on my head; and hanging the nigger wouldn't unhang Mr. Higginbotham. Unhang the old gentleman! It's a sin, I know; but I should hate to have him come to life a second time, and give me the lie!"

With these meditations, Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls, which, as every body knows, is as thriving a village as three cotton factories and a slitting mill can make it. The machinery was not in motion, and but a few of the shop doors unbarred, when he alighted in the stable yard of the tavern, and made it his first business to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty, of course, was to impart Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe to the ostler. He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the direful fact, and also to be uncertain whether it were perpetrated by an Irishman and a mulatto, or by the son of Erin alone. Neither did he profess to relate it on his own authority, or that of any one person; but mentioned it as a report generally diffused.

The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees, and became so much the universal talk, that nobody could tell whence it had originated. Mr. Higginbotham was as well known at Parker's Falls as any citizen of the place, being part owner of the slitting mill, and a considerable stockholder in the cotton factories. The inhabitants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement, that the Parker's Falls Gazette anticipated its regular day of publication, and came out with half a form of blank paper and a column of double pica emphasized with capitals, and headed HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM! Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord round the dead man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed; there was much pathos also about the affliction of his niece, who had gone from one fainting fit to another, ever since her uncle was found hanging on the St. Michæl's pear-tree, with his pockets inside out. The village poet likewise commemorated the young lady's grief in seventeen stanzas of a ballad. The selectmen held a meeting, and in consideration of Mr. Higginbotham's claims on the town, determined to issue handbills, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of his murderers, and the recovery of the stolen property.

Meanwhile, the whole population of Parker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers, mistresses of boarding houses, factory girls, millmen, and schoolboys, rushed into the street and kept up such a terrible loquacity, as more than compensated for the silence of the cotton machines, which refrained from their usual din out of respect to the deceased. Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus, in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended precautions, and mounting on the town pump, announced himself as the bearer of the authentic intelligence which had caused so wonderful a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment, and had just begun a new edition of the narrative, with a voice like a field preacher, when the mail stage drove into the village street. It had travelled all night, and must have shifted horses at Kimballton, at three in the morning.

"Now we shall hear all the particulars," shouted the crowd.

The coach rumbled up to the piazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people; for if any man had been minding his own business till then, he now left it at sixes and sevens, to hear the news. The pedler, foremost in the race, discovered two passengers, both of whom had been startled from a comfortable nap to find themselves in the centre of a mob. Every man assailing them with separate questions, all propounded at once, the couple were struck speechless, though one was a lawyer and the other a young lady.

"Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higginbotham!" bawled the mob. "What is the coroner's verdict? Are the murderers apprehended? Is

Mr. Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting fits? Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham!!"

The coachman said not a word, except to swear awfully at the ostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses. The lawyer inside had generally his wits about him, even when asleep; the first thing he did, after learning the cause of the excitement, was to produce a large red pocket-book. Meantime, Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man, and also suspecting that a female tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine, smart girl, now wide awake and bright as a button, and had such a sweet pretty mouth, that Dominicus would almost as lief have heard a love tale from it as a tale of murder.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the lawyer, to the shopkeepers the millmen, and the factory girls, "I can assure you that some unaccountable mistake, or more probably, a wilful falsehood, maliciously contrived to injure Mr. Higginbotham's credit, has excited this singular uproar. We passed through Kimballton at three o'clock this morning, and most certainly should have been informed of the murder, had any been perpetrated. But I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higginbotham's own oral testimony, in the negative. Here is a note, relating to a suit of his in the Connecticut courts, which was delivered me from that gentleman himself. I find it dated at ten o'clock last evening."

So saying, the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which irrefragably proved, either that this perverse Mr. Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it, or,—as some deemed the more probable case, of two doubtful ones,—that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it, even after his death. But unexpected evidence was forthcoming. The young lady, after listening to the pedler's explanation, merely seized a moment to smooth her gown and put her curls in order, and then appeared at the tavern door, making a modest signal to be heard.

"Good people," said she, "I am Mr. Higginbotham's niece."

A wondering murmur passed through the crowd, on beholding her so rosy and bright; that same unhappy niece, whom they had supposed, on the authority of the Parker's Falls Gazette, to be lying at death's door in a fainting fit. But some shrewd fellows had doubted all along whether a young lady would be quite so desperate at the hanging of a rich old uncle.

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded, as to myself; and I believe I may affirm it to be equally so, in regard to my dear uncle

Higginbotham. He has the kindness to give me a home in his house, though I contribute to my own support by teaching a school. I left Kimballton this morning to spend the vacation of commencement week with a friend, about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncle, when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bed side, and gave me two dollars and fifty cents, to pay my stage fare, and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid his pocket-book under his pillow, shook hands with me, and advised me to take some biscuit in my bag, instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return."

The young lady courtsied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible, and well-worded, and delivered with such grace and propriety, that every body thought her fit to be Preceptress of the best Academy in the State. But a stranger would have supposed that Mr. Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls, and that a thanksgiving had been proclaimed for his murder; so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants, on learning their mistake. The millmen resolved to bestow public honors on Dominicus Pike, only hesitating whether to tar and feather him, ride him on a rail, or refresh him with an ablution at the town pump, on the top of which he had declared himself the bearer of the news. The selectmen, by advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him for a misdemeanor, in circulating unfounded reports, to the great disturbance of the peace of the commonwealth. Nothing saved Dominicus, either from mob-law or a court of justice, but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town, under a discharge of artillery from the schoolboys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighbouring clay-pits and mud-holes. As he turned his head, to exchange a farewell glance with Mr. Higginbotham's niece, a ball, of the consistence of hasty-pudding, hit him slap in the mouth, giving him a most grim aspect. His whole person was so bespattered with the like filthy missiles, that he had almost a mind to ride back, and supplicate for the threatened ablution at the town pump; for though not meant in kindness, it would now have been a deed of charity.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue, his heart soon cheered up, nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The handbills of the selectmen would cause the commitment of all the vagabonds in the

State; the paragraph in the Parker's Falls Gazette would be reprinted from Maine to Florida, and perhaps form an item in the London newspapers; and many a miser would tremble for his money-bags and life, on learning the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham. The pedler meditated with much fervor on the charms of the young schoolmistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke nor looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham, while defending him from the wrathful populace at Parker's Falls.

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike, having all along determined to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morristown. As he approached the scene of the supposed murder, he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind, and was astonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occurred to corroborate the story of the first traveller, it might now have been considered as a hoax; but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the fact; and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When, to this singular combination of incidents, it was added that the rumor tallied exactly with Mr. Higginbotham's character and habits of life; and that he had an orchard, and a St. Michæl's pear tree, near which he always passed at night-fall; the circumstantial evidence appeared so strong, that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer, or even the niece's direct testimony, ought to be equivalent. Making cautious inquiries along the road, the pedler further learned that Mr. Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character, whom he had hired without a recommendation, on the score of economy.

"May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill," if I 'll believe old Higginbotham is unhanged, till I see him with my own eyes, and hear it from his own mouth! And as he 's a real shaver, I'll have the minister or some other responsible man, for an endorser."

It was growing dusk when he reached the tollhouse on Kimballton turnpike, about a quarter of a mile from the village of this name. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback, who trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the toll-gatherer, and kept on towards the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the toll-man, and while making change, the usual remarks on the weather passed between them.

"I suppose," said the pedler, throwing back his whiplash, to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank, "you have not seen anything of old Mr. Higginbotham, within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll-gatherer. "He passed the gate just before you drove up, and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. He 's been to Woodfield this afternoon, attending a sheriff's sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me; but to-night, he nodded,—as if to say, "charge my toll,"—and jogged on; for wherever he goes, he must always be at home by eight o'clock."

"So they tell me," said Dominicus.

"I never saw a man look so yellow and thin as the squire does," continued the toll-gatherer. "Says I to myself, to-night, he's more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood."

The pedler strained his eyes through the twilight, and could just discern the horseman now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognise the rear of Mr. Higginbotham; but through the evening shadows, and amid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial; as if the shape of the mysterious old man were faintly moulded of darkness and gray light. Dominicus shivered.

"Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world, by way of the Kimballton turnpike," thought he.

He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the gray old shadow, till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road. On reaching this point the pedler no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street, not far from a number of stores and two taverns, clustered round the meeting-house steeple. On his left was a stone wall and a gate, the boundary of a wood-lot, beyond which lay an orchard, further still, a mowing-field, and last of all, a house. These were the premises of Mr. Higginbotham, whose dwelling stood beside the old highway, but had been left in the back ground by the Kimballton turnpike. Dominicus knew the place; and the little mare stopped short by instinct; for he was not conscious of tightening the reins.

"For the soul of me, I cannot get by this gate!" said he, trembling. "I never shall be my own man again, till I see whether Mr. Higginbotham is hanging on the St. Michæl's pear tree!"

He leaped from the cart, gave the rein a turn round the gate post, and ran along the green path of the wood-lot, as if Old Nick were chasing behind. Just then the village clock tolled eight, and as each deep stroke fell, Dominicus gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before, till, dim in the solitary centre of the orchard, he saw the fated pear tree. One great branch stretched from the old contorted trunk across the path, and threw the darkest shadow on that one spot. But something seemed to struggle beneath the branch!

The pedler had never pretended to more courage than befits a man of peaceable occupation, nor could he account for his valor on this awful emergency. Certain it is, however, that he rushed forward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the but-end of his whip, and found——not indeed hanging on the St. Michæl's pear tree, but trembling beneath it, with a halter round his neck—the old, identical Mr. Higginbotham!

"Mr. Higginbotham," said Dominicus, tremulously, "you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged, or not?"

If the riddle be not already guessed, a few words will explain the simple machinery, by which this "coming event" was made to cast its shadow before. Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr. Higginbotham; two of them, successively, lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night, by their disappearance; the third was in the act of perpetration, when a champion blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared in the person of Dominicus Pike.

It only remains to say, that Mr. Higginbotham took the pedler into high favor, sanctioned his addresses to the pretty schoolmistress, and settled his whole property on their children, allowing themselves the interest. In due time, the old gentleman capped the climax of his favors, by dying a Christian death, in bed, since which melancholy event, Dominicus Pike has removed from Kimballton, and established a large tobacco manufactory in my native village.

THE LAST BANQUET AT PERSEPOLIS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE EVENTFUL EPOCH," ETC.

Here where we lean, did Xerxes sit and plan
To conquer earth, and crush his fellow man;
Around this palace drew his mighty host,
Heaving like stormy waves on some wild coast.

Here, too, came one who bartered all for power,
The dread Napoleon of earth's younger hour;
Yes, the same spot we calmly muse on now,
Saw chiefs and kings to Alexander bow:
There rang his armèd heel—where time hath rent
Yon column's shaft, perchance the warrior leant,
Remorse a moment darkening on his face,
For all the woes he caused the human race.
But lo! a picture dawns on fancy's eye;
Tis that famed night of doom and revelry,
When perished all things costly, bright, and fair,
And left, as now, these pillars stern and bare.
The banquet speeds—round Persia's conqueror shine
Those earth-born pomps weak mortals deem divine.
High sits he on his throne of gems and gold,
Bright starred, and purple robes his limbs enfold;
No crown adorns his brow, for festive hours
Have wreathed his head with Bacchus' bloomy flowers.
Lamps, hung in silver chains, a softened glow
Shed on the warrior groups that feast below;
But thoughts of slaughter past, and blood-stained fields,
Mar not the joys that gorgeous banquet yields:
Sparkles in cups of gold rich Cyprian wine,
Melts the Greek fig, the grapes of Ora shine;
Pears from far Bactria vie with Kerman's peach,
And from those climes e'en Greeks have failed to reach;
Fruit of the burning South, and Northern snows,
Each luscious orb on plates of crystal glows.—
Hark! from the gilded gallery, flute and lyre
Strains, soft as sighs of dreaming love, respire;
Then harp and sacbut bolder notes ring out,
Like victory's pæan o'er some army's rout.
And thus they revel—mirth and joy control
The sterner thoughts, the high aspiring soul:
Slaves who attend, in sumptuous garments drest,
Forget their toils to see their lords so blest;
E'en marble statues gleam with softer light,
As though they shared, or envied their delight.
But what young beauty leans beside the king,
With form so graceful, air so languishing?
While other maids are glittering down that hall,
A moon mid earth's sweet stars, she dims them all.
Her mask is off, unveiled her beauteous head,
A lovelier veil those flower-bound tresses spread;
A spangled zone her Grecian robe confines,
Bright on her breast a costly diamond shines;

But oh! more bright, that eye's entrancing ray
Melts where it falls, and steals the soul away!
Woman was born to vanquish—he, the brave,
The nation-trampler, bowed her veriest slave;
Yes, beauteous Thais, with love's flag unfurled,
Conquered the blood-stained conqueror of the world!*
There sat the smiler, skilled all hearts to win,
Light round her thrown, but darkness still within.
Each envied his young king, to whom were turned
Those large dark eyes, where melting fondness burned.
But see! she rises, speaks with witching grace,
A Pythia's ardour brightening in her face:
How boldly proud her lovely arm is raised!
By those sweet lips the Monarch's deeds are praised,
Yet doth she urge him to an act, that well
Destruction's fiend might prompt—an act of hell.
  "Fire Xerxes' palace!" cried she; "fire these halls!
His soul t'will torture—vengeance on us calls:
What! dost thou waver, hero king? and ye,
His warrior chiefs?—then give the torch to me!
Greece I'll avenge, though none the deed may share,
Woman shall do what heroes could not dare."
  Galled by the beauty's bold and taunting words,
The monarch and his bacchants grasp their swords;
The quick-drawn blades a moment flash on high—
"The Greek saith well—we'll follow!"—was the cry,
Uprose the king, and seized a burning brand,
And swiftly torches gleamed in many a hand;
Heated with wine, and shouting fiercely loud,
Forth from the palace rushed that frantic crowd.
But she, bold Thais, moves the foremost there,
With floating robe, and unbound streaming hair;
Shines on her face the torches' flickering light,
But her wild eye with passion gleams more bright;
She looks in terror beautiful, and seems
Like wrath's pale angel bursting on our dreams,
When vengeance takes some fair and heavenly form,
Or comes like beauteous lightning in a storm.
Away!—tis fired!—the bacchants' shouts arise,
The smoke rolls out, the flames ascend the skies;
Far o'er the city, and the plain below,

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* Thais was born at Athens, and, while one of the most vicious, has been described as the most lovely woman of her time. She accompanied Alexander in his Persian campaign, but her unenviable fame chiefly rests on the part which she took at the memorable banquet, in the destruction of the Persian palace.

Those blood-red fires a ghastly radiance throw;
Like molten brass, the deep-dyed river sweeps,
The Greek exults, the hapless Persian weeps,—
So sank the palace, and, from that far day,
Have these lone pillars stood in dark decay,
Telling of perished pomp, and vanished bliss,
The last sad wreck of proud Persepolis.

CAN WE BELIEVE IT?

BY C. A. M. W.

AUTHORESS OF "THE INSPIRED POETESS," "EVANGEL THE ARTIST," ETC., ETC.

> "Men say that they themselves have heard and seen,
> Or known from others who have known such things."

> "It is wonderful," said Dr. Johnson, "that five thousand years have now elapsed since the Creation of the world, and still it is undecided whether or not there has ever been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death. All argument is against it—but all belief is for it."

How often, when any circumstance is related, varying from the routine of every day life, it is usual to hear people exclaim, "Oh *we* cannot believe it. It is too romantic, or far fetched, for these enlightened, matter-of-fact times!" or, "Such silly fables might pass current in the dark ages, when ignorance swayed the multitude, and learning was confined to the cloister." But these would-be wise people forget, that we are still in the deepest ignorance respecting each mystery of our being—both as to Eternity and Time. A smile, or a sneer of philosophic indifference, will not settle the question, and scepticism is unanswerable. "Well, I have never seen a ghost; and I hope I never may;" says one of these clever unbelievers. "For my part," exclaims another, "I fear the living more than the dead—*they* will never disturb us." While a third demurely hints, "that it is absolutely *wicked* to believe in such things—scripture does not warrant it." Alas ! the blessed scriptures have been too often twisted and turned, to suit man's own paltry interpretations; man forgetting that there are hidden and secret things, which "belong to the Lord."

Very rarely, I believe, have spiritual visitants been permitted to appear on earth; but that they are around us—why should we doubt? That each one of us, possesses within himself a spiritual agent, apart from our corporeal frames, spiritually slumbering, because not acted on by pure-hearted, devout faith,—instances occasionly arise to prove, instances so indubitably and unanswerably convincing, that now the desire of enquiring is arising, provided it be pursued with holy awe and proper restrictions, it will probably hereafter be found, that the dark ages of ignorance in which our ancestors lived, preceding the wonderful, but fallacious discoveries of perishing and changeable inventions—were but the prelude to the imperishable, immortal, and glorious revealings of the ethereal essence of which our spiritual part is composed. Formed after God's own image—the work of His hands, we are indeed "fearfully and wonderfully made." Amid the traditionary lore handed down to us, and the wild nursery tales, that almost all of us remember once to have listened to, can we not recognise and discriminate in our maturer years, a vein, slight and crumbling though it be, which ran through our beings, and inclined us to listen, and to learn somewhat of dreams, forebodings, presentiments, and the like? yes—we may scoff and we may jeer, and pretend to be over wise, but it will not do! it will not do!

May God avert from us all a *too* inquisitive spirit; may we know where to stop;—for he has placed limits which his creatures may not overstep; but on the other hand, may we not turn a deaf ear in our dark and selfish ignorance, to the beautiful music which breathes its songs of peace and hope o'er memory's treasured things; or to the faint whisperings, nay, almost indefinable tremors, which like chords touched by the "Genii of the breeze," sweep across the finely woven strings of each human heart, vibrating secretly but faithfully an answer to the hidden revealings of the immortal spirit's responsive echo.

Some person gifted with a "strong mind," and "plain sound sense," is likely to exclaim—"Cease this rhapsodical jargon, and come to the point, my friend—in plain terms, have *you* ever seen or heard aught that savours of unearthly domination?"

My answer is, that I am not incredulous because I have not myself witnessed a spiritual appearance; I believe such to be very rare, nor do I give credence to one thousandth part of the "well accredited" tales in circulation; but I have had experiences so impressive, that I have become associated and identified with them—while from lips which falsehood never sullied, I have listened to the repetition of circumstances, which sets our boasted reason at defiance.

To exemplify in some measure my meaning, here are two instances so perfectly well authenticated, that all doubt vanishes.

I had heard many marvellous tales from my earliest infancy, having been tended by an old Irish nurse, but her legendary lore was so very quaint and wild, that I soon learnt to discriminate truth from fiction. At length I felt quite an impassioned desire to meet with an individual, who had actually come into close contact with a real spectral visitant. It was always —"A friend of mine *had* a friend, who told me so and so," or "a person of strict veracity related this," but I never had met with any one who could solemnly say, "I *myself* saw or heard," &c.

The first true ghost story I listened to, certainly came upon me by surprise, and in a way I had no previous expectation of. During a lengthened sojourn in the West of England, two native ladies came to pass an evening, bringing their knitting, and also a niece, a fat, good-humoured, happy looking girl, the last person on earth whom I should have singled out, in appearance at least, as a ghost seer: but she it was, who was doomed to stamp my belief in the supernatural, even by the impress of her own vital experience.

The ancient dames told many wondrous narratives, and their old world tales made me laugh so heartily, that, a little nettled by my incredulity and hardness of heart, which no accredited accounts of the "Phantom Ship," "Gabriel's Hounds," "Headless Miners," or the fascinating "Mermaidens, or Sirens of the Rocks" could soften, they put forth their sturdy niece, the blooming Lovday, to awe me into a due decorum and reverence, by insisting on her narrating her own awful experience. After much solicitation, but without any affectation (that I am sure she knew not even by name) she at length complied; yet with an evident unwillingness, some tears, and a paler cheek than was her wont to exhibit.

In after times, I questioned and cross-questioned her often, as I heard her tale repeated; but always without being able to arrive at any other conclusion, than that it was in truth, "strange, passing strange." I will give it in her own words, as nearly as possible; condensed certainly, for Cornish folks have rather a discursive and rambling way of gossipping. Quoth Lovday, "I am one of a large family, and my father is a farmer, well to do in the world, and a hill preacher. I have never been many miles beyond my father's dwelling, and this is the longest distance I have ever journeyed. We were brought up without fear of mortal kind, though the fear of God was early and devoutly taught us all; morning and evening prayer, long prayers, too, are never on any occasion omitted.

My father had an old and valued friend, a clergyman of the established church, but this did not prevent their loving and frequent intimacy. This gentleman was a bachelor, and lived in a lonely parsonage house, situated by the side of a wide and open grave yard, wherein stood the mouldering church, around which the ivy hung in rare festoons, and the owl found a congenial home.

This kind old man often came to see us, for our dwellings were not more than ten miles apart; he would take me on his knee, and call me his dear child, whispering that all he had would one day be mine; I was his decided favorite, and the last time I ever saw him in life, he came to drink tea with us, when with unusual solemnity he declared before the assembled family, his determination to make me his heiress: and "Mind the silver teapot, and the twelve silver spoons are yours, Lovday, and £600 besides in the Bank at P—; I will make *a will* directly, or Thomas will take all, and then I shall not rest in my grave."

The said Thomas was a brother, also unmarried; a wealthy but grasping and selfish individual, residing at the sea-port of P——, mentioned by our old friend. He left us that evening, resolutely expressing his intention of immediately making a "lawful will," lest his darling Lovy should be cheated out of her inheritance.

I saw him trot away on his sturdy nag, muffled up in numberless neckcloths and over-coats, for the mist was falling over the hills, and man and beast would soon be drenched on the houseless road. Next day my father was hurriedly sent for; old Mr. D—— had been found dead in his bed.

I prayed and entreated to be taken with him, and he consented; more particularly as Tammy the housekeeper was quite alone, and needed some one to console and cheer her. I shared poor old Tammy's bed, and the funeral was appointed to take place in five days' time. Mr. Thomas D—— arrived from P——, and numerous visitants far and near, as is the usual custom at our funeral ceremonies; the open shed by the side of the church yard, was filled with vehicles, and horses, on the day of the interment.

I saw him lowered into his last home, I heard the hymn sung;—and, with the exception of two or three individuals, who remained late at the parsonage with my father, all the guests dispersed before it was dark. Mr. Thomas D—— returned to P——, taking with him all the valuables he could collect, and some bank notes;—for there was no will to be found; he was the heir, and his proceedings were summary.

My father and myself purposed returning home on the following day: the room I shared with the aged housekeeper was at the end of a long passage, and beneath the one lately occupied by the deceased; she secured the door, for the scenes of the day had made us both rather timid, though we knew not of what. Tammy was soon sleeping, but I felt no inclination to close my eyes; I lay thinking of the dear departed, when suddenly I heard his footstep distinctly over head; I knew it instantly, for it was heavy and peculiar; I had no fear, and I even thought that I should like to see him again. I heard the opening of every drawer and cupboard in the chamber above, accompanied by a noisy rummaging; presently the footsteps descended the stairs, coming down the long passage leading to the room I was in: *then* my heart began to quake a very little: he came *through* the door, it never opened, for as I said before, it was bolted within: the figure was swathed in its shroud, but with one hand extended which held a taper; this taper threw no light on the objects around—only on the apparition, which stood out as a ghastly dim white picture, in the black background and dark frame of the deep midnight. It went to the wardrobes of this room also—piteously shaking its head, and moaning—oh! so dismally! The drawers and closets were all found open afterwards.

It then approached our bed, slowly came nearer, quite close, and I distinguished the earthy, musty smell of the coffin cerements, and the damp grave.

I *was* frightened then, but not much; I awoke the housekeeper: she fixed her eyes on the unearthly visitor, screamed violently "oh my dear master—" and fell out of the bed, on the opposite side, in a paroxysm of terror. At the same moment, just as I was about to address it, the spirit sank gradually down through the floor, and we were in utter appalling darkness once more.

My father had heard the strange noises, and he came presently to ascertain the cause; he found all as I have before said; — drawers, closets and cabinets opened and rummaged, and left standing so.

What was quite as singular, an old serving man, who had been busied about the stables until a late hour, seeing the doors closed, etc., after the departure of the last guests; in crossing the church yard, near the spot where his kind master lay, saw a figure in white raiment glide amid the grave stones, as if coming from the house, and sink down beside the new made mound; it had a light in its hand, and the eyes were as the eyes of Mr. D——, but dead and fixed looking! the domestic was affrighted, bolted into the house, and sought my father.

My father made this awful incident a matter of prayerful discussion, for many weeks: the apparition never came again, and the silver tea pot, and the twelve silver spoons, also, the £600, remain in the possession of Mr. Thomas D— of P—; for though my father thought it proper to represent the circumstance to him, he only laughed at us, for he is a worldly, scornful man; and I must confess that I have often wondered, why our dear departed friend did not visit him, and tax him with the injustice he had been guilty of: but mayhap he was unable in the spirit, to leave the ancient homestead, which for forty years had afforded him a peaceful shelter, and the Holy House of prayer, and the kindred dust, which at length claimed him as its own."

* * * * * * *

Here is an instance which *decides* that a spirit can appear after death; though it be but once during the term of five thousand years!

What would the learned Doctor have said to our fair Cornish friend?

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still!"

The other instance relates to the experience of an individual whose veracity, during the course of a long and virtuous life, had never been impeached: he was in an humble station, and was a silver-headed man when he related the circumstance to me.

John Sanders had lived from his youth upwards with my father, and had ever proved a valuable, trustworthy, and warmly attached domestic.

My father was suddenly called abroad, but did not expect to be long absent: in John Sanders' own words I will detail the rest; he bequeathed the knowledge to me, as he would have bequeathed a valuable legacy, only the former he considered a far dearer treasure, than the latter by any possibility could have proved. "I was in my dear master's room, arranging all matters just as if he were at home, for it comforted me to do so; when I distinctly heard my own name pronounced, followed by a heavy sigh;—and this was thrice repeated—and more distinctly each time.

"I fell upon my knees, for the voice sounded as the voice of my dear master, and the sigh as a death sigh. I continued on my knees for a space of time, engaged in fervent prayer! for the solemn warning I had just heard, made me fear that my master was no more. I wrote a memorial of the circumstance on a leaf of my pocket book; and that very day, I called on four of my master's friends, telling them my anxiety and apprehensions. They all, with one exception, laughed at me; saying it was fancy, and that I was too old to be so silly.

"The gentleman who formed the exception I have named, looked grave and uncomfortable; but mentioned that he had received a cheering letter from my master, a day or two ago, saying that he was in perfect health, and announcing his hope of a speedy return. This gentleman copied my memorandum into his own tablets—the hour of the day—the day of the week, the month, and the year, as specified.

"In due time accounts arrived, that your papa, my dear lady, had died at C——, the fatal fever of the country having carried him off after a few hours' illness.

"*When the dates were compared—they agreed minutely.*"

John Sanders proceeded to shew me the treasured record; I gazed on it with awe and reverence; and can I doubt, that when "the dying," in his agony, called on the faithful servant, time and space were annihilated?

From that distant land of strangers, a sigh and a tone was wafted by the winged Shadows—swift as lightning's play—subtle as Electricity, — which like Mesmeric power, or any other unfathomable mystery of our nature, is little understood, even by the most ardent and studious inquirer.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

"O death in life! the days that are no more!"—Tennyson's "Princess.'

Do you remember the time when we two wandered
Through the old woods? as evening's balmy air bedewed
The darkened glades, on antique things we pondered,
The ruined fane—the sunken cross—with flowers bestrewed.

We were together—and we only thought of sorrow,
  As passing clouds upon a distant pathway glance—
The present sunshine joy imparting—for the morrow
  Promised a sweet return of the illusive trance.

Now seek those mellow autumn shades again—no more
  Shall poesy design, or fancy freely trace
Fond records of a hallowed past—the dream is o'er—
  And desolation reigns supreme within the place.

Dark shadows gather round—yet thou art not alone,
  In dreams I seek with thee those haunted woods again—
Trace each green pathway—rest beside the mossy stone—
  Our mournful hearts meet offering on ruined fane.

C. A. M. W.

A CHEST OF OLD CLOTHES.

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

Never was there a more comical, never a more rosy old fellow than Mr. Felix Oldboy. Up of a morning at six—down at breakfast by seven, out in the country by eight, in to luncheon by eleven, clock-work had no chance whatever with his movements. Regularity and Mr. Felix Oldboy were synonymous terms, and Mr Felix Oldboy's chronometer was only another name for the sun. Punctuality was a part of his system: it could no more be dispensed with than the air he breathed, or the sundry glasses of warm brandy and water that he was in the habit of quaffing of an evening. He was not a whit less minute in other respects. He shaved himself regularly every morning, underwent certain ablutions, brushed his garments, stropped his razors to be in readiness for the next day, and never turned out of the house without a latch key in his pocket, and closing every closet door in his room. Nothing could exceed Mr. Oldboy's appearance—it was neatness itself. A clean shirt front, black silk neckerchief whose fastidious tie Beau Brummell might have envied, black-coat and pantaloons, and light fancy waistcoat without a speck, were the leading characteristics of his dress. Unless it was particularly fine, he carried an umbrella; on other occasions, a black cane with a tassel appended to it.

Mr. Felix Oldboy's age had often been canvassed without any satisfactory result arising therefrom. Nobody, he declared, had come within five years of the precise period of his existence, and it is to be regretted that he always declined giving any additional information upon this interesting subject. We feel naturally averse to speculate upon a point on which so many have failed, but to satisfy the curiosity of our readers, we will hazard an opinion, however short it may fall of the truth. We conjecture that Mr. Felix Oldboy's age at the time whereof we write was about fifty and eight years. Some might think him younger; many probably would—but we are not to be deceived. However plausible his whiskers and hair may have appeared to others—however showy their rich, glossy hue, he could not conceal from us the fact that they were dyed—absolutely dyed. We mention this in confidence—it is not generally known.

Mr. Oldboy was not a tall man—he was, perhaps, rather short than otherwise, being barely five feet five inches and a half high, boots included. He was stout in person, and his face rivalled the rotundity of a Dutch cheese. His cheeks were red and exceedingly prominent and flabby, and almost concealed his two little bright grey eyes, whose lustre was materially increased whenever Mr. Felix Oldboy was under the influence of the potations that he nightly indulged in.

In his youth Mr. Felix Oldboy had tried two or three professions, but being of a phlegmatic disposition, he got it into his head that nature had not intended or adapted him for labour, either bodily or mental. It is astonishing how easily persons reconcile their opinions to their wishes and inclinations. Thrown a good deal upon his own resources, he began to study the best method of killing time, and after much serious deliberation he determined upon buying a pistol, and killing a few sparrows. During his first day's sport, however, he had the misfortune, whilst firing at a fine large cock-sparrow, to bring down a superannuated, old grey gander, for which mistake on his part he was adjudged by the proprietor thereof to pay the sum of six shillings and sixpence. This mishap determined him—he relinquished shooting, and tried angling, but here he likewise failed. Fish were sly—uncommonly sly—and were not to be caught. Mr. Felix Oldboy's hooks had no attraction for them—his baits were spurned, disdained. These two successive attempts proving abortive, his career as a sportsman was thus prematurely brought to a close.

The habits of Mr. Felix Oldboy's subsequent life were essentially simple, and accommodated themselves to the circumstances in which he was placed. A small annuity (some fifty-seven pounds per annum, derived from a little hereditary property) constituted the whole of his income. His enjoyments were necessarily few, and his pleasures limited. An occasional visit to the gallery of a theatre—a trip once a year to Gravesend or Twickenham—an annual visit to the Zoological Gardens (Mr. O. was never tired of looking at the wild beasts), were about the only indulgences of that kind that he suffered himself to take. Mr. Oldboy's somewhat solitary habits had gradually and imperceptibly engendered a love for reading. His selection of books, however, was not good; and we grieve to say, his taste by no means immaculate. Books of a doubtful tendency often found their way into his *bibliothèque,* and "Ovid's Art of Love" was found one morning under his pillow by the maid-servant, whilst she was making the bed. That young lady, with a nobleness of mind that might have become a heroine, did not inform Mr. Oldboy of the circumstance, neither did she whisper a syllable to missus of the fact. She appropriated the book for a while to her own use, read it six times through, and then placed it amongst the other *tomes* in Mr. Oldboy's collection.

It is not a little singular that Mr. Oldboy had never bestowed his patronymic upon any lady, young or old, of his acquaintance, seeing that he entertained the profoundest regard for the fair sex generally. A love of truth compels us to say, that he had made one or two attempts to change his condition, but without success. The ladies had somehow discovered that he had more veneration for Plutus than Venus, and he was consequently dismissed with an exceedingly polite and flattering refusal. The fact is, Mr. Oldboy had long wished to increase his means, but had never hit upon a feasible plan for accomplishing his purpose. For what indeed was fifty-seven pounds a year! A mere *bagatelle,* scarcely sufficient in fact to provide a gentleman with gloves and cigars.

There was a certain old gentleman of the name of Squadger, with whom Mr. Oldboy stood upon terms of the utmost intimacy. Squadger had been an invalid for some years, and his wealth was said to be enormous. He was a miserly, solitary, decrepid old fellow, and had neither friend nor relation in the world. Mr. Felix Oldboy, with a noble and philanthropic feeling, determined to supply the place of both. He cultivated the friendship of the old gentleman, bought him jellies, and oranges, and spice, and soon succeeded in ingratiating himself into his good graces. We will not deny that Mr. Oldboy entertained a hope that a corner of the old fellow's will might be reserved for his own especial behalf.

One afternoon, Mr. Oldboy paid a visit to his beloved friend, whom he discovered in his easy chair, propped up with pillows.

"How are ye to-day, my dear Mr. Squadger?" said Mr. Felix Oldboy, as he entered the room.

"Very poorly, Mr Oldboy—very poorly, sir."

"I am sorry, my good Mr. Squadger, to hear that; no particular pain, I hope, my dear sir!"

"Pains all over, sir—head—arms—legs—all over, sir, all over."

"I did think you a little better, yesterday," observed Oldboy.

"I shall never be better, sir. Never, Mr. Oldboy."

"You must not despond, my dear sir. The weather is getting fine, and you will by and bye get out again."

"I shan't sir—I shan't," said the old fellow, becoming rather cross.

"Let's hope for the best, dear Mr. Squadger: that's always my maxim."

"It wont do, sir—it really wont."

Mr. Oldboy was afraid he should arouse the anger of the old gentleman, so he remained silent.

"I want you to do a little job for me," said old Squadger, after a short pause; "I'll not waste much of your time—very little. I know time's valuable—I know it's money, and that's why I mention it."

"I'm always at your command, my dear Mr. Squadger."

"You're a kind hearted man, Mr. Oldboy—a very kind hearted man. You know that little house of mine in —— street."

"Certainly, Mr. Squadger—I know it very well."

"Would you believe, then, that I let that house to a very respectable man and his wife, and that they went away yesterday, leaving several broken panes in the house?"

"Is it possible, Mr. Squadger?"

"It's perfectly true, Mr. Oldboy. The man was a jeweller, and probably has left something valuable behind him. Will you be so kind, dear Mr. Oldboy, to examine the house, and see in what condition they have left it, and if you find anything, I'll make you a present of it for your pains."

"Or rather," said Mr. Oldboy, jocosely, "let it be a compensation for your *panes*."

"No, no," said the old fellow, attempting a laugh, "it must be as I said."

"I wont have anything, Mr. Squadger, I really wont."

"Well, well, you're a kind hearted man, Mr. Oldboy—you are."

Mr. Felix Oldboy shortly afterwards started off on his mission.

It was not long ere he reached the house pointed out by old Squadger. He searched every room and closet as diligently as possible, with the hope that something might be left behind, as he understood from the neighbouring tenants that the family had gone off in a hurry. Nothing, however, could Mr. Oldboy discover—the walls were quite naked, and only a few empty bottles were found in the closets. Mr. Oldboy was about to give up his search in despair, when something propelled him to a second examination. He again ascended the stairs, and discovered that he had left a small attic unexplored. He pushed the door open, but all was vacancy. Nothing daunted, however, he entered the room, and throwing open a creaking closet door, behold a dark, heavy, suspicious looking chest met his delighted eyes! With the quickness of thought, he hurried down stairs—procured a cab, and despatched it to his lodgings. He then repaired to Mr. Squadger, whom he informed of the condition of the house, but concealed from him the valuable discovery that he had made.

On the following day, on his return from his morning walk, Mr. Oldboy determined upon examining the chest. He had got everything in readiness for that purpose, when his landlady tapped at his door to apprize him that his washerwoman was waiting for her "little bill." Mr. Oldboy hastened down stairs.

"Well, Mrs. Sloppkins, how are you getting on?" said he.

"Only werry moderate, sir—soap and things in general is uncommon dear, and sich as we can't stand it nohow. I don't git my money in werry well, neither, sir."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Sloppkins, to hear that. People wont pay, I suppose?"

"Can't get money out on em."

"Ah! times are very bad, I dare say. I sometimes think if I was married, I should live cheaper."

"Not a bit o'doubt on't, sir. Ah! Mr. Oldboy, I know sich a werry nice lady. She'd suit you particular well—she's so hextremely hamiable and accomplished. Plays the pianer and sings delightful. She is a widow, too, poor thing. Her husband died about three months ago."

"How old may she be, Mrs. Sloppkins?"

"She aint much above fifty."

"In pretty good circumstances?"

"Comfortable, sir—I rather think: she aint poor, nor she ain't rich."

"Moderation's the best, Mrs. Sloppkins."

"I'm quite o' your opinion, sir. Ah, sich a kind-hearted creature she is. Only the other day, when I was at her house, she says to me, 'Sloppkins, I've had sich a pain in my stomach, this here morning, and I've just been a drinking a little brandy and water—pr'aps you'll not have no objection to take a little, yourself?'

"Not in the least, ma'am, says I, and so with that, she teemed out a wine glass full, and I drank her health, and wished her better. She's a werry charitable woman, sir, but much subject to the stomach ache. She has it every blessed time as I goes to her house."

"Indeed, what is her name, Mrs. Sloppkins?"

"Nuddley, sir—Mrs. Alfred Nuddley. She lives in No. 50, —— Street."

"Oh! she is a tenant of my old friend, Mr. Squadger. I can easily get an introduction."

"Werry likely, sir. You'll find her a charming woman."

"I don't doubt it, Mrs. Sloppkins."

Having had as much conversation as was desirable, Mr. Felix Oldboy drew out his purse, and settled his account with Mrs. Sloppkins, who thanking him for his promptness, made a low curtsey and took her leave.

"Now for the chest," said Mr. Oldboy, as he hurried up to his bed-room to examine its contents. After considerable difficulty, he succeeded, with the aid of a hammer and a chisel, in raising the lid. The first thing that met his eyes was an old coat, which he speedily threw aside, having no doubt that the valuables were all at the bottom—then he came to a pair of old trowsers—then several old waistcoats, and finally sundry old articles of female apparel, and got to the bottom of the box much chagrined and disappointed to find that his anticipated treasure was nothing more than *A chest of old clothes.*

A day or two elapsed, and Mr. Felix Oldboy again called upon old Squadger, to ascertain the state of his health, and to endeavour to get from the old fellow a commission to call upon Mrs. Nuddley. The old gentleman was now confined to his bed and was rapidly becoming worse.

"How, my dear Mr. Squadger, do you feel to-day," inquired Mr. Oldboy.

"Dreadful ill, dreadful ill, Mr. Oldboy. You're a kind-hearted man to come so often—very. I've left you something in my will. I've not forget you—I haven't."

"Do not think of such a thing—pray don't, Mr. Squadger. My friendship for you is perfectly disinterested."

Mr. Felix Oldboy was in ecstacies with this piece of intelligence. He didn't care if old Squadger died on the morrow.

Before taking his leave, he got Mr. Squadger's consent to his calling upon Mrs. Nuddley, under the pretence of wishing to raise her rent. He found the widow remarkably agreeable in her manners, though somewhat plain in person. He at once explained the ostensible cause of his visit.

"If Mr. Squadger," said Mrs. Nuddley, "means to raise the rent, I'll leave the house, Mr. Oldboy—I certainly will, I won't be imposed upon."

"I feel interested in your case, Mrs. Nuddley. I have power —influence over Mr. Squadger. I'll use em, ma'am, in your behalf—in the behalf of injured innocence and virtue."

"You men are naughty flatterers," said Mrs. Nuddley, blushing as red as the damask curtains.

"Some men are flatterers, Mrs. Nuddley, some men are, ma'am, but not all, I hope not all."

"I hope there are exceptions, Mr. Oldboy," said the widow, and she looked very earnestly at that gentleman, as though she meant to imply that he was one.

A silence of a minute and a half ensued, which was at length broken by the widow.

"Will you take a glass of anything, Mr. Oldboy?"

"I don't mind if I take a little weak brandy and water."

Mrs. Nuddley immediately placed a bottle of brandy and a jug of water, etc., before Mr. Oldboy, desiring him to dilute the brandy in a way most congenial to his palate. Mr. Oldboy obeyed the polite invitation with alacrity. He remained for some time in close conversation with the widow, and before he departed, was perfectly convinced that both she—and her money —were fairly within his grasp.

On the succeeding day, old Mr. Squadger breathed his last. After his remains had been committed to the earth, an early day was appointed for the reading of the will. Mr. Oldboy was of course present on that important occasion, and fully anticipated, from the great attention that he had paid to Mr. Squadger, that he had bequeathed him something very handsome. He was in raptures when the lawyer got to the clause commencing thus—"To my dear, my beloved, kind hearted friend, Mr. Felix Oldboy—"

"Ah! now for it," said Mr. Felix Oldboy, rubbing his hands, "here it comes."

"To my dear, my beloved, kind-hearted friend," continued the lawyer, "Mr. Felix Oldboy, as a mark of my esteem and friendship, I will and bequeath, *My chest of old clothes.*"

It were vain to attempt to paint Mr. Oldboy's indignation. It must be conceived,—we can't describe it.

It was some days before Mr. Oldboy recovered from the great disappointment consequent upon the reading of the will of old Squadger. Nothing remained now for him but to endeavour, as early as possible, to effect an union with Mrs. Nuddley; that accomplished,—her hand and fortune secured,—Mr. Felix Oldboy could even smile at the cruelty and ingratitude of the defunct Mr. Squadger. It was not long ere the widow was again favoured with his company.

"Ah! Mr. Oldboy," said the widow, after the usual salutations, "you have lost your dear old friend, Mr. Squadger."

"He certainly is dead, ma'am. I hope he is happy," replied Mr. Oldboy, in a tone that implied he had certain misgivings upon that point.

"I hope he is," said Mrs. Nuddley.

"He was an eccentric old man, Mrs. Nuddley, particularly so, ma'am. Many a time I tried to make him feel like human nature, but his heart was as hard as a stone; many a time I pleaded for you, ma'am—many a time did I show him the wickedness—the sinfulness of raising your rent."

"You did speak to him, then?"

"Spoke fifty times about it, ma'am."

"Good, kind creature," said Mrs. Nuddley; "how shall I ever requite your services?"

"Mrs. Nuddley," said Mr. Oldboy, becoming more sentimental, "nothing gives me greater pleasure than the power of obliging you."

"I shall never, Mr. Oldboy, be out of your debt."

"Oh! dearest madam, say not so. Would that your gratitude could kindle into a warmer feeling—would that the contemptible individual now before you had it in his power of inspiring in your breast—of awakening in your heart,— some of those rapturous feelings that now agitate his own."

"Oh, gracious me, Mr. Oldboy, what do you mean?"

"Behold, Mrs. Nuddley, one who adores you—one who loves you, ma'am, better than anything," and Mr. Felix Oldboy threw his fat little person before the widow, who hereupon quietly swooned in the arms of the easy chair.

With the aid of a little cold water, and Mr. Felix Oldboy, Mrs. Nuddley speedily recovered. Something like a tacit understanding, too, then took place as to the terms upon which, in future, they were to stand to each other. Those terms were highly satisfactory to Mr. Oldboy.

* * * * * * *

The reader must suppose a period of three months to have elapsed between the close of the last and the commencement of the present paragraph. Those three months have been fraught with important changes, as the following conversation between the *ci-devant* Mrs. Nuddley, and the hero of the present narrative, will fully testify.

"My dear," said Mr. Oldboy, "I hope you won't think me inquisitive, but I am really anxious to know how your late husband's property was disposed of."

"Oh! my love, I assure you it is perfectly safe. I have it in my own charge."

"In the house, Mrs. Oldboy?"

"Yes, dear—in the large closet in our bed-room."

"In the large closet in our bed-room," repeated Mr. Oldboy.

"Yes, Mr. Oldboy, in that very large closet."

"What a singular place!" observed Mr. Oldboy.

"It's a safe place, Mr. Oldboy, a very safe place, and what is more, there are no rats there."

"No rats?" said Mr. Oldboy, abstractedly.

"Not one."

"I should like to examine the chest."

"I've got the key, my love. Shall we go?" inquired Mrs. Oldboy.

"Yes, if you please."

Mr. Felix Oldboy and his partner proceeded to inspect the late Mr. Nuddley's property. On reaching the room occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Oldboy as a sleeping apartment, the lady drew from her pocket a bunch of keys, one of which she applied to a dark looking closet-door, which was immediatly opened, revealing to Mr. Oldboy's wondering gaze a very ominous-looking chest. It was locked with a double lock, and from its fastenings and strength, appeared to contain something very precious. To open it was the work of a moment.

"There, my love," said Mrs. Oldboy, holding up the lid, and throwing out a number of tattered, old garments; "there's useful things, they only want a little mending, and they'll fit you nicely."

Mrs. Oldboy continued to throw out of the chest every species of male attire, and Mr. Felix Oldboy, perfectly horrified, scarcely knew how to sustain himself, when he discovered that the late Mr. Nuddley's property consisted only of *a chest of old clothes.*

"Is that—is that all the property your husband left?" gasped Mr. Oldboy.

"Is that all?" echoed Mrs. Oldboy. "Certainly, dear."

Mr. Felix Oldboy heard no more; the room seemed to swim around with him—his limbs shook, and perspiration streamed from every pore in his face, he staggered, fell his full length upon the floor.

The moral of our story, we trust, is obvious. We have no sympathy for the selfish and the ignoble, and are not sorry when despicable actions meet with appropriate rewards.

THE PAST.

We may dwell with regret upon time thrown away,
When youth and its follies are o'er;
We may waken to memory many a day
Which, alas! can be ours no more:
And we frequently think could we live o'er again
The years we have heedlessly lost,
'Twere easy to shun the remorse and the pain
Which reflection is certain to cost.

Tho' futile and vain are the tears and regret,
Which we waste in lament for the past—
E'er the sun of existence for ever be set,
And death claims his victim at last—
Let us learn from the sorrow that shadows the soul,
As we sigh o'er the time that has flown,
To enforce a far wiser and better control
O'er the days we may yet call our own.

R. H.

THE UNKNOWN VISITOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK."

Years upon years have rolled away since the circumstance which I purpose to detail occurred, the remembrance of which has too often transformed what might otherwise have proved hours of uninterrupted happiness, into moments of painful retrospection, coupled with an indescribable dread of anticipated yet ill-defined evil.

I am fully aware that in the opinion of others, what in my own mind was no optical illusion, will be considered as originating in a distempered fancy, or the morbid imagination of a too sensitive mind, while by some it will be attributed to a disordered intellect, acting on a frame greatly enfeebled through recent and acute suffering.

With such as may incline towards any of these conclusions, it is not for me to enter into controversy, since it were as unjust as futile to demand credence for assertions possessing nothing more substantial than repetition, as vouchers for their truth.

Neither do I claim implicit belief from those who, deeply immersed in the matter-of-fact occupations of the world, regard with feelings approximating to contempt, the detail of occurrences which, soaring beyond their intellectual sphere, are rejected as the vain chimera of an unsettled brain, or unhesitatingly denounced as the fanatical and unconnected ravings of a madman.

From these and such as these, I look for nothing beyond the faint smile of incredulity, or the more irritating gesture of compassion. To attempt to lead *them* into a reciprocity of feeling with myself, were indeed a fruitless task; for, strong in the armour of their own wisdom, they mercilessly announce as ephemeral what I look upon as substantial truth. Let them pause ere they proclaim their unbelief, for a period may yet arrive, when, subjected to the same ordeal which I have encountered, their scepticisms may be cast down, and their opinions undergo a revulsion fixed as sudden.

To this brief narrative I have little to add, beyond a declaration of immutable faith in having witnessed the occurrences about to be recorded. Why those circumstances took place, and for what special cause I was brought into contact with the mysterious being, those who peruse these pages are as competent to decide on as myself. Had the but too well remembered interview owed its existence to a dream, or from any cause save an active and tangible presence, no reason could possibly exist for the overwhelming and dreaded forebodings ever present to my thoughts. Surely so powerful an influence over, otherwise, a strong mind, never could have been achieved through the creation of fancy? Impossible, for notwithstanding four and twenty winters have fleeted by since that memorable night, every circumstance, even to the most minute, is impressed on my memory as vividly as though the scene were but of yesterday's enacting.

On this point I shall write no more. Nothing can shake my confidence in the reality of what I witnessed, and to me, it matters not what opinion may be entertained by others. I select from a heap of old manuscripts the tale, as committed to paper at the time, leaving my readers to credit or reject it, as, biassed by their own judgments, they may feel inclined.

It was towards the latter end of July, in the ever memorable year 1815, and somewhat approaching to evening, that I found myself propped up with many cushions by an open window in one of the most conspicuous and agreeable parts of Brussels, inhaling the cool breeze, so refreshing after the close atmosphere of a sultry summer day. Crowds of well-dressed persons thronged the streets, and the sweet tone of woman's laughter, mingling with the dulcet notes of music, added no trifling interest to the scene. The dark shadows creeping across my solitary chamber were gradually increasing as the night wore on, and the sparkling brilliancy of innumerable lamps starting into light from all quarters of the city, made the interior of my apartment appear more dismally sombre from the contrast without.

I was alone, and in the full enjoyment of one of those indistinct yet soothing reveries which, after a protracted and severe illness, cheers the enfeebled mind of the languid sufferer, instilling into his yet dreamy and half recovered recollection the many blessings the world he had so nearly quitted, still held forth for his gratification and delight.

The cause of my imprisonment was justly attributed to a gratuitous *souvenir* in the shape of a leaden bullet, which, through the instrumentality of a French grenadier, was transferred from his musket to my frame, and that moreover, without the slightest intimation on his part of the obligation about to be conferred.

To remove the disagreeable guest the surgeons forthwith set to work with all imaginable diligence, cutting and probing in every direction, and so zealously did they prosecute their labours, that had they continued their laudable occupation much longer, I am confident they would have cut me in two.

Things were in this state, when my servant, sensible that the severe treatment would speedily afford them opportunity of a more perfect examination of my body, without the slightest inconvenience to myself, wisely hinted the possibility of the ball having traversed the skin, and taken its departure by the identical aperture where it entered.

This was certainly throwing a new light on the matter, but as the doctors could not, by the most ingenious torture, discover the object sought, they readily concurred in the view taken by my domestic, and again turned to their labour, but in this instance with the laudable intention of healing all the wounds and gashes they had so liberally inflicted.

From the moment of release from the surgeon's knife, I began to improve rapidly, both in health and spirits, and on the evening already mentioned, I felt so much better that I insisted on my servant's quitting me for a time, to enjoy a release from the irksomeness of confinement which he had voluntarily undergone since I received my wound.

Propped up in my easy chair, I gazed listlessly on the crowd below; the promenade was covered with a dense mass of people; the indistinct hum of thousands rose on the still air, and leaning back on the cushions placed for my support, I gave way to all those exuberant, though ideal anticipations of the future, which in the glad days of youth are so readily summoned, for no other purpose, it would seem, than for a maturer age to crumble and demolish.

Weak, attenuated, and helpless as I was, I cannot call to mind moments of more unalloyed pleasure than glided on by that old window in my drawing room at Brussels.

True it is, my vision rested on the motley group beneath. My ears drank in the honied sounds of mirth which on all sides broke the stillness of the night, and I felt grateful, truly grateful, for the refreshing breeze that fanned my pale and throbbing temples. Yet my thoughts were far away.

In imagination, I was once more within the walls of that ancient building where first I saw the light. The moment I had so long yearned for—the wished-for hour of return to my beloved home—had arrived. I felt the affectionate pressure of my indulgent father's grasp, as he stood upon the threshold of that well remembered spot, and again bade me welcome to his roof. The features of the old domestics beamed with pleasure as I returned their kindly greeting; the hall, with all its many trophies of sylvan warfare—the ancient pictures gazing from their antique frames, rose vividly to view. The favoured dogs who in their pampered indulgence were wont to dispute the very fireside with their master, with many a rough caress and gambol of delight sprung to greet my presence.

And was there not *one* more form, *one* other beaming countenance, to complete the scene of happiness amid that beloved group? Was there not one gentle voice beside to lisp, in all the sincerity of a pure and affectionate heart, a scarcely audible thanksgiving for my safe return? But why harrow up the very soul with these too maddening recollections? Where are now the silver hairs of my fond and doating parent? where the various members of our once happy circle? where may we now expect to find that more than angelic being, whose radiant beauty shed a halo of happiness around all who came within the influence of her power, and whose undeviating rectitude, and unobtrusive piety, caused her to be regarded more as an essence from a higher sphere, than as a being of this sinful and polluted world?

Where are they now? Let him who would have that question answered go to that once proud edifice, and view the crumbling stones shunned and neglected even by the houseless wanderer. The feathered choristers that were wont to cluster amid the foliage of the surrounding shrubberies, and usher in the morn with their joyous hymns of praise, have long since departed for other homes, and all around is silent as the grave. Each sign of life has passed away from that unhallowed spot; the very birds of darkness and ill omen spread wide their wings, and turn in terror from the accursed pile—while the wind, as it shrilly whistles through the decaying corridors, seems to bemoan the fate of those who once dwelt within the tottering and now deserted walls.

I was aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen, by hearing my name several times repeated from the street, and on leaning over the balustrade to ascertain who my acquaintance might be, I observed a figure gazing upwards, as if in expectation of an answer to his summons.

On observing the desired effect, the object slightly waved his hand in acknowledgment, and having crossed the portal he immediately ascended the stairs. In a few seconds, a slight knock at my chamber door intimated the arrival of my guest, when, without waiting for permission, he slowly walked into the room.

I have before stated the apartment to have been perfectly dark, and it has ever since appeared to me an unfathomable mystery by what means I was enabled to scan the features of my visitor, amid the shade of that sombre room, with as much accuracy as though our meeting had taken place under the bright canopy of heaven, at noon-day. Yet at that moment the incongruity of the clearness with which I noted every lineament of his form, surrounded as we were by profound darkness, never for an instant occupied my mind.

I must however acknowledge that the presence of the stranger created a very different sensation from what might have been anticipated from the appearance of a casual visitor. I knew not why, yet a predominant feeling closely tantamount to awe, superseded my previous cogitations, and as I kept my eyes rivetted as by enchantment on the singular features before me, I vainly strove to shake off the thick coming fancies rapidly clouding my brain. Yet there was not any thing actually remarkable in the outward appearance of the new comer; nevertheless, the sensation which enthralled me could in no degree whatever be assimilated to any thing I had previously encountered. I felt a dull weight of oppression at my breast, as though my breathing was arrested in its course. A cold moisture suffused my limbs and forehead, and though I would have tendered any thing in my possession to be rid of the incubus which weighed me down, I would not have had the figure depart without further explanation, for worlds.

The garb in which the cause of my agitation was arrayed, courted observation, neither from its simplicity nor richness, and if any thing appertaining to the costume was calculated to attract the eye, it might have arisen from the somewhat antique formation of the style; still there was nothing approaching to ridicule in the dress, and had that alone formed the difference from others, the wearer might have wandered unnoted and unquestioned for ever.

But such was not the case with his features, for whoever once fixed his eyes on the countenance before me, though he might exist until the end of time, never could the impression fade from his mind. The eyes were black and piercing; yet ever and anon from underneath the arched and thickly shaded brow, glared forth a look which few could meet, and none dare return. The nose was aquiline and beautifully formed, but as the sardonic curl of the upper lip broke through the contour of the lower part of the face, it imparted an expression to the whole, such as no mortal man, I trust, has ever yet been cursed with.

The very symmetry of his features, coupled with the evil passions betrayed, only added to the fiendish stamp indelibly imprinted on the visage; and although when placed before me, the lineaments of this too expressive countenance were tutored into what might have been intended as an indication of mildness and amenity, it were impossible for any long period to gaze on the appalling vision.

"You did not expect me this evening," commenced the stranger, in a gentle tone of voice, strongly in contrast with his forbidding aspect. "I think I am right in the supposition that my presence at this hour was unlooked for?" and without pausing for reply, he drew a chair towards him, and placed himself at the opposite side of the window.

"Delightful situation," continued the unknown, wholly regardless of my silence; "but your protracted imprisonment is sufficient to tinge the fairest view with the deteriorating shade of sameness. Am I not right?" he added, gazing abstractedly on the street, with the perfect nonchalance of an old acquaintance—"Am I not right?"

"In *so* far, certainly, that I see nothing exhilarating in a sick chamber," I replied, in some degree recovering my mental energies, which had been woefully unstrung on his entrance.

"True, most true," was the answer—"not the most agreeable position for a young man, certainly, but affording excellent opportunity for retrospection of by-gone deeds, and determination of amendment in future," and as he uttered the last sentence, the diabolical sneer passed across his features, as if in derision at his words.

"Now, were I permitted to hazard a surmise," he continued, "I should say that in your instance the opportunity has not been neglected, and possibly, not content with laying in a goodly store of future resolutions, you have thought fit to reward your resolve with anticipations of happiness as a return. I'm not far wrong in my conjecture, I imagine," added this extraordinary being, disposing his limbs in a more comfortable position in his chair. "To *me* you can speak without reserve on this or any other subject, we being any thing but strangers to each other, as you well know."

"Then indeed," replied I, not a little astonished at the cool tone of voice in which so circumstantially was detailed the very subject of my recent thoughts—"then indeed the acquaintance must be wholly on your side, since I have not the most distant recollection of having seen you till now, neither know I to what I may attribute the present honor."

"Oh! as for the honor," answered the unknown, laughing, "of that we will discourse hereafter, but regarding our acquaintance, whatever may be the errors in your memory, mine is somewhat tenacious; and though probably unknown to you, it by no means follows you are a stranger to *me*;—far otherwise, I assure you; but enough of this, and now say whether my conjecture was correct or not?"

"And if it were correct," I replied quickly, "of what import could my ideas be to a person with whom I am totally unacquainted?"

"But who is well acquainted with you, nevertheless," interrupted the stranger.

"Be that as it may," I rejoined, somewhat nettled at the pertinacity with which he asserted an acquaintance which I could have staked my existence never had occurred—"be that as it may, I cannot acknowledge the right you appear resolved to assert in questioning my very thoughts."

"And yet," answered the other, smiling, "it is possible I could point out some more profitable mode of wasting time, than in fanning unsubstantial chimeras which never will and never shall be realized."

By this time the awe in which at first I held my companion, was dwindling rapidly away, and an ardent desire to dive deeper into the object of his visit usurped its place; and resolved if possible to fathom the object of his coming, I boldly challenged him to explain.

"What is it you are so anxious to arrive at?" he replied, adding, as if in mockery, "surely it is time sufficient to be made miserable, when the cause for unavailing sorrow is brought to light, without seeking to embitter present moments by drawing aside the veil that shrouds the future. But be it as you list; you, and you alone, can become the sufferer, and if still resolved to dive into the time to come, blame but yourself for the result, since for me—" and breaking into a tone of mingled mirth and irony, he left the unfinished sentence, and averred his readiness to reply to whatever question I might offer.

"If such then *be* your power," I resumed, scarcely aware what faith to affix to his assertion—"if indeed such power has been granted, tell me the thread of those thoughts which on your entrance occupied my mind."

"At that time," readily answered my companion, without a particle of hesitation in his manner—"at that time you were dwelling in imagination on the felicity your return home may naturally be expected to diffuse among your friends; you thought of the proud joy with which your father would clasp you in his arms, and you pondered over the anticipation of long years of unalloyed happiness, to be passed with one who, although not so near akin as others, is yet dearer to you than all the world besides? Am I right?"

"In the name of Heaven," I exclaimed, "by what witchery can you have known this? No one have I seen for a full hour previous to your coming, and to none, therefore, could my thoughts be revealed."

"Perhaps not," drily remarked my extraordinary visitor—"and yet you perceive *you* are not the sole possessor of the secret. But come, let us turn to a more important matter, since it was not to repeat the thoughts and occurrences passed away, that I am now here, but rather for the more appalling purpose of revealing what will hereafter happen."

"Speak on," I exclaimed, now greatly excited—"for surely he who can tear the most secret thoughts from the bosom of another, may readily be empowered to communicate that which no man can know."

"Unquestionably, if such in reality be your wish," was the ready and unruffled answer. "Listen" he added in a slow and solemn tone of voice, which made the very blood curdle in my veins—"listen, and ponder well upon my words, for as sure as that to-morrow's sun will in a few brief hours drive away the darkness of this night, so surely shall my words prove true—therefore is it that I warn you, that of all your dreams of ideal happiness on earth—of all the hopes you have so sedulously built—of all the pleasures you look forward to possessing, as next to certain—not one of those anticipations which so long and so fondly you have cherished in the innermost recesses of your heart—not one of those ecstatic dreams of human joy, shall ever come to pass.

"The parent you have too prematurely pictured as passing through a good old agė, cheered by the love of those around him, shall soon be regardless of your voice; the young, the good, the beautiful being, whose affection you proudly imagine is your own —that gentle creature whom you love with all the passionate idolatry of youth—never, never shall be yours;—the very dwelling of your forefathers shall crumble into ashes in your sight; wealth, rank, and honour shall be showered on your head, when those who would have gladdened and rejoiced in your prosperity shall be no more—and that, moreover, when neither the inclination nor the power to benefit from any worldly advantage remains. Uncared for and alone, the residue of your dreary pilgrimage shall be dragged out in that spot which must ever bring the recollection of your miseries to your mind; and when at length death comes to rid you of an existence almost too burthensome to support, you shall——"

"Speak on!" I exclaimed, half frantic at the picture he had called up—"speak, I implore you. Oh, let me hear the worst—let me hear all;" and attempting to rise, I should have fallen to the ground, had not my servant, who at that instant entered the room with lights, caught me in his arms.

With eye-balls almost starting from their sockets, I gazed upon the spot where, but an instant since, I had seen the figure as perfectly as I now behold the paper on which I trace these lines, but my eyes fell on vacancy alone—the chair stood exactly as *he* had placed it, but the mysterious occupier was no longer there; the seat from whence the foul prophecy had been poured forth was now untenanted, and nothing remained to bear witness to the visit of the stranger save his ill-omened forbodings, which were as indelibly stamped on my recollection as if written in letters of blood. No one save myself had seen his entrance into the room—so none had witnessed his departure. The porters at the gate denied all knowledge of his egress, and from that moment until now every trace of my persecutor has been lost.

As might have been expected, the violent paroxysm into which I had been thrown produced a relapse of my illness; my life, for a long period, was despaired of, but when at length I woke once more into being, my beloved parent and *she*, whom to know was to adore, were anxiously watching by the couch of the unconscious sufferer.

If anything could have instilled life into so debilitated a frame, the gentle care and ever-watchful zeal with which I was tended could not fail in accomplishing that end, and when I was pronounced capable of undergoing removal, never shall I forget the joy with which I left that dismal room of misery and pain, and, placed in the carriage by those I held so dear, once more turned my way towards home.

Would that I could now close my narrative, and thus blot out for ever the recollection of the many succeeding years of misery which have so slowly rolled away. Willingly—most willingly would I acknowledge the supposition that what had previously occurred was but the creation of my own erratic fancy; but the result—the evidence of my own senses, closes the door against so blessed an oblivion.

What was foretold on that most memorable night has long since come to pass in all its horrors, and, therefore, worse than fruitless must every attempt prove to convince me of the unreality of the Fiend. In each particular—even to the minutest shade—has the edict been fulfilled, and nothing now remains, save patiently to await that doom which the unfinished sentence of the demon seemed to threaten,—but I am forestalling events; and, having undertaken the painful task, let me hurry over the fearful tragedy as briefly as I may.

It was a bright autumnal evening when we reached my anxiously looked-for home; the air was cold, yet exhilarating, and as the distant turrets of the mansion rose to my view, the feeling of happiness and content with which I gazed on each well remembered spot amply repaid me for the miseries I had endured.

So rapid had been our journey that our arrival was somewhat unexpected, but in due time ample arrangements were effected for our comfort, and never did a happier trio assemble round a well furnished board than was portrayed on that occasion, by my father, my adored Mary, and myself; the hours—like all hours of supreme happiness—flew rapidly away, and it was late ere we separated for the night.

Such was the excited state of my feelings, caused, no doubt, by the stirring occurrences of the day, that on reaching my apartment, instead of retiring to rest, I threw myself on a sofa by the fire, and mentally contrasted the happiness I was then partaking with the wretchedness of the preceding months. The baneful augury of the Brussels visitor rose not to my imagination—or if, indeed, a transient gleam of his prophecy forced its way, the impression was rapidly banished for some more pleasing theme.

How long I remained in that state I know not—it might have been hours, or it might not have exceeded one; I heeded not the waning time, until at length, overcome with weariness and joy, I fell into a profound slumber. I dreamt—but what avails it to repeat the various strange forms and improbable incidents that flitted across my brain? It was one of those indescribable sensations, mixed with causeless fear, which, ending in the supposition of being hurled down a precipice, makes the dreamer start up suddenly from his unrefreshing slumber, and gratefully acknowledge that reality claims no portion of the horror.

It must have been late when I awoke; the fire was all but extinguished, a few embers only flickering in the grate. I felt chilled and weary, and rousing myself from my recumbent position, was preparing to undress, when a shriek—so clear, so thrilling, that to this hour it seems ringing through my brain—issued from a remote part of the building. Could it be fancy? The impression of the dream I had just shaken off? Or was it dread reality itself? Scarcely a second could have elapsed, when all doubt was effectually dispelled by another cry, if possible, more terrible and dreadful than the first. Not a moment therefore was to be lost; I sprung to the door, and, heedless of the surrounding darkness, rushed along the corridor in the direction whence I fancied the sounds proceeded. In my way thither it was necessary to pass my father's room; the door was unclosed, and, regardless of some indistinct object in my path, my foot slipped, and I fell with violence to the ground. Acting under a common impulse, I stretched forth my arms to avert my fall, and encountering a soft, clammy substance, I regained my equilibrium and pursued my way.

A dense smoke was now rising in slow and circling eddies from various parts of the house, the flames broke forth from innumerable places as at once, and, guided by the ruddy glare of the destructive element, I rushed along the winding passages which led towards my cousin's chamber.

At the very threshold of her room, with nothing save a loosely-wrapped shawl around her white night-dress, and extended at full length upon the floor, lay the inanimate form of my beautiful and betrothed Mary. Her face was pale as marble—her long dishevelled hair hung dabbling in a pool of gore, while from underneath the light drapery of her dress a dark sluggish stream coursed its serpentine way along the clear and polished marble.

Scarcely conscious of what I did, I stooped to raise the body in my arms, but instantly relaxed my hold with a yell of horror, as the head, falling backward from the motion, disclosed a deep purple gash in the swan-like neck of my angelic cousin, which had nearly severed it from the trunk.

With indescribable agony I clasped my hands upon my bursting temples, in hopes of shutting out the hideous spectacle from my sight, but all was vain. My fingers felt as if bathed and polluted with the hot stream! and holding my ensanguined fingers from my half averted face, the crimson stain too plainly told what had been the obstacle encountered near my father's room.

Of what succeeded on that dreadful night I cannot give account—to me the day and darkness passed undivided ; of time I took no note—days, hours, weeks, were all confused in one. But I can remember having heard voices, and sometimes I can call to mind forms and features that flitted round the pallet where I laid, and seemed to mock me with their hideous jeers, but all dreamy and indistinct. A dense vapour still appears to surround all occurrences, until *that* hour when I awoke to consciousness, and found myself manacled with chains, and the inmate of a loathsome cell. Then came another long, long period of darkness, oblivion, and pain. I knew I was still in being, yet totally unconscious of the end or aim of existence. My mind wandered through a chaos of unutterable imaginings, but none tarried long enough to dwell on.

I have since been told that occasionally I would call upon the name of my cousin with a frightful vehemence of impatience, and then, as if in mockery, would imitate the gibbering strains of a senseless idiot. I was mad, and when at last reason resumed her sway, and I became cognizant of what passed around, they told me to prepare for trial—trial for murder—the murder of my father, and that fair girl on whom I doated almost to insanity. I could have laughed in the faces of the besotted fools, who, in the impotence of their shallow wisdom, came to denounce as a murderer *him* who would gladly have perilled life itself to have preserved those now lost to him for ever. Accused of murder, and of having murdered *them*. It was too absurd, and yet the preparations all went on, till one cold, damp morning, when they took me from my cell, and led me to a place filled with hundreds of faces, all glaring with intense horror on the vile, polluted parricide. I know not what they did, for I was occupied in trying to recognize, amid that sea of heads, those who had appeared to me in the long hours of desolation and loneliness which had so frequently become my portion. But I knew them not; all were strangers to my eyes. Some there were who troubled me with questions, but I neither understood nor pondered on their meaning.

At length they took me back to my solitary cell, and then it was they told me I was mad. And was *that* all their vaunted wisdom could arrive at? Had they asked the maniac, he could have solved that question long ago; he well knew that he was *mad—mad* since the horrors of that foul, accursed night.

Years passed away, and when at length I regained my senses, it was but to learn I had been pronounced guilty of the double murder, but on the plea of fixed insanity, had been doomed to imprisonment for life. Of my guilt none entertained a shadow of a doubt, until about five years since, when circumstances came to light which proved my innocence before the world. By confession of two felons, it appeared that, tempted by the reported quantity of plate and jewels retained in the house, and ignorant that the family and servants had returned, a daring plan was laid for robbing the premises, and to avert suspicion of their guilt, incendiarism was to be added to the crime. An escretoire, known as part of the furniture in my father's room, excited the cupidity of the wretches, and having entered what they supposed would prove an untenanted chamber, their faces were readily recognized, when, to avoid public exposure and punishment, murder was unhesitatingly committed. Disturbed by unusual sounds at that late hour of the night, my ill-fated cousin came forth, probably under the impression that some of the family were ill, and thus attracting the notice of the ruffians, met her cruel and untimely end.

My innocence thus established, nothing was talked of but reparation, and entreaties for forgiveness; but I was not mad then, so I requested as the only benefit they could confer, to set me free. What further reparation needed I at their hands? Could they bring the dead again to life? could they wash out the frightful occurrences of the last twenty years? No! what then was their regret to me? I turned from their offers of condolence with contempt. I spurned their slavish proffers of assistance with disgust.

Neither did I need their aid;—true to the Demon's words, rank, wealth, and honor rapidly became mine by inheritance, but of what value were they in my eyes? Was I an object to court publicity and note? I regarded my possessions with detestation and loathing, and cursed the law that compelled me to carry my hated attractions to the grave.

From the very spot where, nearly a quarter of a century since, I beheld that awful visitor, I now pen these lines. In this very chamber, so fraught with horrible and harrowing associations—but from which I cannot tear myself away—I now count the slow approach of each arriving hour. To me there is an attraction—painful it is true, yet no less powerful—that bids me cling to this building as the last remaining link whereby I call to mind the beautiful features of my long-lost Mary. In this chamber was it, that her anxious care rekindled the almost expiring flame of life in my worn and shattered frame, and on this very spot was I foretold my fearful destiny, which the intervening years have so awfully and fully accomplished.

With slight and unimportant variations, my narrative is true. Comment or observation, therefore, I shall not indulge in further, beyond calling attention to the moral which is momentarily before my eyes, and which I trust will not be passed unheeded by my readers.

HOME TEACHINGS.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

"You taught me, mother, that the earth
Was full of voices rare;
That the woodland blue-bells were not dumb,
That the glad leaves stirred in prayer;
That in all God's works, His creatures still
Might some wondrous grace discern—
But there are that call me dreamer,
And say I've much to learn."

"Yet sure I've taught thee other things
Shall not be gainsaid, child:
Some bright beliefs that, won from heaven,
May not be earth-defiled?"
"You taught me, mother, that all love
To our Maker first was due,
And I learned, while listening to your words,
How much was left for you.

"You taught me, or untaught I learned,
Above all dreams to prize
The joyous home-realities
That spake from loving eyes;
With an unwearied faith to trust
All good, though seeming stern—
But there are that call me dreamer still,
And say I've much to learn."

"Yea, much to learn, and unlearn, boy,
Upon thy worldward way:
Perchance too much to lose, when most
Thy spirit needs a stay:
Too much of faith, too much of love,
Those lights by heaven bestowed,
To guide us mid the loneliness,
The darkness of life's road.

"Yes: thou hast much to learn of all
Earth teaches us, apart
From those deep lessons, first and best,
That only teach the heart;
The wisdom of the world has yet
To teach thee worldly pride,
And from the humble walk of faith
To turn thy steps aside!

"O, if in these, thy dreaming days,
Thou canst look up and see
God's wondrous love and watchfulness
Enfolding thine and thee,
Believe that it will be no dream,
When life's brief hour is past,
To know that this, thy first true faith,
Has not, too, been thy last!

SONG OF A LOVER.

I've seen the mighty orb of day from out the East arise,
And with the lustre of its beams shed glory thro' the skies;
And as I watch'd its onward course, in azure realms above,
Its rays they were not brighter than the eyes of her I love.

I've seen the dusky hues of night flee fast at break of dawn,
And in its home within the wood awake the timid fawn;
And bounding fleet as the wind from plain to covert rove—
It could not rival the light step of her I fondly love.

I've heard the music of the trees, and gently playing rills,
And pipe of the enamoured swain, steal softly from the hills:
By the sweet magic of the sounds my heart in joy has mov'd,
But all was discord when I heard the voice of her I loved.

O, many faces bright and fair I've mark'd amid the throng,
Where each so light of footstep danced, or sang so blithe the song.
Throughout the joyous multitude in vain mine eyes would rove,
To find a form more loving than the girl I dearly love.
W. B. A.

THE STORM AND THE CONFLICT.

A TALE OF THE FIRST REBELLION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

CHAPTER VI.*

An hour after the events recorded in the last chapter, Lieutenant Breck requested and obtained an interview with Alice Greystock. Already spiritually enlightened and strengthened by affliction, the shock occasioned by the sudden death of Mrs. Dorothy was not so great as it would have been under happier circumstances; and Alice was enabled calmly to feel and to acknowledge that the change, far happiest for the one, was also best for both; still more apparent was the wisdom of Providence in this dispensation, when Arthur Breck had unfolded his mission. This he did as gently as possible, needlessly for Alice, who was prepared to hear the worst, and who had many reasons for shrinking from the earnestly expressed sympathy of the Lieutenant, as well as from the offers of protection made by hi family, and of which he now, respectfully and hesitatingly, ventured to remind her. "I know," he continued sorrowfully, in conclusion, "that the part I have played, and am still compelled t play, in these matters is calculated to make my presence offer sive to you: yet you would only do me justice by believing th the hope of being able to spare you some unpleasantness, if n to render you some service, was my sole motive for placi myself in so unpleasant a position so readily."

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* Continued from page 303, vol. liii.

"You may well spare all further explanations and all apo gies, Lieutenant Breck," said Alice. "You yourself, as w as those who sent you, must be aware that my sympathies with them against whom you jointly make war, and your professions of service to the daughter come oddly enough from one that is prepared to hunt the father even for his life. I have still some tried and true, though humble, friends near me, and I am prepared to depart so soon as I have made some few indispensable arrangements. May I hope that our present conference ends here?"

"I am compelled to say more, and you to listen," returned the Lieutenant, his lips turning of an ashy whiteness. "Pity, I beseech, rather than condemn me, for I perceive, now the knowledge is too late, that I miscalculated sadly when I undertook my present office. I would that any other might give you the explanation I must per force give. I have mentioned to you the suspicions that are afloat with regard to Sir Thomas, and the fact of his having been seen in the neighbourhood. Those who are inclined to place confidence in myself do not extend that confidence to the daughter of him they seek; and believing that Sir Thomas, if he has not already obtained, will seek to obtain an interview with, or otherwise to communicate with you, my orders are imperative that you be not allowed to remove far hence, and that for the present, you remain guarded. If I exceed my instructions in disclosing all this, my punishment is sufficiently heavy: and I have myself no doubt but that you have kept good faith with me, not knowing more of Sir Thomas's whereabout than I myself do, nor being likely to know, notwithstanding what others assert to the contrary."

Alice was silent for a moment after this speech, during which her cheeks had become flushed, and her fine black eyes had shot forth glances of angry scorn.

"If I apprehend you rightly," she said at length, "it was to a prison you would have led me when you just now proffered the hospitality of your father's house." The lieutenant's face sank on his clasped hands, which rested on the back of the chair beside which he stood. "I am well pleased to learn the extent of the obligation under which you would have placed me; and I warn you that you put no confidence in what you are pleased to term my good faith; for although it is true that I know nothing whatever of my father or his movements beyond what, since the defeat, I have learned from his enemies, it is equally true that if I *did* know the place of his concealment, no earthly power should wrest such a secret from me. Since it is as you say, you must dispose of me as you will; yet before I go hence I would gladly see decent interment given to one whom God has called to himself this night."

The lieutenant eagerly promised that the interment of Mrs. Dorothy Greystock in the family vault beneath the old church, at the adjacent village of Darren, should be his first care, and that in the meantime Alice should remain unmolested. "If there be aught else in which I can honestly render you service," he continued, "deny me not the pleasure, even though you judge my professions of friendship to be, as they appear, a mockery."

"I have no favour to ask, save that I may this night be allowed to keep undisturbed watch by the dead," said Alice.

Leiutenant Breck silently bowed in acquiescence, and quitted the apartment.

CHAPTER VII.

Ten o'clock had struck from the church at Darren, and Alice still kept sad watch by the side of her dead relative. The presence of Leiutenant Breck in the house had restored the troops to order, and not a sound was heard save the loud howling of the evidently rising tempest without. If Alice had been in any degree inclined to give way to superstitious feeling, the circumstances of the scene around her might well have called it forth;—the late hour, the silence and loneliness, the dim, flickering light of the solitary lamp, leaving in deep shadow the far recesses of the large apartment, yet revealing too clearly the uncovered face of the dead, and giving an unearthly expression to the faded representations of her ancestors with which the walls were crowded. And to say truth, Alice had given way to more than one nervous start, disturbed by a sound that seemed to proceed from behind the huge fireplace, a spot associated in her mind with matters of peculiar interest. Again and again the sound was repeated, a noise as of some one tapping against the wainscoat; and Alice at length started to her feet, and listened with suspended breath and clasped hands. In most old houses of any note, a secret hiding place was constructed, needful enough in troublous times, in which to elude the pursuit of an enemy, or to practise the rites of a proscribed religion. Such a sanctuary existed between the fireplace before mentioned and the back flight of stairs; and Alice had always believed that the knowledge of it was confined to the priest and to the members of her own family; yet that some one was now concealed there she could no longer doubt; and after hesitating for one wild moment, she flew to the door, which she had previously bolted, and being assured of its security, passed rapidly to the smaller one opening on the stairs. After proceeding down a few steps, Alice knocked slightly against the wainscoat; the signal was returned, the secret panel flew open, and in an instant the agitated girl was locked in the arms of her father.

"This is happiness enough to atone for all the past, and that has been bad enough since I saw thee," cried Sir Thomas.

"But you are safe! you are safe!" returned Alice, "and we have once more a future as well as a past! O my father, I cannot tell you what I have suffered on your account."

"I know it, wench! kiss me again;—there now, come and sit down, for I have much to tell as well as to hear: but first, are you likely to be missed?"

"No; for I had asked and obtained permission to remain undisturbed during the night."

"That's brave. And now I see, Alice, thou art all impatience to know how I came here, and, above all, to be so well provided for;" and Sir Thomas pointed as he spoke to a table covered with a faded altar-cloth, on which stood two or three bottles, some eatables, and a lighted lamp.

"I am really glad to see you so well provided under the circumstances," said Alice, smiling sadly; "wine, is it? yes, and brandy, and this remnant of substantial pie! you have surely been attended by some good fairy!"

"A good fairy, if thou wilt, in the shape of Laithwaye Oates. Time would not now serve to tell all that Talbot and myself have owed to him and to John Forrest;—our lives a dozen times over; but skulking about is hard work at the best. Of this I can yet boast—that never landlord possessed a more attached tenantry than mine. But now to business, Alice. I have gained two important pieces of information from Laithwaye, since coming here: one, that aunt Dorothy is dead—a great gain to her and a great mercy to us at this juncture, I look upon it—the other, that in the course of a day or two the old place is to be pulled down;—no very safe hiding nook for me! but by to-morrow at this time—if all goes well—I trust to be out of merry England, and far on my way toward the south."

Alice gazed wistfully at her father as he spoke, and her heart was silently wrung at the great change in his appearance. His tall figure that had been proportionably stout, was considerably shrunken, as was evident from the soiled, disordered clothes that hung loosely about him. His naturally large black eyes appeared larger; his face longer, and many shades paler than it was wont to be, and the general ill effect was heightened by the absence of his wig, and the matted and uncared-for appearance of his own slightly grizzled black hair.

"Would to heaven I had heard of you being far away and safe, rather than see you here this night, dear father!" said Alice, her thoughts now reverting to her father's danger; "but by what means do you propose to go?"

"You remember hearing of Lancelot Errington, the Newcastle skipper, he that entering with such heart into our cause took the fort on Holy Island with a handful of men, and kept it, and escaped so cleverly after being at length captured? well, he is a kind of second father to Laithwaye, who as you are aware, has gone off to sea on several occasions. It is to him that I now look for a passage to France. He is hovering on the coast close by, ready to take Talbot and myself up at any moment, but I could not go without seeing thee."

"And the troops, dear father, the troops! how will you escape their vigilance?"

"I don't care that for the troops now," said Sir Thomas, snapping his fingers. "Blessings on old stout John de Greystock, who in the reign of the immaculate Elizabeth constructed this place of refuge, thereby saving the lives of many holy men! What! cheer up, Alice! dost not know that the subterranean passage leading from hence will take me to the very coast of Lytham? safely as I came, so I expect to depart: now tell me as quickly as possible all that has happened since we last met."

Alice briefly narrated the few events that had occurred to herself during the last fortnight, and drew from her bosom the epistles she had received in answer to her application to her relatives. The dark frown that gathered on the brow of Sir Thomas, as he commenced reading them, increased in blackness as he reached the close; but after having lighted them at the lamp, and deliberately waited until they were reduced to ashes, he turned to Alice, and greeted her with one of his brightest smiles.

"I am glad that you had these precious documents to show me," he said, "they have settled for me a point on which I was undecided. Alice, we will not again part: we will quit this place together."

"Bless you, my own good father, for those words!" cried Alice, throwing her arms round his neck.

"How, indeed, could I have borne that it should be otherwise! Oh, I am so happy! and you do not know what a heroine I shall make—as, with the example of the women of our house before my eyes, I ought to do. Oh, I am so happy!"

"My poor girl! my poor girl!" said Sir Thomas, looking in her animated face, and wringing abstractedly the little hand he held within his own: "Well! well! almost anything would be preferable to the tutorage of those awful women in the Canongate, or to my sister's miserable expedient with regard to that insipid young heretic, Lieutenant Breck—yes, anything, anything!" and having apparently made up his mind on this point, he continued: "Alice, we must have no time lost in making preparations; just put on a riding dress—and, by the bye, can you come readily at the few jewels that belonged to your mother?"

Alice replied in the affirmative.

"Then bring them with you; and above all things be quick; I expect Laithwaye here presently, and we must be prepared to accompany him."

"And poor aunt Dorothy?" asked Alice, looking up with tearful eyes.

"Let the dead bury their dead," was the brief rejoinder of Sir Thomas: "our care is for the living."

CHAPTER VIII.

The secret, if there were any, of the success which usually attended the exploits of Laithwaye Oates, lay in the prompt audacity with which he planned, and the unflinching resolution with which he executed any undertaking. It was a small matter to him—with a clear head, a stout heart, and a steady hand, to battle with all sorts of out-of-the-way difficulties; but it was something more, and so he felt it, to be able to drag Sir Thomas Greystock along with him, whilst pursuing after his own fashion the multifarious projects which recent events had brought about. Brave as he was beyond all dispute in a legitimate way, Sir Thomas had shrank from more than one proposition volunteered by his devoted friend and follower; and yet when pressed by necessity he at length yielded, he could find nothing in the advice calculated to lessen his respect for the real integrity and goodness of heart, which beyond all doubt distinguished the adviser. After this manner he had been induced to break into a quiet dwelling, in order to obtain the disputed possession of his own money; and when encountering Lieutenant Breck, whilst on the retreat from this exploit, accompanied by Laithwaye and John Forrest,—if he had been momentarily startled by the boldness of the former in giving some hastily whispered directions, and straightway breaking into the disloyal stave recorded in a former chapter, he was the next instant with a clear coast before him, inclined to laugh heartily, and to acknowledge that under the circumstances any course more wise could scarcely have been planned, even by older and more experienced plotters than Laithwaye Oates. Whilst Sir Thomas and John Forrest, therefore, proceeded to the sea-side farm, the residence of the latter, where their return was awaited by Talbot of Brockholes, Laithwaye made the best use of his eyes and ears at Darren Court, collecting there the information upon which Sir Thomas subsequently acted. Once more acting as convoy, Laithwaye led the way to the spot indicated by the baronet, where, after clearing away the accumulated rubbish of many years—fragments of broken stone, and a luxuriant growth of underwood—they found the narrow aperture forming the entrance to the subterranean passage, which enabled Sir Thomas to revisit, unsuspected, his own house. Having acquitted himself of this mission, Laithwaye, according to previous arrangements, proceeded to Lytham, where he had an interview with his friend, the redoubted Lancelot Errington; and having settled matters to his satisfaction, he returned to the sea-side farm to report progress, and to conduct Mr. Talbot to the coast, previous to giving Sir Thomas the signal that had been agreed upon.

John Forrest, the cousin of Betty Oates, was a sturdy bachelor yeoman, whose forefathers during many generations had occupied the same spot under the Greystocks, who had all been kind landlords, and a feeling akin to feudal fidelity—although differing, inasmuch as it was something better in character,—had long linked the tenants to the lords of the soil in and about

Darren. John O' the Dups, as he was familiarly called, had entered heartily into the plans of his kinsman for the escape of Sir Thomas and Squire Talbot; and the two acting in concert had achieved what one alone, even supposing that one to have been the son of the hosier of the Church Wynd, might have failed to accomplish. The farm house stood at about the distance of a mile from Darren Court, and so near the coast that the murmur of the sea waves was distinctly heard even during a calm. On the night in question, the waters seemed engaged in fierce contest with the unruly wind that blustered and tore over them, and a shade of most unwonted thoughtfulness lay on the open, good humoured countenance of Laithwaye, when at length he stood in the full ruddy glare of the huge kitchen fire at the farm. Although past nine o'clock the household was all astir. The sedate elderly woman who acted as housekeeper to the good yeoman, plied her wheel busily at the ingleside, and Laithwaye glanced somewhat curiously at the muffled-up figure sitting near her, in which he recognized the old woman of whom he had just caught a glimpse when entering the hall at Darren Court, with Lieutenant Breck. Beside these, and the three labouring men, who were apparently awaiting with clean wooden platters before them the preparations for supper, making by a stout, rosy-cheeked servant girl, there sat two neighbouring farmers, cosily sharing between them the contents of a pitcher of foaming ale, and joining cautiously in the general converse, which had for its subject the fortunes and prospects of the house of Greystock. Laithwaye, on entering, greeted those assembled in his usual hearty manner.

"Where's John?" he asked, looking round.

"Gone to Darren, I expect," answered the woman at the wheel, "and I wish he was well back, for that spirit of his will do him no good with the soldiers up yonder. He said if tha came tha must wait, for he wanted to speak to tha."

"I wonder tha didn't meet wi' John, for he's only just gone out,"* said one of the farmers, as Laithwaye seated himself beside them.

"Has ta seen owt o' Mrs. Alice?" asked the other.

"I reckon she'll be breaking her heart about the owd lady," said the house-keeper, before Laithwaye could reply. "It was time she went, too, for she was wonderful owd. I've heard my mother speak of being terrified of her when a girl, for she always had a mighty proud way with her, as indeed all the ladies of the Greystock family had : Mrs. Alice has the sweetest manner of any we recollect, but she can be stately enough on occasion; she knows her place."

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* I have not attempted to give the dialect of Lancashire, except in a few isolated words, it being quite unintelligible to all save the initiated.

A low and peculiarly bitter laugh escaped the strange woman.

"How now, mistress!" resumed the housekeeper. "How happens it that you laugh at my words? you know little of them I speak about, I reckon."

"Not much, not much, but quite enough, if what you say of them be true."

"And why shoudn't it be true? who has a greater right to be proud than the Greystocks?" demanded the housekeeper, firing up in defence of the peculiarities she had herself condemned; "I reckon there isn't such an ancient family hereabouts."

"No, nor better landlords than they've been for generations," interposed one of the farmers. "I think I've seen tha before," he continued, eyeing the strange woman more closely; "where does ta come fro?"

The person thus addressed moved backwards and forwards in her chair, uneasily: "Have I craved so much at your hands that you must needs pester me with questions I do not choose to answer?" she asked.

"Tha hasn't the tongue of one belonging to this country side," said the farmer, "and I thought I was only asking a civil question: they were a trifle more uncivil that threatened to burn tha for a witch, to-day."

"A witch!" exclaimed the housekeeper, evidently frighted, and starting up from her wheel, which she was near overturning, "and like enough too! If you have much further to travel you had better be moving, for I expect the master, and he does not allow any harbouring of vagrants here."

"Nay, nay, Kitty," interposed Laithwaye, "never say such a hard word as that for John Forrest; the wayfarer was always welcomed to his ingleside; and for the matter of her being called a witch, it was only the soldiers up yonder that said it, and they are born devils, as you know."

"Thanks, young man," said the stranger, turning and looking earnestly at him, "I shall not be the first that is indebted to you for a good office: I think we met first in London."

"May be," said Laithwaye, whose recollections of that place were too multifarious to allow of his readily recalling the manner of their meeting.

"You remember," said the woman, still looking at him earnestly, "sheltering a young girl—a child, in one of the crypts of London Bridge, five or six years ago?"

"Aye, aye! and I remember *you* now. Three years after that you speak of, you came to me for tidings of the child, whom you said you had lost: your tale agreed with hers, and I gave you an address where to find her."

"True, you did so."

"And I'll tell you what, mistress," continued Laithwaye, raising his tone and exhibiting a degree of irritability by no means usual with him, "in less than a week after I had given you that information, I heard Mr. Richard Steele say that he would give half he was possessed of to know where you had bestowed that child, against whom he felt assured you meditated some wrong. Where is she now? it may be best for you to let me know, for you and me don't part company again easily."

"You talk as if you were your own master," said the woman in a taunting tone, and with a repetition of the short, fierce laugh that seemed habitual with her.

"It would puzzle tha to point out *his* maister," said one of the farmers, laughing heartily as he spoke.

The woman, whose searching glance was still fixed upon Laithwaye, arrested his attention by pointing her finger in the direction of Darren Court, and then due south, and a smile, expressive at once of intelligence and defiance, rested on her face. Laithwaye for the first time in his life was taken aback; and he stood looking at the woman with a rising doubt whether or not it might be expedient to annihilate her.

"Well, my masters," exclaimed John Forrest, entering at the moment, and gazing around him. "A terrible night this for the cattle, Luke Stanton; the flood is out over all the low lands, and I left that rascally herd of thine at the Darren Arms, too drunk to be trustworthy. Master Byers, I am sorry to be a bearer of ill news, but I hear thy wife is so much worse to-night as to put them in sore fear for her life:—trouble, trouble, seems to be thickening round us."

"Ne'er trouble theesel for me, mon," said Byers, very philosophically helping himself to the remains of the ale jug, whilst his neighbour, Luke Stanton, hastily threw on his great coat, preparatory to taking his departure; "Nancy Byers is never much better than when they say she's at worst—"

"Dang the lad;" broke in Luke Stanton, "he shall feel the weight o' my neive this blessed night! Byers, are ta camin?"

Byers deliberately drank off the ale, breathed a heavy sigh across his hat before putting it on, and departed with his neighbour.

"So! they are well rid of," muttered the master of the house, as the sound of his guest's retreating steps died away. "Who's that?" he asked, bending over to his young relative, whilst his eyes rested on the dark figure of the strange woman.

"The old one himself in disguise, I believe," said Laithwaye: "come this way." The two passed into another chamber, when Laithwaye briefly stated his suspicion that the woman was acquainted with their plot, for so he had interpreted the signs she had made him.

"Tush, tush, man!" exclaimed John Forrest, "you must be mistaken; the woman is a stranger here, a wandering vagabond, chance thrown into the neighbourhood; and unless thy surmise about the devil be true, I see nothing to fear; but will try to provide against all risks. Hallo! hallo!" he shouted at the top of his voice, whilst re-entering the kitchen, "pretty hours these for the inmates of a decent farm house to keep! Lordy Mason," throwing as he spoke a broken spindle at the head of one of the labourers who yet lingered at the ingleside, apparently fast asleep, "Lordy Mason, I'll teach thee to snore in my kitchen, when thou shouldst be scaring away the rats in the granary! Kitty, see to clearing up for the night, and let the house be quiet presently: and as for you, mistress, as the storm is still only brewing, I suppose you'll be thankful for a night's lodging?"

Lordy Mason had already disappeared; Kitty set about obeying the orders she had received with alacrity; but the stranger neither moved nor spoke.

"The master asks if you will be thankful for a night's shelter?" interposed Laithwaye.

"No!" was the brief answer.

John Forrest glanced round him uneasily; and Laithwaye, perceiving that extreme measures must be resorted to, and wishing to have a clear coast, resolved so far to work on the superstitious feelings of Kitty, as to expedite her movements. This was quickly done, by hinting his suspicion that the woman with her unquestionably evil eye, would turn out to be a witch, after all; and gladly accepting his offer to supply her place in the performance of sundry duties, she departed for the night, taking with her the servant girl, and cautiously fastening behind her every door through which she passed on the way to her own chamber.

"And now, mistress," commenced John Forrest.

"Spare yourself further speech," said the woman, rising, and boldly confronting him; "you can tell me nothing that will profit me to know. It is for *you* to listen:" then, lowering her voice, she proceeded: "I know what you meditate with regard to him up yonder, as well as the other one who lies concealed within a hundred yards of us."

"Have you a mind to become acquainted with the bottom of the sea yonder, that you make a boast of such knowledge?" asked John Forrest.

"You talk idly," answered the woman: "if I had wished ill to the cause, should I be here throwing myself into your power, when by a few words I might this day have brought all your schemes to nothing?"

"That is true," said Laithwaye, glancing at Forrest, who answered with a nod of approval. "But," said the latter, "in matters of this kind the less company we have the better: as a friend of the Greystocks you are doubly welcome to anything my house affords; and as you must need rest, my kinsman here shall show you a chamber where you will remain unmolested: we have work on our hands which we must about presently."

"And for work, not rest, did I come hither this night," answered the woman. "You must not seek to baulk me, and I will be no hindrance to you. Look here," and she drew forth a purse heavily filled with gold; "I am commissioned by one who feels much interest in the fortunes of Mrs. Alice, to convey into her keeping this gift, and also to be the bearer of a message of love that will bide no delay. Deem I not well that even this night the dove may be tempted to match her wing with the sea gull's?"

"She surmises no folly, John," said Laithwaye; "from all that Sir Thomas had said on the subject I suspect we shall have Mrs. Alice in the flight, and so I told Lancelot."

"It's an awful night for the like of her to venture out to sea in," said John Forrest, "I wish it may not be as you say. But come, to work! to work! there's one without who must be well nigh frozen: him you spoke of just now, mistress."

"Richard Talbot?"

"Hush! yes, I shall prepare him to meet a friend." The woman merely nodded as John Forrest passed out, beckoning Laithwaye to follow: the latter, however, lingered for a moment.

"I say, mistress, if you behave properly this night, and answer me truly one question, it shall be to me a quittance of the old score."

"What is your question?"

"Is that young girl you cast off, alive and well?"

"She was both when I saw her last, about a month ago."

"In London?"

"That is the third question, and you stipulated for only one."

"All right!" cried Laithwaye, waving his hand; the next instant he was out in the darkness. When the door had closed behind him, the woman crouched low before the blazing fire, and the sinister expression of her countenance at the moment and the few muttered words that escaped her, would have shaken the trust of John Forrest and his kinsman, had they been there to see and hear.

"He little thinks who's coming to look upon him this night! little thinks how Time, the wonder-worker, has changed places for both of us! little thinks that he, to whom I sued abjectly and in vain, is in my power for life or death—for more than either—I could crush, wither, annihilate!—never mind! the hour of triumph is not come yet—not yet!"

Muttering and gibbering; rocking herself to and fro on the low settle: occasionally clasping her withered hands together energetically; as, vehemently tearing them asunder and wringing them, and groaning as one in utter misery, the woman sat until a noise was heard at the outer door, which opening gave admittance to John Forrest and his kinsman, and the rebel Richard Talbot.

The strange woman arose and motioned the fugitive to a seat by the fire, which he accepted readily. He was a tall, slender young man of about eight and twenty, bearing in his very handsome countenance abundant evidence of a kindly and generous nature, and in the unquenched fire of his dark eyes sufficient testimony to the chivalrous enthusiasm which characterised him yet more strongly, and which adverse fortune had not been able to subdue. His dress and general appearance were in such disorder as might have been expected from the sort of life he had led during the last fortnight.

"Will you not sit, good mother?" he said, addressing the woman, who had remained standing since his entrance; "you must need rest."

"The rest I need is in action," she replied: "there is no rest for the body when the mind is ill at ease."

"That is true enough for many of us, just now," said the young man, thoughtfully. Whilst conversing with his guest in a low tone, Forrest alluded to the possibility of Mrs. Alice accompanying Sir Thomas and himself on their voyage; and the sudden start, and the rush of blood even to the temples, with which her name was met, convinced the good yeoman of the truth of the report long in circulation about Squire Talbot being an admirer of the young mistress of Darren Court. Report, indeed, had gone so far as to say that Sir Thomas warmly favoured the young man's suit, which might well have been the case, as he could hardly have objected to a son-in-law whose religious and political sentiments coincided with his own, and whose birth and fortune were in no respect inferior. Deeply affected, Talbot arose and took a few hasty strides across the kitchen floor:

"Poor, poor Alice!" he exclaimed; "we have thought too little of the consequences to those we loved best!"

Having vainly striven to partake of the refreshments placed before him, Talbot prepared to depart with Laithwaye and their new and strange ally. It had been determined that whilst this party hastened on foot to Lytham, a distance of only a mile and a half, John Forrest should proceed with two of his best horses some miles along the coast in an opposite direction, in order to baffle present pursuit. As the whole party passed into the storm without, the strong men quailed for an instant; but the woman, with her weight of years, boldly set her face against the black sky, and turned not her feet until she stood upon the beach at Lytham.

AUTUMN.

Autumn leaves around me falling,
  Sorrowing ye seem to say:—
Heed! oh, heed my silent warning!
  Be thou mindful of decay.
Life is like a day of summer—
  All its pleasures fraught with pain;
Yet the spells which memory gives us
  Gladly would we weave again.

Infancy's a plant so tender,
  Early budding in the spring:
Wanton youth with all its freshness,
  But the flower blossoming;
Manhood hath its hopes and visions,
  Changing ever, ne'er enjoy'd:
Hoary age and its attendants
  Leave the heart a dreary void.

See the sun shines dim and faintly,
  Yonder in the western sky;
Gloomy clouds which gather quickly
  Tell that wintry hours are nigh.
Alas! how desolate and mournful
  Soon will be each wood and grove!
Winter winds so cold and piercing
  Soon our summer haunts will rove.

Where the cherished friends we number'd,
  As we toil'd life's weary way,
From whose hands we feel the pressure,
  Warm as 'twere but yesterday?
Gone—and falling leaves of autumn,
  Silently ye seem to say:—
Learn! oh learn a truthful lesson!
  Type I am of their decay.

W. B. A.

TALFOURD ON LAMB.*

"METHINKS sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit." Such is the language Shakspere puts into the mouth of that inimitable drunken ass, "Sweet Sir Andrew." But no longer is such language applicable. We are not what we were. Our modern Sir Andrews have grown wonderfully funny. They eat less beef, and in consequence grow more wit, and they spend it as very prodigals. We may now say of wit, as Julia of man, that it

> "may range
> "The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart."

To judge by the quantity of facetious publications, or publications intended for such, constantly issuing from the press, this is an age remarkably eminent for its wit. A wonderful change has been effected in the national character. We English are no longer the plodding sons of toil our fathers were. Their seriousness has disappeared, in the same manner as Sir James Clarke tells us their fine constitutions have done. Instead, we have comic sketches, and consumption in its thousand cruel forms. Strong, hale men, they could drink port, and read Locke, and understand Blackstone. Comic Blackstones now are the order of the day. Not a pot-house nor smoke-scented saloon, nor tawdry Casino, exists in this metropolis, but does not reckon amongst the revellers at its midnight orgies hundreds of fast gents, who drink gin and smoke cabbage-leaves, who are considered by a numerous circle of admiring friends as the chief wits and brightest ornaments of the age in which we live. Like Mr. Jenkins, who, if not musical himself, had a snuff box that was, so they, if not witty themselves, have memories that are, with which they dazzle and delight. Spirits of Swift, of Butler, of De Foe, has it come to this! Must we stoop to the humiliation of laughing at slang as humour, after having read your immortal pages? Must we take Corinthian brass for your sterling ore? Our fathers heard Sheridan on the stage, and Selwyn in the clubs, and now and then, perhaps, were favoured with a peep at Walpole's letters. Their fathers listened to Bolingbroke and Chesterfield. Their still more fortunate sires drank and joked with Steele and Pope, and sometimes made a night of it with Addison at Will's, nor will we, their descendants, tamely submit to the humiliation our modern comic writers, with one or two exceptions a most graceless lot, would fain lay upon our backs. Our present writers of humour deserve no mercy at the critic's hands. Most miserable plagiarists, and vile caricaturists, to whose distorted eye man's faith and woman's love, life—however it be developed, whether in the laughter and songs of childhood, or in the hopes and energies of youth, or in the successful struggle of man's prime, or in the grey hairs of age,—time and eternity—are but matters for misplaced merriment and unseemly grins.

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* Final Memorials of Charles Lamb. By Thomas Noon Talfourd. London: Edward Moxon.

"Life is real; life is earnest,"

as Longfellow sings; and nothing can be more contemptible than the feeble wretch who, from his Grub Street attic, levels his aim at all that men have reverenced, and loved, and sought, no matter how true may be its claims, how venerable its associations, how real its worth! The young man fed and brought up by our comic writers, is a spectacle at which the angels themselves might weep. Of such, the gent met with every night at the Adelphi at half price is a perfect type. He can neither love nor hate, believe nor pray. Political or religious creed he has none. He has no sublime ideal for the life that now is, and no sublimer hope for the life that is to come. By no possibility can he be braced up for high argument and manly endeavour. His heart is a waste, and the search after it were as useless as the search after the philosopher's stone. Abstract him from his daily pursuits; take from him his most puny world, Miss Wolgar and Mr. Wright, his bad cigar, and his three pennyworth of worse gin; subtract from his vocabulary his oaths and slang; and you have before you the poorest creature—poorest in all good deeds, in all high thoughts, in all lofty purposes,—this world contains. You have before you that most fitting object for compassion—aye, and tears—

"A fool—a motley fool."

Such is the reader of comic sketches; to such a complexion has he come, in consequence of their alluring representations of life, and men, and manners, as they are.

Not, however, for one instant, would we confound the writers to whom we allude with that "gentle-hearted Charles," as Coleridge called him, whose final memorials Sergeant Talfourd has recently given to the world. To a far higher order did Lamb belong. With Rosalind in "As you like it," Lamb might exclaim, "How full of briars is this working-day world!" and these briars had saddened a heart naturally somewhat sad. From this sadness grew his humour, as was the case with Jean Paul, and many more. In consequence, it was genuine, earnest, ofttimes reverential, always sincere. It shone, and sparkled, and moved to laughter; but it never withered up the faith, nor blighted the freshness, of the heart. He wrote in his quaint old way, and new trains of thought were presented, and ludicrous and unexpected associations aroused, and all the while not a single sanction of morality was weakened, nor a single principle justly dear to the universal human heart weakened or destroyed. With the men who mock at every thing, to whom all forms, all creeds, all time has hallowed, all the heart has loved, all generous emotions, all holy deeds, are lies, Lamb had no sympathy whatever. To him the old was emphatically better than the new. He lived in and with the past. Old books were his study and delight; in the works of his contemporaries he found little or no pleasure. He clung to the old and familiar. In a letter to Mr. Southey, he says:—"I have a timid imagination, I am afraid. I do not willingly admit of strange beliefs, or out-of-the-way creeds or places. I never read books of travels, at least, not farther than Paris or Rome. I can just endure Moors, because of their connection as foes with Christians; but Abyssinians, Ethiops, Esquimaux, Dervishes, and all that tribe, I hate. I believe I fear them in some manner. A Mahometan turban on the stage, though enveloping some well-known face (Mr. Cook, or Mr. Maddox, whom I see good Christian and English waiters and innkeepers, etc.) does not give me pleasure unalloyed; I am a Christian, Englishman, London *Templar*."

Like Horace Smith,—like Dr. Johnson— Lamb loved London with a love unchangeable and deep. He cared not for the country; to purling brooks and meadows green he preferred the society of men and women. For him Arcady itself would have had no charms. In a letter from Enfield to Wordsworth he says —" Here we have nothing to do with our victuals but to eat them; with the garden but to see it grow; with the tax-gatherer but to hear him work; with the maid but to hear her scolded. Scot and lot, butcher and baker, are things unknown to us, save as spectators of the pageant. We are fed we know not how; quietists—*confiding ravens*. We have the *otium pro dignitate*, a respectable insignificance. Yet in the self-condemned obliviousness, in the stagnation, some molesting yearnings of life not quite killed, rise, prompting me that there was London, and that I was of that Old Jerusalem. In dreams I am in Fleet Market, but I wake, and cry to sleep again. I die hard, a stubborn Heloisa in this detestable Paraclete. What have I gained by health? intolerable dulness. What by early hours and moderate meals? a total blank. Oh! never let the lying poets be believed, who 'tice men from the cheerful haunts of streets, or think they mean it not of a country village. In the ruins of Palmyra I could give myself up to solitude, or muse to the snoring of the seven sleepers; but to have a little teasing image of a town about me; country folks that do not look like country folks; shops two yards square, half a dozen apples, and two penn'orths of overlooked gingerbread, for the lofty fruiterers of Oxford-street; and for the immortal book and print stalls, a circulating library that stands still, where the show picture is a last year's valentine, and whither the fame of the last ten Scotch novels has not yet travelled. Marry! they just begin to be conscious of the Red-Gauntlet; to have a new plastered flat church, and to be wishing that it was but a cathedral! The very blackguards here are degenerate; the topping gentry stockbrokers. The passengers too many to insure your quiet, or let you go about whistling or gaping; too few to be the fine indifferent pageants of Fleet-street. Confining, room-keeping, thickest winter is yet more bearable here than the gaiety of summer. Among one's books, at one's fire, one is soothed into an oblivion that one is not in the country; but with the light the green fields return, till I gaze, and in a calenture can plunge myself into St. Giles's. Oh, let no native

Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent recreation can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean boldness and felicity, luckily sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, play-houses, satires, epigrams, puns. These all came in on the town part, and thither side of innocence.

But with these hints of Lamb's character, and his own felicitous description of them, the reader may already be familiar. Mr. Talfourd's work presents him in a new light. Lamb lives no longer amongst old dramatists and books; he lives no longer in the past; but, as he was, a sincere and suffering man, patiently bearing the evils, and performing the duties, of the present. The curtain is withdrawn, and we see no longer the playful humourist, but the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. In lodgings at No. 7, Little Queen street, Holborn, he resided, with a father rapidly sinking into dotage, and a mother deprived of the use of her limbs, and a sister who, beside performing the domestic duties required, sought by needlework to add to their scanty income. At this time Lamb, but twenty, first felt the inspiration of the muse. A "fair-haired maid" in Islington was the exciting cause, but at the same time we find him suffering from that terrible malady to which, according to the poet, "great wits," are near allied. In a letter to Coleridge, he thus alludes to it:—"I know not what suffering scenes you have gone through at Bristol. My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one; but mad I was! And many a vagary my imagination played me, enough to make a volume if all were told. Coleridge, it may convince you of my regards for you, when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who I am inclined to think was the more immediate cause of my frenzy." At this time Coleridge and Lamb, a clerk in the India House, prepared those poems which were afterwards published, with a few from their mutual friend, Charles Lloyd. But in the autumn of 1796, terrible events occurred, that recalled Lamb from the charmed world of song. Miss Lamb, worn down to a state of extreme nervous misery, by attention to needlework by day, and to her mother by night, broke out into frenzy, which proved fatal to her mother. "The following account," says Mr. Talfourd, "of the proceedings on the inquest, copied from the *Times* of Monday the 26th of September, 1796, supplies the details of this terrible calamity, doubtless with accuracy except that it would seem from Lamb's ensuing letter to Coleridge that *he*, and not the landlord took, the knife from the unconscious hand.—'On Friday afternoon, the coroner and a jury sat on the body of a lady in the neighbourhood of Holborn, who died in consequence of a wound from her daughter on the preceding day. It appeared from the evidence adduced, that while the family were preparing for dinner, the young lady seized a case knife lying on the table, and in a menacing manner, pursued a little girl, her apprentice, round the room. On the calls of her infirm mother to forbear, she renounced her first object, and, with loud shrieks approached her parent. The child by her cries quickly brought up the landlord of the house, but too late. The dreadful scene presented to him the mother, lifeless, pierced to the heart, on a chair; her daughter, yet wildly standing over her with the fatal knife, and the old man, her father, weeping by her side, himself bleeding at the forehead from the effects of a severe blow he received from one of the forks she had been madly hurling about the room.

"'For a few days previous to this, the family had observed some symptoms of insanity in her, which had so much increased on the Wednesday evening that her brother, early the next morning, went to Dr. Pitcairn, but that gentleman was not at home.

"'It seems the young lady had once before been deranged.

"'The jury of course brought in their verdict—*Lunacy.*'"

The following letter to Coleridge, relating to the melancholy event, is in a different style from the letters generally attributed to Lamb. "Your letter was an inestimable treasure to me. It will be a comfort to you, I know, to hear that our prospects are somewhat brighter. My poor, dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgment on our house, is restored to her senses; to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has passed, awful to her mind and impressive (as it must be to the end of life), but tempered with religious resignation, and the reasonings of a sound judgment, which in this early stage knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy and the terrible guilt of her mother's murder. I have seen her, I have found her this morning calm and serene; far, very far from an indecent, forgetful serenity; she has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. Indeed, from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confidence enough in her strength of mind and religious principle to look forward to a time when even *she* might recover tranquillity. God be praised, Coleridge, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm; even on the awful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference,—a tranquillity, not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that most supported me? I allow much to other favourable circumstances. I felt that I had something else to do than to regret. On that first evening, my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearance like one dying; my father, with his poor forehead plastered over from a wound he had received from a daughter dearly loved by him,—and who loved him no less dearly; my mother, a dead and murdered corpse in the next room. Yet was I wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay, without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since. I had been long used not to rest in things of sense, had endeavoured after a comprehension of mind, unsatisfied with the 'ignorant present time;' and *this* kept me up. I had the whole weight of the family thrown on me; for my brother, little disposed (I speak not without tenderness for him) at any time to take care of old age, and infirmities, had now with his bad leg an exemption from such duties, and I was now left alone. One little incident may serve to make you understand my way of managing my mind. Within a day or two after the fatal event, we dressed for dinner a tongue which we had had salted for some weeks in the house. As I sat down, a feeling like remorse struck me. This tongue poor Mary got for me, and I can partake of it now, when she is far away! A thought occurred, and relieved me—if I give in to this way of feeling, there is not a chair, a room, an object in our rooms, that will not awaken the keenest griefs. I must rise above such weaknesses. I hope this was not want of feeling. I did not let this carry me too far. On the very second day (I date from the day of horrors, as is usual in such cases), there were a matter of twenty people, I do think, supping in our room. They prevailed with me to eat *with them* (for to eat I never refused). They were all making merry in the room. Some had come from friendship; some from busy curiosity: and some from interest. I was going to partake with them, when my recollection came that my poor dead mother was lying in the next room—a mother, who through life wished nothing but her children's welfare. Indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion, I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asked forgiveness of heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon. Tranquillity returned, and it was only the violent emotion that mastered me, and I think it did me good."

It is evident from the above how well and faithfully Lamb dis charged the duties of life. Ill as he could spare the time, he would sit down to play cribbage with his father in his dotage, though to do that he was compelled to abridge his correspondence with Coleridge. Lamb's days were not long, nor was his wealth great; but never did son honour father and mother as he did his. His conduct towards his sister was equally above all praise. Upon her release from the asylum in which she was confined,—a release opposed by his brother and the surviving members of the family, and effected solely by his earnest endeavours,—he took her to live with him. "For her sake," says Sergeant Talfourd, "at the same time he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage; and with an income of scarcely more than £100 a year, derived from his clerkship, aided for a little while by the old aunt's small annuity, set out on the journey of life at twenty-two years of age, cheerfully, with his beloved companion, endeared to him the more by her strange calamity, and the constant apprehension of a recurrence of the malady which had caused it." Well might he be called gentle-hearted. How much of heroism and self-sacrifice was embodied in his life!

The substance matter of Mr. Talfourd's volumes consist of letters to Coleridge, principally critical, or friendly, or humourous. Southey, if we remember aright, in one of his letters to Edward Taylor of Norwich, speaks of the "Ancient Mariner" as an awkward imitation of the German. Lamb had a much truer appreciation of its singular worth. He says in a letter to Wordsworth,—"As for me, I was never so affected with any human tale. After first reading it, I was totally possessed with it for many days. I dislike all the miraculous part of it; but the feelings of the man, under the operation of such scenery, dragged me along like Tom Pipe's magic whistle. I totally differ from the idea that the 'Mariner' should have had a character and profession. This is a beauty in 'Gulliver's Travels,' where the mind is kept in a placid state of little wonderments; but the ancient 'Mariner' undergoes such trials as overwhelm and bury all individuality or memory of what he was, like the state of a man in a bad dream—one terrible peculiarity of which is that all consciousness of personality is gone. Your other observation is, I think, as well, a little unfounded. The 'Mariner,' from being conversant in supernatural events, *has* acquired a supernatural and strange cast of *phrase*, size, appearance, etc., which frighten the 'wedding-guest.' You will excuse my remarks, because I am vexed and hurt that you should think it necessary with a prose apology to open the eyes of dead men who cannot see!"

In 1805, Lamb made a valuable acquisition in the friendship of "the great critic and reviewer," as Sergeant Talfourd calls William Hazlitt. At this time, also his farce was damned. To Hazlitt and Wordsworth, Lamb communicated the intelligence with a philosophical composure, as the penny-a-liners write, easier imagined than described. The following letter to the latter, gives us a glimpse of Hazlitt's shyness,—a striking contrast to the boldness of his published thoughts. "Mary is just stuck fast in "All's well that ends well." She complains of having to set forth so many female characters in boy's clothes. She begins to think Shakespeare must have wanted imagination. I, to encourage her, for she often faints in the prosecution of her great work, flattered her with telling her how well such and such a play is done. But she is stuck fast. I have been obliged to promise to assist her. To do this, it will be necessary to leave off tobacco. But I had some thoughts of doing that before, for I sometimes think it does not agree with me. Mr. Hazlitt is in town. I took him to see a very pretty girl—professedly where there were two young girls—the very head and sum of the girlery was two young girls—they neither laughed nor sneered, nor giggled, nor whispered—but they were young girls; and he sat and frowned blacker and blacker, indignant that there should be such a thing as youth and beauty, till he tore me away before supper, in perfect misery, and owned he could not bear young girls—they drove him mad. So I took him to my old muse, where he recovered perfect tranquillity. Independent of this, and as I am not a young girl myself, he is a great acquisition to us. He is rather imprudently, I think, printing a political pamphlet on his own account, and will have to pay for the paper, etc. The first duty of an author, I take it, is never to pay anything. The managers, I thank my stars, have settled that question for me." About this time, Wordsworth's poems were published, and Lamb's letters are full of rich and varied criticism. As a specimen, we take the following:—

"Young Romilly ('The force of Rage') is divine—the reasons of his mother's grief being remediless. I never saw parental love carried up so high, towering above the other loves. Shakspeare had done something for the filial in Cordelia, and, by implication, for the fatherly too, in Lear's resentment. He left it for you to explore the depths of the maternal heart. I get stupid, and flat, and flattering. What's the use of telling you what good things you have written, or I hope I may add that I know them to be good. Apropos, when I first opened upon the just mentioned poem, in a careless tone I said to Mary, as if putting a riddle, *What is good for a bootless bene?* to which, with infinite presence of mind, as the jest book has it, she answered, A shoeless pea. It was the first she ever made. Joke the second I make. You distinguish well in your old preface between the verses of Dr. Johnson, of the 'Man in the Strand,' and that from the 'Babes in the Wood.' I was thinking whether, taking your own glorious lines,—

'And from the love which was in her soul
For her youthful Romilly,'

which, by the love I bear my own soul, I think have no parallel in any of the best old ballads, and just altering it to—

'And from the great respect she felt
For Sir Samuel Romilly,'

would not have expressed the boundaries of prose expression and poetic feeling nearly as well. Excuse my levity on such an occasion. I never felt deeply in my life, if that poem did not make me, both lately and when I read it in manuscript. No alderman ever longed after a haunch of buck venison more than I for a spiritual taste of that white doe you promise. I am sure it is superlative, or will be when dressed, that is, printed. All things read raw to me in manuscript. To compare *magna parvis*, I cannot endure my own writings in that state. The only one which I think would not very much win before me in print is Peter Bell, but I am not certain. You ask me about your preface. I like both that and the supplement, without an exception. The account of what you mean by imagination is very valuable to me. It will help me to like some things in poetry better, which is a little humiliating in me to confess. I thought I could not be instructed in that science (I mean the critical,) as I once heard old, obscene, beastly Peter Pindar say, in a dispute on Milton, he thought that if he had reason to value himself more upon one thing than another, it was in knowing what good verse was."

Lamb's association with Hazlitt was the cause of his becoming a contributor to the "London Magazine," in which the immortal "Essays of Elia" appeared. "Never," says Mr. Talfourd, was a periodical work commenced with happier auspices, numbering a list of contributors more original in thought, more fresh in spirit, more sportive in fancy, or directed by an editor better qualified by nature and study to preside, than this 'London.' There was Lamb, with humanity ripened among townbred experiences and pathos matured by sorrow, at his wisest, sagest, airiest, indiscreetest, best;

Barry Cornwall, in the first bloom of his modest and enduring fame, streaking the darkest passion with beauty; John Hamilton Reynolds, lighting up the mildest eccentricities and most striking features of many-coloured life with vivid fancy; and, with others of less note, Hazlitt, whose pen, unloosed from the chains which earnest thought and metaphysical dreaming had woven, gave radiant expression to the results of the solitary musings of many years. Over these contributors John Scott presided, himself a critic of remarkable candour, eloquence, and discrimination, unfettered by the dogmas of contending schools of poetry and art, apt to discern the beautiful and good in all, and having as editor, that which Kent recognised in Lear, and boys admire in a schoolmaster, and contributors should welcome in editors, *authority;* not manifested in a worrying, teasing, intolerable interference in small matters, but in a judicious and steady superintendence of the whole, with a wise allowance of the occasional excuses of wit and genius. In this respect Mr. Scott differed entirely from a celebrated poet, who was induced, just a year after, to undertake the editorship of the 'New Monthly Magazine,' an office for which, may be said, with all veneration for his poetic genius, he was the most unfit person who could be found in the wide world of letters,—who regarded a magazine as if it were a long affidavit, or a short answer in Chancery, in which the absolute truth of every sentiment, and the propriety of every jest, were verified by the editor's oath or solemn affirmation; who stopped the press for a week at a comma, balanced contending epithets for a fortnight, and at last grew rash in despair, and tossed the nearest and often the worst article to the impatient printer. Mr. Scott, indeed was more fit to preside over a little commonwealth of authors, than to hold a despotic rule over subject contributors. He had not the airy grace of Jeffrey, by which he might give a certain familiar liveliness to the most laborious disquisitions, and shed the glancing light of fancy among party manifestoes—nor the boisterous vigour of Wilson, riotous in power, reckless in wisdom, fusing the productions of various intellects into one brilliant reflexion of his own master mind—and it was well that he wanted these weapons of a tyranny which his chief contributors were too original and too sturdy to endure. He heartily enjoyed his position, duly appreciated his contributors and himself, and when he gave audience to some young aspirant for periodical honours, at a late breakfast, amidst the luxurious confusion of newspapers, reviews, and recent novels, lying about in fascinating litter, and carelessly proposing schemes for bright successions of essays, he seemed destined for many years of that happy excitement, in which thought perpetually glows into unruffled but energetic language, and is assured by the echoes of the world."

Upon the death of Scott in a duel, the magazine still continued in existence. "It was still rich in essays of surpassing individual merit, among which the masterly vindication of the true dramatic style, by Darley, the articles of Cary, the admirable translator of Dante and the 'Confessions of an English Opium Eater,' held a distinguished place. Mr. De Quincy, whose youth had been inspired by an enthusiastic admiration of Coleridge, shewn in contributions to 'The Friend,' not unworthy of his master, and substantial contributions of the blessings of fortune, came up to London, and found an admiring welcome from Messrs. Taylor and Hesse, into whose hands the 'London Magazine' had passed. After the good old fashion of the GREAT TRADE, then general, booksellers used to assemble all their contributors round their hospitable board, then in Fleet Street, where Mr. De Quincy was introduced to his new allies. Among the contributors who partook of their professional festivities, was a gentleman, whose subsequent career has invested the recollection of his appearances in the familiarity of social life with fearful interest—Mr. Thomas Griffiths Wainwright. He was then a young man, on the bright side of thirty; with a sort of undress military air, and the conversation of a smart, clever, lively, heartless, voluptuous coxcomb. It was whispered that he had been an officer in the dragoons, had spent more than one fortune: and he now condescended to take a part in periodical literature, with the careless grace of an amateur, who felt himself above it. He was an artist also, sketched boldly and graphically, exhibited a portfolio of his own drawings of female beauty, in which the voluptuous trembled on the indelicate; and seized on the critical department of the fine arts, both in and out of the magazine, undisturbed by the pretensions of the finest critic on art who ever wrote—William Hazlitt. On this subject, he composed for the magazine, under the signature of 'Janus Weathercock,' articles of flashy assumption, in which disdainful notices of living artists were set off by fascinating references to the personal appearance, accomplishments, and luxurious appliances, of the writer, ever the first hero of his essay. He created a new sensation in the sedate circle, not only by his braided surtouts, jewelled fingers, and various neckhandkerchiefs, but by ostentatious contempt for everything in the world but elegant enjoyment. Lamb, who delighted to find sympathy in dissimilitude, fancied that he really liked him; took, as he ever did, the genial side of character; and, instead of disliking the rake in the critic, thought it pleasant to detect so much taste and good-nature in a fashionable *roué;* and regarded all his vapid gaiety, which, to severer observers, looked like impertinence, as the playful effusion of a remarkably guileless nature. Thus, when expatiating on his list of choicest friends, in Elia's letter to Southey, he reckons W——, the light and warm, as—light-hearted 'Janus' of the 'London;' and two years afterwards, adverting to the decline of the magazine, in a letter to Mr. Barton, he persists in his belief of Wainwright's light-heartedness, as pertinaciously as all the half-conscious dupes in "Othello" do in the assertion of Iago's honesty;—"They have pulled down Hazlitt, P——, and their best stay, kind, light-hearted W——, their Janus."

The cream of Lamb's correspondence has already been given to the world. This final publication respecting him has somewhat of a bookmaking air, or would have, did it relate to persons of less interest than Elia and his friends. Nevertheless, it does strengthen whatever respect may have been already excited for the character of Lamb. He presents an altogether nobler aspect:—no longer does he seem an airy trifler, chasing the bubbles of his fancy, as if the world were to him a painted show, and as if life had for him no duties nor claims, as if all man had to aim at was how best to pun, or most gracefully to joke. The curtain is withdrawn, and a most painful scene is presented. All this gaiety is but the thin covering by which the sadness of a life is concealed and in some degree alleviated. Were it not for the humour that bursts from every line he ever wrote, life would have been to him a burden greater than he could have borne. Its rough blasts would have felled him to the earth; beneath its waves he would have been hopelessly lost. He did not cant with Byron about the hollow-heartedness of the world; he did not with Hazlitt turn sour, and contemptuously arraign and arrogantly condemn the existing arrangements of society; he did not join Wordsworth and Southey in the formation of visionary hopes, which subsided into a conservatism immoveable and intense; but he did better, he taught the world how genius and exemplary industry, and the most faithful discharge of daily duty might co-exist; he left behind the memory of deeds well done, of self-sacrifice joyfully endured, of social love which many waters were unable to quench. Amongst England's literati, few men can be found of more tender heart, of more guileless life, than Charles Lamb. Never was there a better son, a more affectionate brother, a truer friend. He is gone from us, but his actions still speak, his life still is remembered, his memory is still blest.

We have referred to Lamb's friends. Not the least interesting part of Sergeant Talfourd's work is the account he has given us of them,—an account very valuable as a contribution to the literary history of our age. Lamb's *at homes* are thus graphically described.—"Now turn to No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, at ten o'clock, when the sedate part of the company are assembled, and the happier stragglers are dropping in from the play. Let it be any autumn or winter month, when the fire is blazing steadily, and the clean swept hearth and whist tables speak of the spirit of Mrs. Battle, and serious looks require the vigor of the game.' The furniture is old fashioned, and worn; the ceiling low, and not wholly unstained by traces of 'the great plant,' though now virtuously forborne; but the Hogarths in narrow black frames, abounding in infinite thought, humour, and pathos, enrich the walls, and all things wear an air of comfort and hearty English welcome. Lamb himself, yet unrelaxed by the glass, is sitting with a sort of Quaker primness at the whist table, the gentleness of his melancholy smile half lost in his intentness on the game; his partner, the author of 'Political Justice' (the majestic expression of his large head not disturbed by disproportion of his comparatively diminutive stature), is regarding his hand with a philosophic, but not a careless eye; Captain Burnly, only not venerable because so young in spirits, sits between them; and H. C. R., who alone now and then breaks the proper silence to welcome some incoming guest, is his happy partner, true winner in the game of life, whose leisure, achieved early, is devoted to his friend. At another table, just beyond the circle which extends from the fire, sit another four. The broad, burly, jovial bulk of John Lamb, the Ajax Telamon of the slender clerks of the old South Sea House, whom he sometimes introduces to the rooms of his younger brother, surprised to learn from them that he is growing famous, confronts the stately but courteous Alsager, while P——, his few hairs bristling at gentle objurgation, watches his partner, Mr. B——, dealing. In one corner of the room you may see the pale earnest countenance of Charles Lamb, who is discoursing 'of fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,' with Leigh Hunt, and if you choose to listen, you will scarcely know which most to admire—the severe logic of the melancholy reasoner, or its graceful evasion by the tricksome fantasy of the joyous poet. Basil Montague, gentle enthusiast in the cause of humanity, which he has lived to see triumphant, is pouring into the outstretched ear of George Dyer some tale of legalized injustice which the recipient is vainly endeavouring to comprehend.

"Soon the room fills; in *slouches* Hazlitt from the theatre, where his stubborn anger for Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo has been softened by Miss Stephens's angelic notes, which 'chase anger, and grief, and fear, and sorrow, and pain, from mortal or immortal minds.' Kenney, with a tremulous pleasure, announces that there is a crowded house to the ninth representation of his new comedy, of which Lamb lays down his cards to inquire; or Ayrton, mildly radiant, whispers the continual triumph 'of Don Giovanni,' for which Lamb, incapable of opera, is happy to take his word. Now and then an actor glances on us from 'the rich Cathay' of the world behind the scenes, with news of its lighter human kind, and with looks reflecting the public favour. Liston, grave beneath the weight of the town's regards,—a Miss Kelley, unexhausted in spirit by alternating the drolleries of high farce with the terrible pathos of melodrama;—a Charles Kemble revives the chivalry of thought, and ennobles the party by bending on them looks beaming with the aristocracy of nature. Meanwhile, Becky lays the cloth on the side table, under the direction of the most quiet, sensible, and kind of women, who soon compels the younger and more hungry of the guests to partake largely of her cold roast lamb, or boiled beef, the heaps of smoking roasted potatoes, and the vast jug of porter, often replenished from the foaming pots which the best tap of Fleet-street supplies. Perfect freedom prevails, save when the hospitable pressure of the mistress excuses excess; and perhaps the physical enjoyment of the play-goer, exhausted with pleasure, or of the author, jaded with the labour of the brain, is not less than that of the guests at the most charming of aristocratic banquets. As the hot water and its accompaniments appear, and the severities of whist relax, the light of conversation thickens. Hazlitt, catching the influence of the spirit, from which he has just begun to abstain, utters some fine criticism with struggling emphasis. Lamb stammers out puns suggestive of wisdom, for happy Barrow Field to admire and echo. The various driblets of talk combine into a stream, when Miss Lamb moves gently about, to see that each modest stranger is duly served, turning now and then an anxious, loving eye on Charles, which is softened into a half humourous expression of resignation to inevitable fate, as he mixes his second tumbler. This is on ordinary nights, when the accustomed Wednesday men assemble; but there is a difference on great extra nights, gladdened by 'the bright visitations' of Wordsworth or Coleridge. The cordiality of the welcome is the same, but a sedater wisdom prevails. Happy hours were they for the young disciple of the desperate, but now triumphant cause of Wordsworth's genius, to be admitted to the presence of the poet who had opened a new world for him in the undiscovered riches of his own nature, and its affinities with the outer universe; whom he worshipped the more devoutly for the world's scorn; for whom he felt the future in the instant, and anticipated the 'All hail, hereafter!' which the great poet has lived to enjoy. To him to speak of his own poetry, to hear him recite its noblest passages, and to join in the brave defiance of the fashion of the age, was the solemn pleasure of such a season; and of course superseded all minor disquisitions. So when Coleridge came; argument, wit, humour, criticism, were hushed. The pertest, smartest, and the cleverest felt, that all were assembled to listen; and if a card table had been filled, or a dispute begun, before he was excited to continuous speech, his gentle voice, undulating in music, soon

> 'Suspended *whist*, and took with ravishment
> The thronging audience.'

Of this group, certainly the most amusing was George Dyer, a most learned, simple, kind-hearted man, whom Lamb appears to have pursued with pleasantry through life, and allusions to whom form the staple of some of the richest parts of Lamb's letters to his friends. "Methinks," writes Mr. Talfourd, "I see his gaunt, awkward form, set off by trowsers too short, like those outgrown by a gawky lad, and a rusty coat as much too large for the wearer, hanging about him like those garments which the aristocratic Milesian peasantry prefer to the most comfortable rustic dress, his long head, silvered over with short yet straggling hairs, and his dark grey eyes glistening with faith and wonder, as Lamb satisfies the curiosity, which has gently disturbed his studies, as to the authorship of the Waverley novels, by telling him in the strictest confidence that they are the works of Lord Castlereagh, just returned from the congress of sovereigns at Vienna! Off he runs, with animated stride and ambling enthusiasm, nor stops till he reaches Maida Hill, and breathes his news into the startled ear of Leigh Hunt, who, as a public writer ought to be possessed of the great fact with which George is laden. Or shall I endeavour to describe the bewildered look with which, just after he had been announced as one of Lord Stanhope's executors and residuary legatees, he received Lamb's grave inquiry whether it was true, as commonly reported, that he was to be made a lord. 'O dear, no, Mr. Lamb,' responded he, with earnest seriousness, but not without a moment's quivering vanity, 'I could not think of such a thing; it is not true, I assure you.' 'I thought not,' said Lamb' 'and I contradict it wherever I go; but the government will not ask your consent: they may raise you to the peerage without your even knowing it. 'I hope not, Mr. Lamb, indeed, indeed I hope not. It would not suit me at all,' responded Dyer; and went his way, musing on the possibility of a strange honour descending on his reluctant brow. Or shall I recall the visible presentiments of his bland unconsciousness of vice, when his sportive friend taxed it to the uttermost by suddenly asking what he thought of the murderer, Williams, who, after destroying two families in Ratcliffe Highway, had broken prison by suicide, and whose body had just before been conveyed in shocking procession to its cross-road grave. The desperate attempt to compel the gentle optimist to speak ill of a fellow creature, produced no happier success than the answer. 'Why, I should think, Mr. Lamb, he must have been rather an eccentric character.' His simplicity—of a nature not only unspotted by the world, but almost abstracted from it,—will seem the more remarkable, when it is known that it was subjected at the entrance of life to a hard battle with fortune. Dyer was the son of very poor parents, residing in an eastern suburb of London, Stepney or Bethnal-greenward, where he attracted the attention of two elderly ladies, as a serious child with an extraordinary love for books. They obtained for him a presentation to Christ's Hospital, where he entered at seven years of age, fought his way through its sturdy ranks to its head, and at nineteen quitted it for Cambridge, with only an exhibition and his scholarly accomplishments to help him. On he went, however, placid, if not rejoicing, through the difficulties of a life illustrated only by scholarship; encountering tremendous labours; unresting yet serene; until at eighty-five he breathed out the most blameless of lives, which began in a struggle, to end in a learned dream."

Of Wainwright we have already spoken. After dazzling his London friends with his coxcombry and flashy glare, he was transported for forgery, though there is every reason to suppose that crimes of a darker hue might be laid to his door. Godwin, who was a constant assistant at Lamb's whist table, resembled Dyer in his simplicity of manner, and devotion to letters. Cold, passionless and calm, the author of "Political justice," to many an object of curiosity and dread, was, to the little circle that met in the Temple, a man of note, to be reverenced, admired, and loved. Of a quite different temperament was another friend, citizen Thelwall, an honest, fiery, *pure*, and high-minded political enthusiast,—a self-taught man, whom the French Revolution had inspired with glowing hopes, destined, alas! to be yet unfulfilled. "Lamb at least felt that it was good, among other companions, of far richer and more comprehensive intelligence, to have one friend who was undisturbed by either misgivings for himself or his cause, who concentrated wild paradox and worn-out common places with equal confidence, and who was ready to sacrifice ease, fortune, fame, every thing but speech, and, had it been possible, even *that* to the cause of truth or friendship." Of a far higher order than any we have named, was William Hazlitt, one of the brightest and most constant ornaments of Lamb's parties, and, in spite of occasional differences, one of Lamb's firmest friends. Hazlitt had a lofty, indomitable mind. He loved truth for its own sake, as the lover his mistress, as the miser his gold. The son of a dissenting minister, he early learned that truth was not always to be found in wealthy churches or in fashionable creeds—that her votaries were not always selected from the titled and the great—that, on the contrary, by them she was often disregarded, despised, denied. This gave to his character a sternness which led him never to truckle for the smile nor to fear the frown of man. Whether men cursed or blessed, hated or loved him, he held on his unbending way. No matter that others basked in the sunshine of the world's favour—that on others fortune showered her choicest gifts—he remained true to the one aim and effort of his life. Could he, to whom truth had revealed herself, with whom she had deigned to dwell, whom she had consecrated in no common manner, the priest,—could he forget his mission, the inspiration that filled and fired his heart, and stoop to do the dirty work of party politicians or interested divines? The best answer is to be found in Harlitt's life—the life of a man who, relative to the world, had no hope or fear, who was neither to be intimidated, caressed, or bought. " Sir, I am a metaphysician," he said, once, in the midst of a fierce dispute respecting the colours of Vandyke and Holbein, "and nothing makes an impression upon me but abstract ideas." This was the spirit in which he lived. His blind love for Napoleon was the one exception. When he was concerned, Hazlitt seemed to be veritably blind. The captivity of the Emperor in St. Helena he resented as a personal wrong. It was a blow that struck him to the heart. At the age of fifty-two he left this stormy scene. Lamb was one of the few friends who attended his funeral, in the church-yard of St. Anne's, Soho. "His personal frailties," as his warm admirer, Sergeant Talfourd remarks, "are nothing to us now; his thoughts survive; in them we have his better part entire, and in them must be traced his true history. The real events of his life are not to be traced in its external changes, as his engagement by the 'Morning Chronicle,' or his transfer of his services to the 'Times,' or his introduction to the 'Edinburgh Review,' but in the progress and development of his fine understanding, as matured, and checked, and swayed by his affections. His warfare was within; its spoils are ours."

But there are other names associated with Lamb, on whose memories we fain would dwell. Thomas Barnes, one of the soundest and most elegant scholars whom the school of Christ's Hospital ever produced, was a frequent guest at Lamb's chambers in the Temple. But the heavy responsibilities connected with his situation as editor of the "Times" in later years, precluded his sharing in those *noctes cœnæque Deum.* Those who knew him best, loved him most. He was singularly bland and singularly simple. "He was a child in the centre of the most feverish agitations; a dupe in the midst of the quickest apprehensions; and while, with unbending *pride,* he repelled the slightest interference with his high functions from the greatest quarters, he was open freely to all from the world which could win from him personal aid. Few men ever enjoyed more signal opportunities for moulding public opinion, or turned them to better and nobler purposes. But his work is done. All of him that is mortal rests in Kensal Green. Another name we must refer to is that of Benjamin Robert Haydon, whose melancholy life but confirmed the truth, old as the world, that genius is ofttimes a fatal gift, and that the only good the earth can offer to him by whom its inspiration has been felt, is but the refuge of the grave. Alas! Haydon was doomed to learn this lesson in a life of resolute aud unavailing toil. Bravely for awhile did he bear up, but in time his heart gave way beneath the reiterated attacks of pecuniary embarrassment, disappointment, and neglect. Yet was he honoured and loved by those whose honour and love was worth more than glittering gems or gold. Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Godwin, Shelley, Hunt, Coleridge, Lamb, Keats,—these were his companions, his admirers, his friends. But we pass on to a yet more illustrious name, the most gigantic genius our age has seen. We mean, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. "Of all celebrated persons," says Sergeant Talfourd, "Coleridge alone surpassed the expectation created by his writings; for he not only was, but appeared to be, greater than the noblest things he had written." Every fresh view of this remarkable man is worthy to be read, and we therefore extract the following sketch of him as a conversationist, by Sergeant Talfourd, who in this case, testifies what he had seen, and heard, and felt.

"The riches of his mind were developed, not in writing, but in his speech,—conversation I can scarce call it—which no one who once heard can ever forget. Unable to work in solitude, he sought the gentle stimulus of social admiration, and under its influence poured forth without stint the marvellous resources of a mind rich in the spoils of time—richer, richer far, in its own glorious imagination and delicate fancy. There was a noble prodigality in these outpourings; a generous disdain of self; an earnest desire to scatter abroad the seeds of wisdom and beauty, to take root wherever they might fall, and spring up without bearing his name or impress, which might remind the listener of the first days of poetry, before it became individualized by the press when the Homeric rhapsodist wandered through newborn cities and scattered hovels, flashing upon the minds of the wondering audience the bright train of heroic shapes, the series of godlike exploits, and sought no record more enduring than the fleshly tablets of his hearer's hearts; no memory but that of tradition; when copyright did not ascertain the reciter's property, nor marble at once perpetuated and shed chillness on his fame.

> "His bounty was as boundless as the sea;
> His love as deep."

"Like the ocean, in all its variety of gentle moods, his discourse perpetually ebbed and flowed, nothing in it angular, nothing of set purpose, but now trembling as the voice of divine philosophy, 'not harsh or crabbed as dull fools suppose, but musical as is Apollo's lute,' was wafted over the summer wave; now glistening in a long line of light over some obscure subject, like the path of moonlight on the black water; and if ever receding from the shore, driven by some sudden gust of inspiration, disclosing the treasures of the deep, like the rich strand in Spenser, 'far sunken in their sunless treasures,' to be covered anon by the foam of the same immortal tide.

"The benignity of his manner befitted the beauty of his disquisitions; his voice rose from the gentlest pitch of conversation to the height of impassioned eloquence, without effort, as his language expanded from some common topic of the day to the loftiest abstractions; ascending by a winding track of spiral glory to the highest truths which the naked eye could discern, and suggesting starry regions beyond, which his own telescopic gaze might possibly decypher. If his entranced hearers often were unable to perceive the bearings of his argument, too mighty for any grasp but his own, they understood 'a *beauty* in the words, if not the words,' and a wisdom and piety in the illustrations, even when unable to connect them with the idea which he desired to illustrate. If an entire scheme of moral philosophy was never developed by him, either in speaking or writing, all his parts were great; vast knowledge, though sometimes eddying in splendid conjecture, was always employed with pious reverence; the morality suggested was at once elevated and genial; the charity hoped all things; and the mighty imaginative reasoner seemed almost to realize the condition suggested by the great apostle 'that he understood all mysteries, and all knowledge, and spake with the tongues both of men and angels.'"

Such were the men whom Lamb loved, and who loved him, in whose struggles he sympathized, and whose aspirations he shared. To have been their friend, would have been no common honour, but to have moved amongst them as an equal were argument enough that he thus privileged was no common man. Nobler men never met in companionship than met around Lamb's hospitable board. Men of original genius, of varied learning, of unsullied integrity, of magnanimous life, of lofty aim. They were not millionaires, but, compared with them, millionaires are poorer than the poorest pauper that lives on parish pay. Theirs were not blue ribbons or coronets; no earthly monarch had ennobled them; but theirs were the imperishable honours poets and sages wear, and theirs were the patents of nobility heaven alone could grant. They are gone from us, with their enlarged sympathies and comprehensive views; but the words they spoke are speaking still, the thoughts they uttered, the truths they declared have gone forth into all the world. Forgotten, or but dimly remembered, are the human frailties, with which genius is alas so often entwined, their corruptible is vanished, all of them that is brightest and best lives, and animates the minds of men. A coming age will see in token of them the men who fearlessly and firmly stood by the right, when the slaves of place, and custom, and power, worshipped instead the golden calf. The poetry of another, the wit of another, will long amuse, inspire, improve. Such men do not die when the soul leaves the earthly frame, when the dust has returned to its kindred dust, when fresh generations have arisen, when the world's face is even changed, still do men quote their names with respect and love. Such alone are they who build for immortality. Beautifully does the Bard of Hope ask:

"And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die!"

J. E. R.

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XLIII.*

At about a distance of a mile on the Hereford road from the Grange, there stood just at the time of my tale a wayside public house, kept by a man of violent and lawless character, of the name of Lawson, which, probably from the reputation of the host, as well as from the lonely situation it boasted, was the favourite rendezvous of all the thieves and poachers in the neighbourhood.

In the broad daylight, the scene had a wild Salvator-picturesqueness about it that would have attracted the gaze of the artist or the lover of the terrible in nature; but by night, when the moon shed a dubious and uncertain light upon the black woods that lay on every side, completely overshadowing the road, and hiding the very house itself, until you were full upon it, the drowsy traveller grasped his double-barrelled pistols still more tightly, and inwardly wished himself twenty miles farther on his way.

It was to this house, however, on the night succeeding the funeral of old Marmaduke Hutton, that the man Pestlepolge was hurrying. The day had been oppressively sultry and overcast, and as the light gradually declined, the clouds had gathered frowningly in the west, and now had completely overcast the sky.

Not a breath of air stirred the leaves around him; it was in fact one of those deep calms, so palpable as to oppress the very sense of motion, in which nature seems gathering her scattered forces

* Continued from p. 316, vol. liii.

preparatory to some terrible convulsion of the elements. The sun had gone down in blood-red magnificence, and a golden tinge still lingered on the heavens, whilst distant mutterings of thunder, at times bursting on his ear, forewarned him that the storm was about to burst overhead.

He had been walking at one moment listlessly forward, with his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets, completely lost in his own gloomy thoughts, and at the next had rushed madly forward, almost running himself out of breath, as some new impulse stirred him, a cold sweat bursting out of every pore in his skin, as he thought of the terror behind and before—the guilt he was leaving, and the tempter he was meeting,—and then as he paused for a moment and looked wildly up, a single drop fell on his heated forehead.

Even that trivial circumstance made him shudder now, when the slightest sound unnerved him. He again paused in his wretched and vacillating mood, but presently, rousing himself with a shake, strode on with a dogged determination that startled even himself, and in a few minutes perceived the "Warren," as it was called, standing black and threatening before him.

In more prosperous times it had been the residence of a family of some note, as was evident from the carved mouldings and fanciful decorations the exterior presented; but which, almost entirely demolished by damp and neglect, now only further increased the air of squalid wretchedness the place presented. In its days of prosperity, the Warren had been a large, roomy manor-house, at the least, but now half the windows were blocked up and the rooms allowed to go to decay, Barney Lawson only using those immediately required for his ostensible business, his larger and more profitable one being mainly indebted to the poachers who frequented his den for its prosperity.

The windows had all been carefully closed ere this, but Pestlepolge, who had a perpetual terror upon him now, that nothing could shake off or lull for a moment, crept noiselessly up to one through which a faint stream of light fell upon the road, and after listening for a few moments, at length peeped through the chink, by means of which the light issued, and reconnoitred the group that sat within.

The room was a large one, and had once boasted a rude magnificence, of which the heavy mullions and carved niches of the wall was almost all that now remained; in the centre stood a rude oak table, on which a couple of murky candles spluttered and blazed, and by the lurid light of these he perceived a group of half a dozen men playing at hazard with a pack of cards well-nigh the colour of soot. A half emptied flagon of beer, flanked by several horns, ornamented the board, at one end of which sat

Abednego the Jew, watching with lynx-eyed vigilance the progress of the game.

Lawless profligacy and guilt seemed stamped in every flushed and excited visage, and yet, as he stood looking down upon them, how gladly would he have exchanged his own miserable existence for the very worst man amongst them. He scarcely was conscious of the feeling at the time, and yet he remembered afterwards to have been struck with the thought; but all the prayers that were ever breathed or all the tears guilt ever shed, could not rid his soul of that plague-spot upon it.

Assuming with an effort the surly indifference he habitually affected, this man strode towards the door, crying out as he lifted the latch. "Barnabas Lawson, I say! holloa masters, are you all asleep, that you cannot show a light, to prevent a poor devil breaking his shins over all the lumber and trash in the passage here?"

"The devil take thee for a noisy villain, whoever thou art," retorted a gruff voice, as the inner door was flung open, and Barney Lawson, a sturdy ruffian of threescore or thereabouts, with a grizzled head, keen grey eyes, and brandy-dyed visage, appeared in the doorway, holding over his head one of the spluttering candles, whilst over his shoulder flashed the keen tiger eyes of Shadrach Abednego, the money lender.

"By Mosesh and all the Propets, it ish mishter Pestlepolge," cried the latter, with affected astonishment, as he ran up to him and grasped his hand; "My dear, goot Pestlepolge, whoever would have expected to meet you here to night?"

"I have lost my way, I believe, Shadrach," rejoined the other, humouring the deception, as he followed the Jew and the publican into the room, where the six men still sat over their game, by the light of the single remaining candle. "Landlord, can we have anything to drink?"

"Certainly, sir," said the man, who had recognised Pestlepolge the moment he had spoken, "would you like another room?"

"Yes, mishter Lawson; my goot friend and I would prefer one," rejoined the Jew. "We have a little private bishness to talk over together."

"Gentlemen, by your leave I will take this candle into the stone parlour for these gentlemen," cried Barney Lawson, snatching up the candle again.

"Go and be shot, you old hang-gallows," growled one of the gambling villains, sulkily. "You might take your own ugly carcass off, too, and no loss either, Barney."

"Hut-tut, Zekey," retorted the host, good-humouredly. "You know if it was'nt for me, the likes of you——"

"Hold your blabbering tongue, you old fool, you," growled the other, with a string of oaths that petrified Mr. Pestlepolge. "Harkee, take the gemman into tother end, and then bring a bottle of old Tom up, or it will be worse for thee, my lad."

"Aye! will it though Zekey?" retorted the other, passionately, as he placed the candlestick in the hand of little Abednego, and threw himself in a pugilistic attitude in front of the swaggering Zekey. "Say that again, my fine swash buckler, and I'll let thee see who's master, bruiser though thou is."

"What a fool it is," growled his antagonist, with a hoarse laugh. "Get thy ways off, thou noisy jackass, and bring us a drop of comfort back with thee, Barney."

"Thoult own, then, Zekey lad, that I'm as good a man as thou?" said Barney, who looked as if he thought his dignity was in jeopardy if he came to too readily.

"I'll own anything, thou jackass," roared the gambler, with an oath.

"That being the case, then," rejoined the host, with a braggadocio air, "I don't care if I do bring thee the old Tom," and he led the way into a small parlour on the other side of the passage.

"Zeke knows that I'm his match, genelmen," he said, with a leer, as he placed the miserable light upon a still more miserable table. "What would you please to have?"

"Bring us a pint pottle of prandy, and tumblers," said the Jew.

"A pint bottle of brandy," echoed the landlord.

"Te tevil! did you not hear, you heretic," cried the other, passionately. "I said a pint pottle of prandy."

"Oh, certainly! I'll bring you a pint of brandy," said Barney Lawson, as he left the room.

"And now, my dear," said Shadrach, as soon as the liquour had been brought, and the man had gone again. "What do you propose to do?"

"To hang myself," gasped Pestlepolge, with a ghastly smile. "ha! ha! did you hear me, you old gallows-bird?"

"Certainly, my dear, and indeed I think it a very pretty joke indeed," rejoined the Jew, with one of his silent laughs. "But I think you had better live and enjoy Mishter Hutton's fine properties; his rentroll, I hear, was a good tree tousand, my dear, besides the manor itself; and all that, you know, is now yours, and it would be a great folly and stupidity in you to deprive yourself of them, just at de very moment you come into possession of them."

Pestlepolge groaned as he listened to this matter-of-fact recital of his ill-gotten wealth. "And yet I dare not lay claim to it," he muttered with a sigh, "lest they should pounce upon me for the murder itself."

"You have only to keep quiet a little while, until this Mordaunt is hung," said the Jew, with glittering eyes, as he showed his yellow fangs. "Dey cannot but convict him upon the evidence."

The man involuntarily shuddered, in spite of himself, as the Jew said this. Another life to be offered up, and through him! Oh, no! no! he could not endure the thought; and yet he could only save this unfortunate wretch by forfeiting his own. How his soul sickened and writhed over the thought, as he stood, apparently as immoveable as iron, pretending to weigh what the Jew said, but which he had already forgotten in the terrible thoughts his words had evoked.

"It will only be a short struggle, my dear," whispered Shadrach, who was watching him narrowly, and who yet felt puzzled by his apparent stupidity. "A week or two, at the furdest will finish it—Mishter Hutton is merely dead and buried."

His auditor shuddered, as the image of the dead man, lying stiff and stark in his coffin, came up before his blinding eyes.

"Mishter Hutton is buried, my dear, and the assizes will be on in a fortnight, and then dey will hang him—hang him!" he reiterated, emphasizing the words with such a vindictive malevolence as to make his auditor start and look up.

"He will be hanged by de neck like a dog, will this Mordaunt, my dear," snarled the Jew, grinding his teeth like a hungry jackal, whilst his keen red eyes glittered like red-hot coals. "By the Propets of my Fathers, but I will laugh in my sleeve when they hang this dog of a Mordaunt, and think within myself that the real man, friend Humphrey, is feasting on the old man's money!"

"Have done with that!" said Pestlepolge, doggedly; who felt himself more sick and miserable with every draught of the scorching liquor, "or you'll drive me mad, as indeed I must have been, before I could have done such a deed." He buried his face in his hands, and sat in this manner for several minutes; the Jew, watching him furtively all the while, until he again looked up and demanded fiercely, "and did they tell you, you wretch, that they have come back?"

"They, my dear!" echoed the Jew, "Who?"

"Penelope," he muttered, grinding his teeth as he spoke.

"And her husband?"

"Curse you, yes!"

"Mine Got! they cannot have heard what you have done,' murmured the Jew, with a new terror depicted on his countenance.

"No, they did not—but she, with a guilty sympathy divined it, and there is one more in the secret."

"Mine Got," again murmered Shadrach, wringing his hands; "and what, Humphrey, do you propose doing?"

"Doing! why as I said before, go and hang myself," he cried, foaming at the mouth.

"Ha! ha! ha! he has such a pleasant way with him" cried Shadrach, with an uneasy laugh, and then relapsing into his uneasy demeanour, again, he said, "it is unfortunate, my dear, that they should have returned just at this juncture; is it not?"

"Unfortunate, curse them! it is of a piece with all the rest of them," muttered the man, fiercely. It is impossible, you know, now for me to stay there: her horrible face haunting me at every step, would kill me in a week."

"You must stay, however, Humphrey, at least for the present," rejoined the Jew, after a long silence, in which he had been running over in his mind the best course to be pursued at this moment. "If you were to disappear, if only for an hour or two, there would be a hue and cry raised for you in a moment, my dear, and you know however much they suspect you, they cannot interfere with you as long as they have this Mordaunt in prison for the crime; and when he is hung my dear."

"Curse you, can you talk of nothing else but that?" cried the man, leaping up, and confronting him with a threatening air.

"No, I cannot," retorted the Jew, doggedly. "I say again that when Mordaunt"—

"One word more, and I'll throttle you, as you stand," gasped the man, almost beside himself with rage. "I say again, you fooi, that if you repeat those words, I'll throttle you as you stand."

"As you did old Hutton," laughed Shadrach, with glittering eyes.

With a wild vindictive cry, in which rage and terror were strangely blended, the man threw himself upon his late confederate, crying out as he did so, that he would murder him if he could, and that he had had fair warning; and then, breathless and panting, yet still never releasing his hold of the other's throat, which he had seized from the first moment, he cried out that he had the strength of ten men now, and then with a frightful curse, he hurled him to the ground, rolling over and over as the Jew struggled in his grasp, shrieking out in his passion that he would murder him now, even if he had to swing for it.

Well-nigh strangled, breathless and totally powerless, the Jew strove to tear those tiger-fangs from his throat, and cry out for help; he was, however, in his opponent's grasp, as weak and powerless as a child.

The room reeled round with him; he attempted to cry out once more, but the man's knee was now upon his chest, whilst above him glared that fearful face, frightful as a demon's, with the wild and terrible passions that distorted it.

The man himself seemed gloating over the agony he read in the Jew's hideous features, and at that moment, as if they had delayed until Shadrach's soul was on the point of yielding up the contest, the door was burst open, and the landlord, with eight or ten men at the least, rushed into the room.

"Murder! sheer, stark murder," cried Lawson, flinging himself upon the murderer. "One of you drag the Jew out from under him; here Zeke, my man, look handy," he added, as he struggled with Pestlepolge. "Look to the Jew, some one," and with a dexterous manœuvre he pinioned Pestlepolge's arms behind his back, and dragged him into the middle of the room.

"He isn't dead," said the man himself, with dogged ferocity, as two or three of them lifted the Jew off the floor; "he's only shamming!"

At that moment his eye fell on a figure he had not yet noticed, in the confusion of the moment, and his whole demeanour altered, as if by magic. He had up to this instant borne himself with astonishing bravado, considering the dangerous predicament in which he was placed, but he now shuddered, and felt a sickening fear creep over him again, that quite unnerved him.

"Lift him up!" he said again, as he strove to rally himself; "I was not in earnest, on my soul; pour some brandy down his throat; come, look alive there, will you! brandy! brandy! or the man will be dead."

"Rather an odd catastrophe for a man that wasn't in earnest," cried one of the spectators, with a hoarse laugh. "What would you say, villain, if the Jew was to die?"

"That it was an accident," he rejoined, daringly.

"The fellow that gave old Hutton his quietus might urge the same plea," retorted the other, with a loud laugh.

The man himself shuddered, but did not speak.

The figure he had been dreading all this while at this moment came before him, and Walter Mordaunt said, in a low voice, "Your sin has surely found you out at last."

Pestlepolge, callous as all his long career of guilt had made him, felt his soul sink within him at these words, and strive as he would, he found it impossible, with all his brazen impudence, to assume a defying look.

"Pinion his arms behind him," said Walter, sternly. "It were a sin to give such a man a chance of escape; and then keep a good watch on him, until we can get him to Hereford. Karl, do you mount guard over this gentleman," addressing a foreign-looking servant.

Pestlepolge recoiled under the searching glance he fixed upon him, and then, completely crushed and heart-broken, suffered himself to be led to a bench, by the strange-looking being into whose guardianship he had been conveyed by our hero, and who was neither more nor less than the attendant of the elder Mordaunt, whose frigid immovability of features we have already described at another epoch of the story.

"Is the Jew recovering?" demanded Walter, joining the group that were gathered around the murderer's worthy accomplice.

"Oh, he'll come round yet, sir, although the other's nearly done his business for him," cried two or three, in a breath. "We've got some brandy down his throat, and he'll sure mend after that."

"Are the horses baited?" was the young man's next inquiry of the landlord, who had been standing staring alternately at Pestlepolge and his singular-looking guard. "I will take these men with me to Hereford—or this one at least," pointing to Pestlepolge, "and you can keep his worthy friend safe, under your guardianship, until we can send for him. A couple of these fine fellows, here, can accompany me, and my man shall ride in the dickey with a third, so that there will be little chance of his escaping, you know."

"Escape te tevel," screamed Shadrach, begining to kick and plunge violently all at once, thereby upsetting right and left the astonished group that were assisting to bring him back to life again. "No, by the Propets of my Fathers, he shall not escape me, sar; I can hang you, Humphrey, my dear, and by Abraham, I will, for de cowardly attack you have made upon me," he cried, as he started up and confronted his vanquished and fallen foe. "There is de man," he added, with a shrill scream, that murdered old Mishter Hutton! Seize him! gag him! he is a murderer! mine Got, he would have murdered me, too, ha! ha! ha!" and, with a deep groan, the scarcely less guilty villain fell back in a fit.

"I call all here to witness what that man has just said," said Walter Mordaunt, in a low tone. "He has accused that man of the murder of my grandfather."

"And for which Sare Mordaunt is imprisoned," said the murderer's jailer, in a terrific voice. "He will break him upon the wheel."

"Silence, Karl," cried Walter, sternly. "It is enough that events should take their own course. Now, landlord, if you please, let us have the chaise brought round. Which of you will accompany me, my fine fellows?"

"I will," cried every one in a breath.

"We will all go," cried the landlord eagerly.

"That is impossible," said Walter, as he ran his eye hurriedly over the determined yet lawless group before him. "It will be necessary first to go to Ripley Grange."

The man made a violent struggle; but his arms were too tightly pinioned to permit him to stir, and he again sank in a terrible despair upon the seat into which they had thrust him.

"Two of you, as I said," continued Walter, "shall accompany me in the chaise, and one shall ride with Karl there outside. The rest of you shall take charge of that gentleman," pointing to Shadrach, "until the morning, when another chaise shall be dispatched to convey all of you into Hereford. I will pay all alike."

"But we don't want any pay," cried one.

"Let the young un fork out," muttered a second, who had no objection to Walter's arrangement.

"As I said just now," continued the young man, "I will pay you all handsomely, on condition that you don't allow our friend there," pointing to the Jew, "to be missing when he is wanted."

"I won't be amissing," cried Shadrach, eagerly. "Pestlepolge murdered Mishter Hutton, my dear."

"Here, you sir," said Walter, singling out one of the honestest looking of the sturdy rascals that stood around him, "take hold of that man by one arm, and you, Karl, do the same on the other side. Landlord, a light," and Walter himself led the way to the chaise.

To attempt to describe how utterly crushed and broken the wretched being himself felt at this moment would completely baffle human powers; a villain on his way to the gallows, with every faculty and feeling overwhelmed by the shameful and ignominious fate that awaits him, could scarcely be more wretched. When he attempted to rise, all strength had so completely forsaken him that he sunk down powerless on the floor, and they were compelled to carry him by main force into the chaise, at the bottom of which he lay moaning bitterly, all the way, until they reached Mr. Hutton's house, where the chaise stopped, and his two jailors, by Walter's directions, again lifted him out, and carried him, as helpless as an infant, into the house.

There was no need to clamour for admittance, for all the doors stood wide open, and so they stumbled on through the dark passages until they reached the dining-room, where a few red embers still lingered in the grate.

Motioning them to lay down their burden, Walter rang the bell. The man still lay where they had placed him, utterly powerless to rise, as the old butler, bearing a candle in his hand, came slowly into the room.

"Robert," said Walter, gravely, as he advanced upon the old man, and pointed at the same moment to the crushed and miserable wretch before him.

"Heart alive, is it you, master Walter?" cried the old man.

"Yes: I have brought your old master's murderer," said Walter, turning from him.

CHAPTER XLIV.

It is necessary to turn back a little in our narrative, to explain Walter's unexpected appearance at such an eventful moment.

The elder Mordaunt's servant had been summoned to attend his master on the latter's committal, on the coroner's warrant, and the latter having been informed by Sir Harbottle Ashton, who, strange to say, kept his word, and visited him in prison, that his lost son was on terms of intimacy with Stephen Harding, had sent Karl to the Abbey Holme, with the very faint hope that some clue might be obtained from its inhabitants, that might lead to his discovery.

As if fortune tired of persecuting these two unfortunate wretches, father and son, it proved that this was the very morning a letter had been received from Stephen and Lucy conjointly, giving a full account of Walter's discovery, and which letter good old Mrs. Harding, on being informed of the deep interest her visitor took in the subject, instantly allowed him to carry away with him to Hereford Jail, for the perusal of the elder Mordaunt, and who immediately on learning where Walter was to be found, despatched the trusty Karl in a chaise and four, to London, to bring him down.

Karl, on arriving in the metropolis, instantly drove to the hotel from which Stephen's letter had been dated. Neither Walter nor his friends were in, they being in fact in Baker Street with Walter's mistress, who being left alone for the day by her worthy parent, had sent to invite them up for the day.

The little party of four were still lingering over their wine and walnuts, when a scuffle was heard in the entrance hall beneath, and Karl, pale, breathless, and menacing, rushed into the room, followed by the whole troop of startled domestics, all of whom, from his broken English, his strange manner, and his impetuous vehemence had set him down for a lunatic.

"Mordaunt! Mordaunt! I want Mordaunt!" he cried, springing into the midst of the astonished group, Dinah instinctively rushing to Walter's arms for protection, whilst Dick and Stephen interposed between them and the reputed madman.

"My name is Mordaunt, my good man," said Walter, advancing, and still supporting Dinah as he did so.

"God be thanked, Sare! you must instantly accompany me to Hereford jail!" cried Karl, vehemently.

"To jail!" screamed Dinah, clinging still closer to Walter, her lover, who in turn pressed her to his manly breast. "Oh Walter, they shall not tear me from you, dearest."

"Pray be silent for one moment, Dinah," said her lover, resolutely; "there may be some mistake here; in the first place, ladies and gentlemen," turning to the men and women that thronged the door-way, "we can dispense with your attendance," and he drove the mob of saucy domestics out of the room, paying no attention to the "marry come ups!" and "Its like his imperence indeed!" that saluted him on all sides.

"And now, my good fellow, pray explain your errand," said Walter, turning to Karl; "you wish me to go with you to jail, you say."

"Yes! yes! cried Karl," in a delighted tone, "you accompany me to Hereford jail, Mister Mordaunt."

"Oh, Walter!" screamed Dinah.

'Silence, Dinah," said her lover, calmly. "I am confident there is some misconception."

"They shan't carry you off, Wat, without my knowing what crime you are charged with," cried the warlike Dick Burton, fiercely. "Here, you Mister Scaramouch!" turning to the bewildered Karl, whose immovable features wore a puzzled air, "what has Wat there been adoing, that he has to accompany your ugly carcass, eh, to Hereford?"

"Doing! nothing!" cried Karl; "my master, Mr. Mordaunt."

"Whew! your master Mr. Mordaunt," ejaculated Dick, in a quandary. "Why, are there two Mr. Mordaunts, you villain?"

"Hein! my master, sir, is in jail, charged with the murder of an old relative, Marmaduke Hutton, Sare!" said the man, without moving a muscle of his scarred mahogany visage.

"What, Mr. Hutton murdered!" ejaculated Walter in turn. And who, pray, is the miserable wretch charged with the atrocious crime, man?" he demanded, with deep emotion.

"Your father, sir," said Karl, with the same stolid indifference. "We have been living for some months, I believe, near this Mr. Hutton's residence, and it unfortunately happened that my poor master, who is as innocent as an unborn child of the crime, went down to this Mr. Hutton's the very night before the crime was committed."

"Go on," said Walter, in a fearfully calm voice, amidst the universal silence, as he placed Dinah's trembling form in the arms of the scarcely-less astonished Stephen. "This man—my father;" and flinging himself into a chair, he burst into a torrent of tears. "In jail! in jail!" he murmured, incoherently; "the poor old man dead! dead! Oh God! what misery there is in thy world;" and burying his face in his hands, the tears gushed out between his fingers, whilst his frame heaved to and fro with the conflict that was raging within.

The man sat down in front of him, and continued in a low, calm voice, that penetrated even through the young man's sorrow, "Mr. Hutton was found dead; my master was discovered in his room, he having been awakened from his sleep by the murderer, whoever he might be, making his escape; my master slept in the adjoining room, and being at all times a light sleeper, heard the death-struggle."

A heart-breaking sob from Walter interrupted him at this moment: Dinah was weeping on Stephen's breast, whilst Lucy clung in speechless terror, to her husband, whose sturdy arms supported her shrinking form; the man, himself, alone seemed calm and unmoved amidst the general dismay, and went on with his narrative as if it were of the most trite, every-day occurrence.

"A coroner's inquest was held, and after the examination was concluded, your father, sir, was committed to jail to answer for the crime, although popular opinion lays the guilt at a far different door; that, however, is not my present business, which is entirely confined to my being charged with the delivery of this letter from my unhappy master," and as he spoke he held out the missive he alluded to.

Walter hastily tore it open and read—

"My dear son—after a lapse of many years—a lifetime of patient wretchedness—I have returned, ruined in health and happiness, to my native country, to be branded as a murderer. Until this moment I have never been able to obtain a clue to your discovery, but I shall almost bless the evil fortune that thus so pertinaciously pursues me, if it restores to my arms my only and beloved son—the last link that binds me to existence. A terrible disorder, the fruits of a baneful climate acting upon a constitution debilitated by grief, menaces me with a fresh attack. Whilst I have strength however to write, I conjure you by every sentiment of love and duty, to fly to my side, and by your affection to soften the rigours of an odious imprisonment. My faithful follower, Karl, will accompany you. Your affectionate father.—Walter Mordaunt, Senior.

"I will go instantly," he cried, as soon as he had read it "Have you a coach in readiness?"

"It is below, but we must have fresh horses, sir," said Karl, eagerly. "If you will remain here, I will drive back to the inn and have fresh ones put to, and pick you up here again in the course of half an hour."

"I will go with you now, as it will save time, and you can get some dinner whilst they are putting the fresh horses to. Dinah, dearest," he added, lifting the weeping girl off Stephen's breast, and kissing her cold cheek with passionate fervour, "my father—our father, Dinah, is in great danger—alone, and friendless in a miserable dungeon, and this alone could compel me to desert you at such a juncture. My absence, however, I hope will be very short, and in the meanwhile, Stephen, I confide my treasure to your keeping."

"Oh Walter," sobbed Dinah, whose whole thoughts at this moment seemed absorbed in old Marmaduke's death; "what a horrible fate the old man has met at last! to be murdered in cold blood, Walter!"

"Hush! hush, love," said her lover, tenderly; "you must not allow your mind to dwell on such a topic; think of my return, love, and that I will bring this newly-found parent with me."

Dinah smiled even through her tears, and clung more closely to him.

"That I will bring with me a beloved parent, whose first care it will be to hallow the union of two loving, trusting beings, who will ever look up to and reverence him, as the source of all their happiness in this world, and whose later days they will strive to make so blissful as to atone in some respect for the misery that preceded them," and Walter again pressed the gentle girl to his heart.

"I will, Walter, I will!" murmured Dinah, looking up for a moment; "I am a poor, weak, sinful creature, Walter, but such words as those will strengthen me in all time to come," and with one more embrace they parted.

After he had shook hands with Dick and Lucy, Walter drew Stephen out of the room after him, and closing the door, laid one arm on each shoulder, and looking seriously into his face, said in a low impressive tone, "I have a foreboding in my mind, Stephen—God only knows why or wherefore—that something terrible is about to happen. It is not, however, my father for whom I dread this danger, but I have a presentiment that Dinah is on the verge of some great peril."

"My dear Wat!"

"Hush!" said the young man, almost sternly, as he pressed his arms down with the convulsive dread that he seemed to feel—"I have seen enough lately in this house, Stephen, to assure me that that villain Linton would even sell his own daughter to serve his own base ends, if driven to it—and mark me, he will be driven to it ere long!

"Whatever has put that notion into your head, Walter?" demanded Stephen, struck with his earnest manner.

"No matter! it is enough that it is so; men sometimes dread the loss of a treasure most at the moment they are placing it out of their keeping, and something of this sort may affect me with respect to Dinah. I cannot, however, shake off this presentiment, and therefore, Stephen, will you promise me simply and earnestly that you will watch over her safety as zealously as I would if I were here myself."

"I will, Wat," said Stephen, wringing his hand.

"Then God bless you, Stephen, and good bye. I will write you the first moment I can, and my lad, do you write me very frequently," and with another pressure of the hand he was gone.

Stephen had scarcely rejoined his companions, and the little party were still very far from having recovered their habitual serenity, when Mr. Joseph Linton's cab drove up to the door, and that gentleman, accompanied by Lord Cavendish, alighted. At the same moment a sinister-looking vagabond, whose figure was pretty well concealed by a loose overall he wore, and who further strove to avoid observation by burying the lower part of his features in a large shawl-handkerchief, glided out of the shadow of the neighbouring houses, and confronted them on the steps.

"Ha! ha! Harry, are you here, my lad?" said Joseph Linton.

"Ees, sur! you were awanting me, were you not?" retorted this man, gruffly, as he made an awkward obeisance to his lordship; "sarvent, sur!"

"Yes, Harry, I do, but come in, and then we can talk of it," said Joseph Linton, glancing furtively from his suspicious confederate over to his aristocratic aquaintance, who was swinging backwards and forwards on his cane, and humming a bar of a fashionable opera; and then reassured by the expression he read in the face of the latter, he led the way into his study, where candles were already lighted, and motioning to the man to take a chair, waited until his lordship had taken a second, and then, throwing himself into his own, said, addressing Lord Cavendish,

"This is the man I told your lordship about, if you still hold to what you said at our last interview; he is the very fellow to help us at such a pinch, and as true as steel itself."

"Hold! hang it, Linton!" ejaculated Lord Cavendish, with an affronted air. "Do you think I'm going to run back, when once I pass my word?"

"I never meant to insinuate any thing of the kind my lord," said Joseph, with a dignified air; "but in our present position it would not become me to press the matter against your lordship's inclination."

"Bosh! do drop this wearisome palaver, Linton," said Lord Cavendish, yawning. "If you want me to have your daughter, do let me have her at once—if not—"

"My wishes go with your lordship," said Joseph, eagerly; "it only remains to devise the scheme by which our wishes are to be attained. As I explained to you not many evenings ago, Dinah is not agreeable."

"Bah! refuse a lord!"

"It is most odious taste, and yet the fact must be confessed," said Joseph, with an involuntary smile. "Dinah I have discovered is already—or fancies herself to be already—in love."

"The Devil! and with whom, pray?" demanded his lordship, with darkening visage.

"An old play-fellow, or something of the kind, that she knew down in that place in Herefordshire. I had in fact," continued Joseph Linton, with deep humiliation in his tone, "allowed the young man to visit here occasionally—I believe he is in town just now."

"Then the only thing to be done," said his lordship, "is to run away with the girl by main force; she'll thank us for it afterwards," cried his lordship, with a coarse laugh.

"Precisely, your lordship," said Joseph, chiming in with his humour; "and with this end in view I ordered our friend here to attend us this evening. Your lordship need not be afraid to trust him, as I have frequently employed him in matters of a delicate nature."

His lordship nodded, and surveyed Harry with great attention, who on his part returned his scrutiny with interest.

"We wish, you see, to give my daughter a little country airing," said Joseph, laughing gaily, as he turned to his villainous confederate; "and as she has a great reluctance to leaving town just now, on account of an old sweet-heart of hers being here, why we're afraid a little gentle persuasion may be necessary; and as we know you've a very winning way with you at times, why we just want you to ride on the dickey of my lord's carriage and give him a helping hand, if occasion require it. Eh, do you understand now?"

"Perfectly, sir; the business resolves itself into a case of abduction, eh?" demanded the man, grinning.

"I'm afraid that it looks very like that," rejoined Joseph.

"But if girls dont know what's good for them, why they must be gently taught, you know."

"Certainly, muster Linton; and when shall we start, eh?" inquired the rascal, coolly.

"Stay, I'll just make some little enquiries, and let you know," said Joseph Linton, hurrying away. He returned presently, rubbing his hands, and smiling all over his over-fed countenance, as he cried out—

"There never was such luck in this world; the coast's clear, my lord. I find that the young jackanapes who has for some time past been dangling after Dinah, has just set off for Herefordshire on very urgent business; if you can get all your arrangements made by to-morrow night, she is yours!"

"To-morrow night," echoed his lordship; "why not set off this instant?"

"No! no!" we must wait until to-morrow, "said Joseph, smiling at the other's impatience, "The poor little girl would scarcely be such a flat as to set off with you at such a time as this, and besides, Harry here must make his preparations—you must have relays all down the road for some way from town, to distance pursuit, if any should occur, although, who there is that would care to follow you, when master Mordaunt is out of the way, beats my comprehension. By the by, that valet of yours seems a trusty dog! couldn't you set him forward to prepare the cattle?"

"A capital idea. I'll despatch him in an instant; there is nothing more we can do to-night, is there?" and he rose to go.

"No, no," rejoined Joseph Linton, thoughtfully. "I shall see you in the morning, probably."

"You may depend upon that. *Au revoir!*" and with a shake of the hand his lordship departed.

Joseph and his ally, however, did not part so early, for they sat in very eager debate until long after midnight, quaffing bumpers of port to the success of their unnatural scheme. They laughed very often, and very loudly too, and as their mirth was always in concert, it is to be presumed that some very merry topic occupied their minds; and as both Walter Mordaunt's name was very frequently mentioned, as well as that of Joseph Linton's future son-in-law, it is to be presumed that one or the other of those gentlemen formed the subject of their merriment.

The clock of a neighbouring church struck two, as Mr. Joseph Linton was winding his watch up with praiseworthy patience. He counted the strokes; they were not very many, or he would scarcely have been able to keep count, and then, with another long yawn, tumbled into bed, and soon fell asleep.

He had a very ugly dream, notwithstanding all the magnificent visions that had floated through his brain for the last few hours, consequent upon Lord Cavendish's determination to run away with his daughter, for he dreamed that he was standing on the very verge of a dizzy cliff with a stormy sea howling beneath, and that some unseen hand all at once pushed him over and he fell toppling from cliff to cliff, snatching in his agony at every tuft of grass or rocky fissure, until at length he fell into the sea and sunk down, down, down, hundreds of fathoms, the boiling waves seething and hissing around him; and at that moment he awoke with an odd sensation of pain in his head, and found it was a dream.

And yet for all that, he felt not a whit more comfortable now that he was awake than he had done asleep. That dull, gnawing, never-ending pain, which seemed to deaden every faculty within him, haunted him long after the dream and its hideous fantasies were forgotten.

He got up, wretchedly ill, and yet eagerly determined to carry out the scheme they had planned overnight, notwithstanding his serious indisposition.

Dinah was sitting near the window, engaged with some needlework when he entered the room, and her first glance showed him that she had detected his illness. She had long since ceased to exhibit any tenderness towards him, even if she felt it, but which, however, with such a being, I could never imagine to be her case.

"I have had a rather bad night, Dinah," he said, in a husky tone, "but in fact I always look worse than I really am."

"You look very ill," she said, in a clear calm voice, but without looking up from her employment.

"Ill or well, that shan't prevent our going to the opera to-night, my dear," he said, making a desperate plunge into the business at once. "It was a very stupid thing the last time we were there: you must tell that woman of yours to get you ready; but as we are not going to the boxes, you can just put on a dark dress, and go as you are now."

"I think you will scarcely be in a condition to go, sir," she said, now looking fixedly at him. "You really look very ill."

"A mere bagatelle!" said Joseph Linton, attempting to laugh, "it will wear off before night; though, to confess the truth, we were indulging rather freely overnight, and I'm paying the penalty this morning, but that shan't prevent my giving my little girl a treat, and so you must be ready, mind, at the usual time."

There was a miserable mockery in all this that deceived neither father nor daughter. Both understood their connection too well to believe that Mr. Linton would so far inconvenience himself as to take Dinah to any place of amusement, if it did not suit his own purposes. As it was, however, she did not make any objection; and Mr. Linton, feigning business, soon after withdrew, to keep his appointment with Lord Cavendish at the house of the latter.

All the way as he walked up Piccadilly and so on, until he came out upon the Park, that dull dead pain lay upon him, with a weight like that of death, and yet so subtile and indefinite that once when he leaned up against a railing, and attempted to analyse it, he could not do so for the life of him, nor determine where it had its origin or seat. It was there, however, now running up one side and paralyzing every muscle and limb, and presently pressing like lead upon his brain, until it became so blind and stupified as neither to see nor feel those against whom he stumbled, and who thought him either drunk or mad, and so he went on, with death upon his heart, to hurry his daughter to perdition.

His confederate, with all the selfishness of his age and class, neither saw nor noticed the ghastly pallor of his countenance; he thought him singularly slow and stupid; but set all this down to a widely different cause, and even permitted himself to wonder once or twice why his worthy father-in-law hesitated and pondered so much in conversation; it was lucky for them both that all the arrangments had been made overnight, and were in fact all executed ere this, as far as they could be, or the affair might have fallen through after all. And so they parted to meet by appointment again at eight o clock.

From that time until the evening the pain he endured, terrible as it was, was almost forgotten in his anxiety lest this precious scheme, on which all his hopes of sustaining the false position he assumed in society rested, should prove abortive; and great was his terror lest any untoward circumstance should arise to peril its success. Nothing of the kind, however, occurred, and it was evident that fate seemed to have given up Dinah to her evil destiny.

At eight-o-clock, then, a close carriage, with a single pair of horses, stood at Joseph Linton's door, and within a minute after it drew up, Joseph Linton descended to his drawing-room to join his daughter. To deaden the pain of the strange complaint that was rioting upon his frame, he had drunk deeply, but not so much so as to stupify him, and his manner, false and specious as it was, seemed to poor Dinah more than usually kind and affectionate, as he drew her shawl around her graceful shoulders, and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead. It was not the first time in the world's history that a kiss has sealed a deed of the blackest treachery.

As they went down the stairs, Dinah felt him leaning heavily upon her for support, and terrified beyond measure she ventured to look into his face. It was as pallid and ghastly as that of a corpse, and now thoroughly alarmed, she had the hardihood to press him to defer their visit to the opera to a future day.

"No! no, girl, I shall be better directly," he said, sternly, dragging her on. "Come, come, the carriage is waiting all this time, and I must teach you to conquer these silly fears."

"But you look so ill, sir—You are so ill," she said, daringly.

"Curse your folly, girl, cannot I judge best of my feelings?" cried Joseph Linton, who would have gone on now had Death himself stood in his path, "once and for all, for the time to come never you dare to govern me, Dinah," and with a rough jerk, that brought the tears to her eyes, he gained the hall.

"Sit well into the corner," he said, pushing her into the carriage; "wait, I will and join you in a moment," and he went back into the house, whilst Dinah, whose heart was bursting, sate with her veil down far back in her own corner, scarcely able to refrain from tears.

Presently a footman came with a message. "Master is very sorry, but he finds you will have to go on by yourself, and he will either overtake you, or be waiting for you at the entrance to the lobby, ma'am," and the man shut the door, and ordered the coachman to drive on.

Joseph Linton in the meantime, with an effort that almost drove all the blood back to his brain, walked up to his dressing room, and ringing the bell, ordered the footman to run immediately to Chester Square for his usual physician. After the man had gone, he had still strength sufficient between the paroxysms of pain that now wrung his frame, to drag off his clothes, which he threw all in a heap on the floor, and then rolled into bed, perfectly powerless and incapable, although still sensible, overturning the candle he had been using off the chair he had placed it upon, and then, driving his daughter entirely from his mind, and praying only for the arrival of the physician, between whose coming and the departure of the footman an age seemed already to have elapsed.

Presently a dull, dead, crackling sound was heard. Powerless as he was, his senses were painfully acute, and as he heard it a thrill of terror shot through his frame. He attempted to raise himself up, but he was as weak and powerless as an infant. Louder, and fiercer, and stronger grew the sound, and presently the darkness that had come over the room was transformed into a broad lurid light, apparently issuing from the bed on which he lay.

He raved, he shouted, he cursed, he groaned and prayed in turns, but all was of no avail. The louder he screamed, the fiercer burned the flames, and the brighter grew the light beneath him. Then a dense smoke curled up, and spread itself gradually over the ceiling. He tried to raise his hand to the bell rope, but could not stir, and although his limbs writhed and tossed beneath him, he could not move one inch from the place he lay upon, and which now seemed destined for his tomb.

Suddenly a forked gleam of light burst overhead, and to his intense horror he saw that the flames had at last reached the curtains of the bed, and were mounting up to the gorgeous canopy overhead. Still the fire, although it burned surely, burned but slowly, and even yet he did not abandon the hope of escaping with his life. The rich heavy furniture of the bed was not made of the most inflammable material, and then he began to watch with all the agony of a drowning wretch, or worse than even that, the flame as it glided like a serpent with its folds of light up, up the poles, until the deep fringe overhead was reached.

Then the frightful element leaped like some mad thing from pole to pole; then the rods splintered, and the dead, dull, hissing sound deepened into a roar; then the unhappy man, doomed to the most horrible and the most lingering of deaths, felt the heat grow more and more intense beneath him, as he shrieked out in his delirious terror for some one to snatch him from his impending fate, then in a lucid moment, as the flames stretched out their forked tongues and hissed at him, as they hemmed him in, in their fearful circle of fire, the recollection of Dinah riding to her perdition came over him, and he uttered curses and imprecations that would have terrified the most abandoned profligate; but the flames grew hotter and brighter as the circle grew smaller, until the flame touched his feet, and then nature, unable longer to sustain its fearful burden, broke down, and he sank insensible upon the burning mass, which, as if it had waited only until he had thus yielded to assert its mastery, rushed in and enveloped the still writhing but insensible form in its murderous embraces.

Then there came the hurried tread of many feet, and voices in every alternation of alarm and fear were heard upon the stairs without; the foremost of them burst open the door, and then recoiled back with horror as the flames rushed forth; crying out that the house was on fire, and that the alarm must be given at once or it would be too late; and through all this the fire continued to burn with a terrible ardour of its own, spreading from beam and joist, running down silken tapestries, belching out a lurid mass of flame at every window, until it gained the roof, which after a momentary pause falling in, scattered an immense shower of sparks high up into the midnight sky.

Then men and women gathering in the cold wet street below, filling every blind lane and fetid alley, stood in knots, wondering and speculating on the cause of the raree-show they were witnessing, blocking up, in their eagerness to hear and see all, the road down which the engines with four or six horses apiece were endeavouring to force their way, and amidst all this the fire like some wild thing blazed up, until the night-sky glowed with its lurid light, and Joseph Linton, unwept and unhonoured, perished amidst the household gods he had desecrated.